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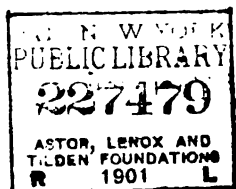
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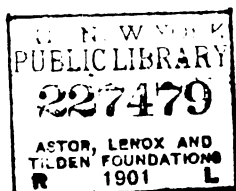


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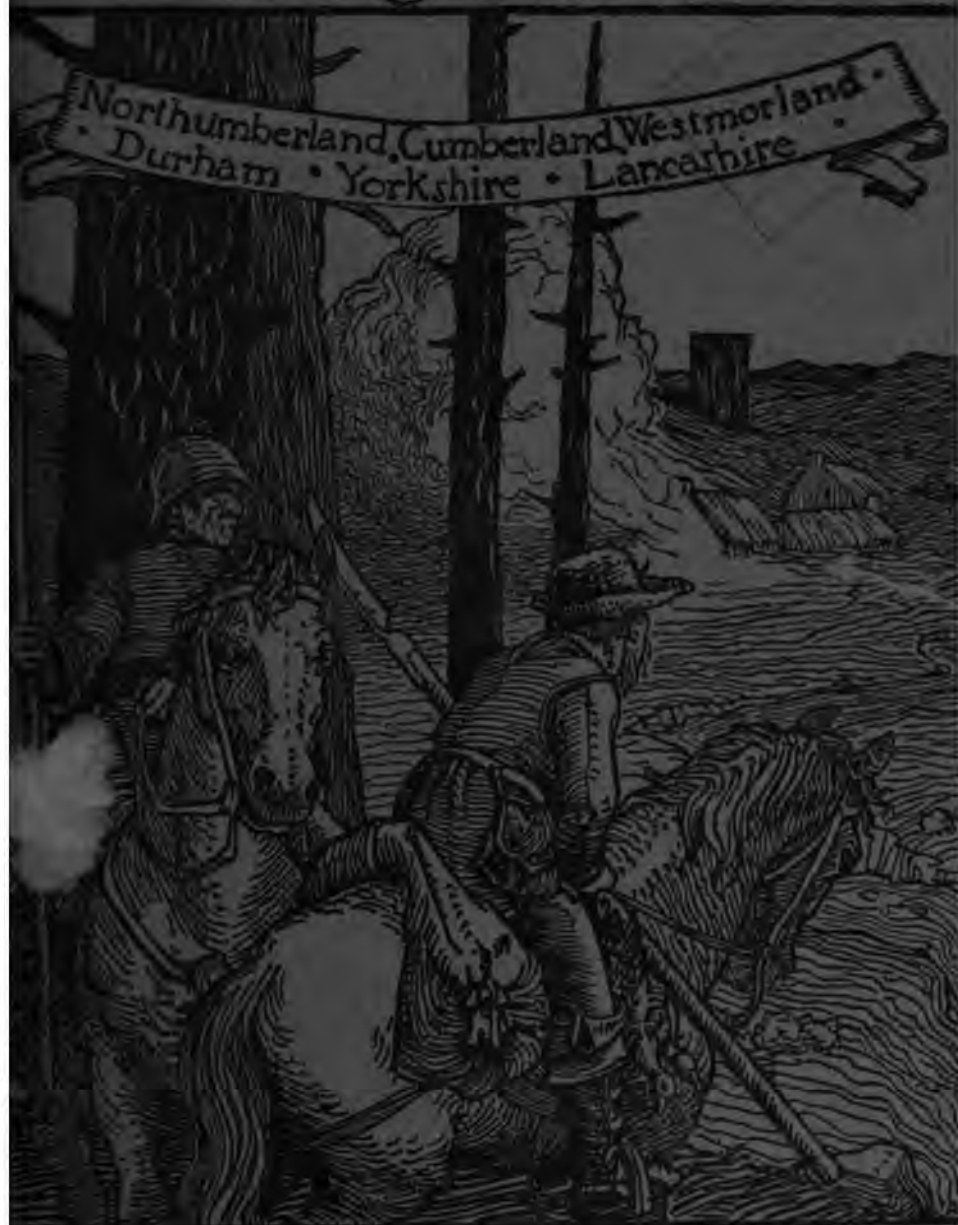
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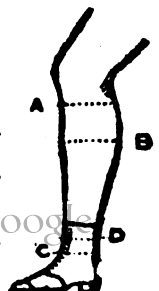
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legging.....	
Round calf, largest part.....	
Round ankle at D.....	
Length down front A to C,	



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The Northern Counties Magazine.

October, 1900.

EDITORIAL.

Of the publishing of Magazines in these days there would seem to be no end, and of the larger proportion of these the final legend may prove to be in the words of the preacher, "*Vanitas Vanitatum.*"

Admitting this, the Editor of the "Northern Counties Magazine" as some justification should be shown for introducing yet another newcomer—with invisible means of subsistence—into the literary world.

Our justification we believe to lie in the fact that life in the Northern Counties has been of late years so largely industrial, so involved in labyrinthine commerce that much that is of literary, artistic, sociological and antiquarian interest escapes from notice if it lies—as indeed in these hurrying days it usually does—remote from ordinary view.

Now in the pages of other Magazines the reader flies, in the turning of a leaf, as though upon the enchanted carpet, from "China to Peru," from the slums of London to the back garden of "Oom Paul," and for result, you have a mental indigestion.

Whereas we claim for our Magazine, that being chiefly concerned with the six Northern Counties, it will possess an idiosyncrasy all its own, and will, we hope, not merely stimulate the affections of the dwellers in the North for their historic heritage, inciting them "dearly to hold, to prove their worthiness that which their Fathers old have purchased, and left," but also prove of interest to dwellers at a distance, who are acquainted neither with its past romance nor with its present industrial development. The field is ample, the labourers hitherto have been but few.

"The more I read of North Country History," writes Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe to us, "the surer I am it has lain neglected far too long: we have been for centuries a third country, as it were—a country which was neither England nor Scotland, but which gained in romance, incident and character, from contact with both Scotch and English. We have had

so few interpreters, though—and, as a consequence, Scotland has claimed more than her share of glamour, and has not scrupled on occasion to add our own legends to hers.”

And, indeed, consider for a moment what a wealth of historical, antiquarian and legendary lore the Northern Counties have inherited from their ancestors, for whom fighting, as in the case of the warriors in Valhalla, was at once the business and the pleasure of their lives.

“The History of Northumberland,” as Mr. Cadwallader Bates truly says, “is essentially a drum and trumpet history from the time when the buccina of the Batavian cohort first rang out over the moors of Procolitia down to the proclamation of James the Third at Warkworth Cross.”

The same holds good of the Border Counties generally. Carlisle, like Berwick, changing hands as a counter at cards, was now Scotch, now English; and Cumberland bears full testimony in its names, memorial crosses and traditions of the fierce struggles of Celt and Angle, Dane and Pict.

“Tradition still sees,” wrote Mr. Calverley,* “as you look eastward from the heights beyond Keswick, with the mountain country all around you and the plain along the Solway at your back, peopled with the old races,—Blencathara lying like a warrior armed, between the British homes and the region eastward beyond Crossfell, from whence the hordes of the heathen came,—and as the sun shines on Blencathara’s peak, they say that the good King Arthur lies there waiting till the bugle shall sound and awake the warriors to the final assault on these plains, when Arthur shall lead the faithful, and the Fiend, again unbound, will rush to the shock.”

We do not, however, in our love of the past intend to disregard the wonderful progress in these latter days of the industrial development of the North with its many-sided activities and far-reaching effects.

Warfare in olden time was largely “the sport of Kings”; to day it is the fierce grapple of nations for the golden fruit of the Hesperides.

Thus in setting forth the history of the locomotive, the warship and the turbine engine we are not merely continuing the traditions of a fighting race but are even dealing with the continued progress of the British Empire itself. We have then a twofold field in which to glean; that of the adventurous and romantic past, and again that of the mechanical improvements and scientific inventions of to-day.

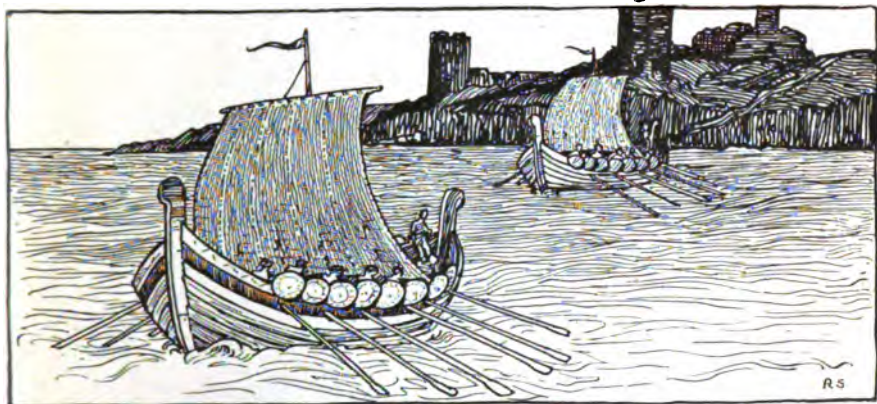
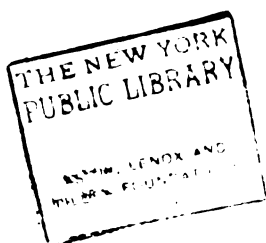
Here also is to be found romance, though of a differing order from that of ancient days, yet of equal interest perhaps to posterity.

* *Notes on Early Sculptured Crosses, etc.*, edited by Mr. W. G. Collingwood.



DESIGN OF "HAWK DRESS" FOR MRS. CHARLES HUNTER, AS QUEEN PHALENA IN "THE TERAPH."

NORTHUMBERLAND.



NORTHUMBERLAND.

Between our eastward and our westward sea
The narrowing strand
Clasps close the noblest shore fame holds in fee
Even here where English birth seals all men free—
Northumberland.

The sea-mists meet across it when the snow
Clothes moor and fell,
And bid their true-born hearts who love it glow
For joy that none less nobly born may know
What love knows well.

The splendour and the strength of storm and fight
Sustain the song
That filled our fathers' hearts with joy to smite,
To live, to love, to lay down life that right
Might tread down wrong.

They warred, they sang, they triumphed, and they passed,
And left us glad
Here to be born their sons, whose hearts hold fast
The proud old love no change can overcast,
No chance leave sad.

None save our northmen ever, none but we,
Met, pledged, or fought
Such foes and friends as Scotland and the sea
With heart so high and equal, strong in glee
And stern in thought.

Thought, fed from time's memorial springs with pride,
Made strong as fire
Their hearts who hurled the foe down Flodden side,
And hers who rode the waves none else durst ride—
None save her sire.

O land beloved, where nought of legend's dream
Outshines the truth,
Where Joyous Gard, closed round with clouds that gleam
For them that know thee not, can scarce but seem
Too sweet for sooth,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Thy sons forget not, nor shall fame forget,
The deed there done
Before the walls whose fabled fame is yet
A light too sweet and strong to rise and set
With moon and sun.

Song bright as flash of swords or oars that shine
Through fight or foam
Stirs yet the blood thou hast given thy sons like wine
To hail in each bright ballad hailed as thine
One heart, one home.

Our Collingwood, though Nelson be not ours,
By him shall stand
Immortal, till those waifs of oldworld hours,
Forgotten, leave uncrowned with bays and flowers
Northumberland.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



Painting by R. Spence

Photo by W. S. Corder.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

Reproduced from the Painting at the Walker Shipyard

ELSWICK.

I.

In the present article we propose to give a short historical account of the Elswick Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Company, Limited, and to trace their growth during an existence of fifty-three years. It is hoped that this brief review may be interesting as a record of commercial progress, at all events to those who are acquainted with the North of England and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and who recognise to what an important extent the prosperity of that large city is due to the increase of Elswick.

The portrait which we are able to present is from a photograph taken by Mr. Worsnop, of Rothbury, in 1890, of Lord Armstrong, at 80 years of age. The career of the distinguished founder of these Works is probably familiar to most readers, for much has been written about it, and it has formed the text for many excellent treatises upon industry and perseverance. Alike as a scientific discoverer, a captain of industry, and a benefactor to his native town, Lord Armstrong occupies a high place among the great men of the century. Most of us recollect that circumstances, making their customary attempt to divert genius into uncongenial channels, chose the legal profession for him. But, while practising as a solicitor, the early fondness which he had shown for invention continued to manifest itself in his leisure hours, during which he persevered with his investigations and experiments. The possibility of using water as a motive power attracted his attention in 1836, and for several years he devoted himself assiduously to the study of Hydraulics. On December 3rd, 1845, we find him lecturing to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne on "The employment of a column of water as a motive power for propelling machinery." To the same Society, a year earlier, he exhibited his hydro-electric machine. Forty-nine years afterwards he spoke to this Society on some of his recent electric experiments, and reminded his hearers of the dense crowd that had collected to see his hydro-electric machine in 1844, a crowd so tightly packed that he, the lecturer, had to enter like a burglar, through the window. His scientific attainments began to be generally recognised, and in 1846 the Royal Society elected him a fellow. About the same time the first crane demonstrating the practical application of hydraulic power was erected upon Newcastle Quay. Exhibited as it was by a proud and skilful attendant, who showed it off to great advantage, it quickly took rank as one of the sensations of the day. The inquiries and orders which followed were dealt with for

some little time in the High Bridge Works of Mr. Watson, but it was felt that there was a wider market for the machinery, and in 1847 a new engineering establishment was opened upon the Tyne at Elswick.



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LORD ARMSTRONG.

[Worsnop.]

Mr. Armstrong was, of course, the moving spirit of the enterprise, but the four substantial citizens of Newcastle who backed the great inventor's talents with their capital should not be forgotten. Messrs. Armourer Donkin, Addison Potter, George Cruddas, and Richard Lambert are well-

known Newcastle names, and they deserve credit as far-seeing men who could recognise the possibilities of genius. The names of Donkin, Potter, and Lambert have long since disappeared from the councils of the firm, but it is pleasant to remember that Mr. W. D. Cruddas, a son of the original partner, is still a director of the Company. The deed of partnership is dated as from January 1st., 1847, and it appoints Mr. W. G. Armstrong as manager of the concern, the *raison d'être* of which was to exploit his new patents for hydraulic machinery.

It remained to choose a site for the new work-shops, a choice which was much more easy then than it would be now, for there was plenty of open land lying tolerably close to the town. The piece of ground selected was on the Elswick estate, and the purchase money for about six acres, between four and five thousand pounds, was paid to John Hodgson Hind and Richard Grainger. A plan, still existing in the Drawing Offices, shews the first survey that was made of the ground. It is called "plan of the two Western Fields on the Elswick Estate, between the railway and the High Water Mark of the river Tyne," and bears the date January 29th, 1847. The Elswick of sixty years ago was a separate district lying about a mile west of Newcastle, and was considered to be a spot of great natural beauty, with green fields sloping pleasantly from the heights of Benwell to the river Tyne. The town itself at that time extended only a short distance westward of the present railway station, and the Elswick Works were reached by a country walk along the Scotswood Road. Little enjoyment of the picturesque is to be derived from the same pilgrimage to-day, for Elswick has stretched towards the town, and the town towards Elswick until the whole locality is now a dingy labyrinth of closely packed houses and streets. Much as the face of the soil has been altered, the river has been even more changed. It now flows past the Works in a broad current, and has been so effectively dredged that ships drawing twenty-five feet of water can come under the sheer-legs at the east end of the Ordnance Department. But until comparatively recent years there was in midstream, exactly opposite the present offices, a large island where was "The Countess of Coventry" inn, and where, as living witnesses testify, horse races and athletic sports of all kinds were once held. Another feature of the neighbourhood was the abundance of game to be found in its meadows and hedgerows, and even in the opening days of the Works partridges and pheasants were occasionally seen within the boundary wall. The Metropolitan sportsman who remembered shooting a woodcock on the site of the Marble Arch has his parallel at Elswick in a veteran who, as an apprentice, joined in the pursuit of a hare where the present bridge yard stands, a spot which to-day scarcely suggests ground-game.

The advantages of the selected position were obvious. The railroad from Newcastle to Carlisle, essential for purposes of transport, was close at hand on the North side, while the river upon the South was most convenient for the same purpose. We insert a ground plan shewing the property as at first bought in 1847, and also shewing the various additions in subsequent years. Later there will be something more to say about the actual territorial extension of the Company during the past half century, an extension which goes, of course, far beyond the acreage shewn on the plan. For the moment it will be enough to point out that the growth at Elswick itself has been almost entirely eastward, that is, towards the town, and that the western boundary stands very nearly where it originally stood: This feature is due to the fact that there is a colliery at the west end, which was there before Elswick was started and which is still working.

Search made among the archives shews the earliest letter to be dated March 26th, 1847. It is laboriously copied by hand into the letter book and is addressed by rather a singular coincidence to Messrs Whitworth and Company, with an enquiry for a lathe. The two firms which thus entered into correspondence were destined afterwards to meet very often, and with very varying sentiments. Sir William Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth were, it will be remembered, the great rivals in the gun-designing competition of the late fifties and early sixties, while finally early in 1897, the two establishments were amalgamated and the names of Armstrong and Whitworth joined together in one Company.

The correspondence and general office-work at this time was carried on in Hood Street, Newcastle. It must be understood that there was already a certain amount of hydraulic machinery, to Mr. Armstrong's designs, in process of manufacture at Messrs. Watson's works and elsewhere. This material required, of course, the supervision of the inventor himself, and of his principal assistant, Mr. George Hutchinson. So that there was a good deal to do in addition to superintending the creation of the new shops at Elswick, and some central office in the town was indispensable. We find, on April 17th, 1847, a hope expressed in a letter to Mr. Bourne, of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, that the Works would be in operation in the ensuing autumn, a hope which seems to have been fairly fulfilled. The land was paid for on the tenth of April, and the first entry under Building Accounts is on the thirtieth of the same month. All through the summer the building went on, until in the first week of September the wages of millwrights for fixing machinery begin to appear in the accounts. Actual work in the pattern shop started about the 1st of October, and the first fortnightly wages bill under Manufacturing

ELSWICK.

Accounts was paid on the 15th, amounting to £9 17s. 10d. This was the first Elswick pay-sheet.

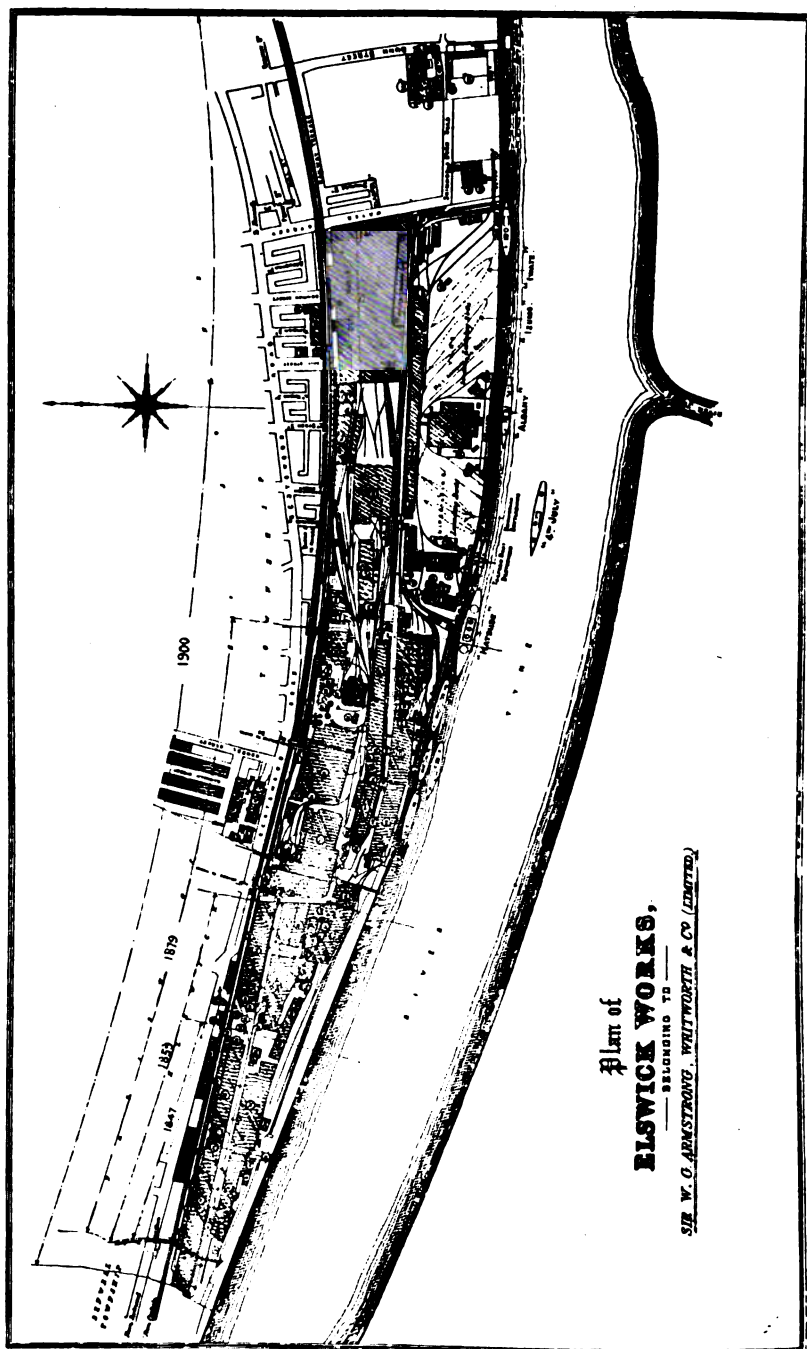
The buildings then existing were, in addition to stables and one or two houses for foremen, the offices and four workshops. On the north side of the line of rails, which can be easily seen on the plan, were the Fitting, Boiler and Blacksmiths' shops, with Engine and Boiler houses; on the south side was the Erecting shop, with Storehouse and Pattern shop under the same roof. We print a small picture of Elswick about this date. This sketch once formed, as may be recognised, an appropriate and

Elswick Engine Works.



EARLY ELSWICK.

effective heading to the firm's note-paper. It gives a good idea of the shops, with the little square offices at the farther end of the Erecting shop, and it also shews the grassy bank sloping down from the Works to the public footpath along the edge of the river. At the foot of this bank was a retaining wall some five or six feet high, in connection with which an incident was often quoted to shew the kind-hearted consideration of the founder of Elswick. Down by the river was a small cottage, standing upon the southern edge of the Works property, and inhabited by an old man, who was, if we may so suppose, somewhat disturbed to find his rural peace menaced by this invasion of modern progress. The retaining wall, if carried along in line, would have necessitated the removal of this cottage, so Mr. Armstrong, in order not to vex the declining years of the inhabitant, was at the trouble to recess the wall, leaving the cottage intact and standing upon Works ground. After the old man's death his house was pulled down and the wall straightened. Some forty-five years after-



wards, when the foundations for the new offices were being excavated, the spades of the diggers came upon the kitchen flags of this cottage, and upon the roots of a tree which had once stood beside it.

Returning to the picture of Elswick which is here given, it may be noticed that the buildings are to-day altered almost out of recognition, but in the further of the two shops on the north side of the rails are seen some arched openings. These have been filled up with masonry, but their outlines may still be traced in the south wall of the Engine Works north bridge yard, on the roof of which the ancient weathercock still proclaims from which quarter dust and grit will be blown into your eyes. In the near fore-ground of the picture, a row of houses slopes down to the river bank. This was called Foremen's Row, and the lowest house remains standing at the present time. The building rather more to the west is the Fishery House, which was pulled down twenty years ago.

Five hydraulic cranes had been made elsewhere before the new shops were opened, and patterns for numbers six and seven cranes constituted the first piece of work executed at Elswick. The first order came from Liverpool Docks, and apparently the first payment made to the Company was from the Dock trustees for £1,000 on May 15th, 1848. Among other work undertaken in the early days it is interesting to note a diagonal, two cylinder, double acting hydraulic engine for driving the machinery of the "Newcastle Chronicle" printing press. The source of power was the Whittle Dene water supply, and the engine did the work for many years.

There was also a quantity of mining machinery ordered, the lead mines at Allenheads being among the first to adopt the new motive power. In the case of coal mines the innovation encountered some opposition, characteristic of the era, from the pitmen. Two hydraulic winding engines were ordered by the South Hetton Coal Company, but their erection in the mine proved to be a matter of the most extreme difficulty. The engines were tampered with, parts of them being broken and parts removed, until it became necessary to send somebody from Elswick to look into matters. Mr. George Henderson, the representative selected, is still happily in the Company's employment, and he gives a curious account of his visit to the village of Morton Winning, as well as of his subsequent experiences in the coal pit. This was in 1849, in the snow of a severe winter, and the neighbourhood had just been visited by an outbreak of the cholera. The emissary from Elswick, when he went back to his lodgings at night, was always joined by the village doctor, who was anxious that nothing untoward should occur, and who kindly constituted himself protector of the stranger. Mr. Henderson suggested whitewashing the place where the engine stood, and this suggestion, though received with

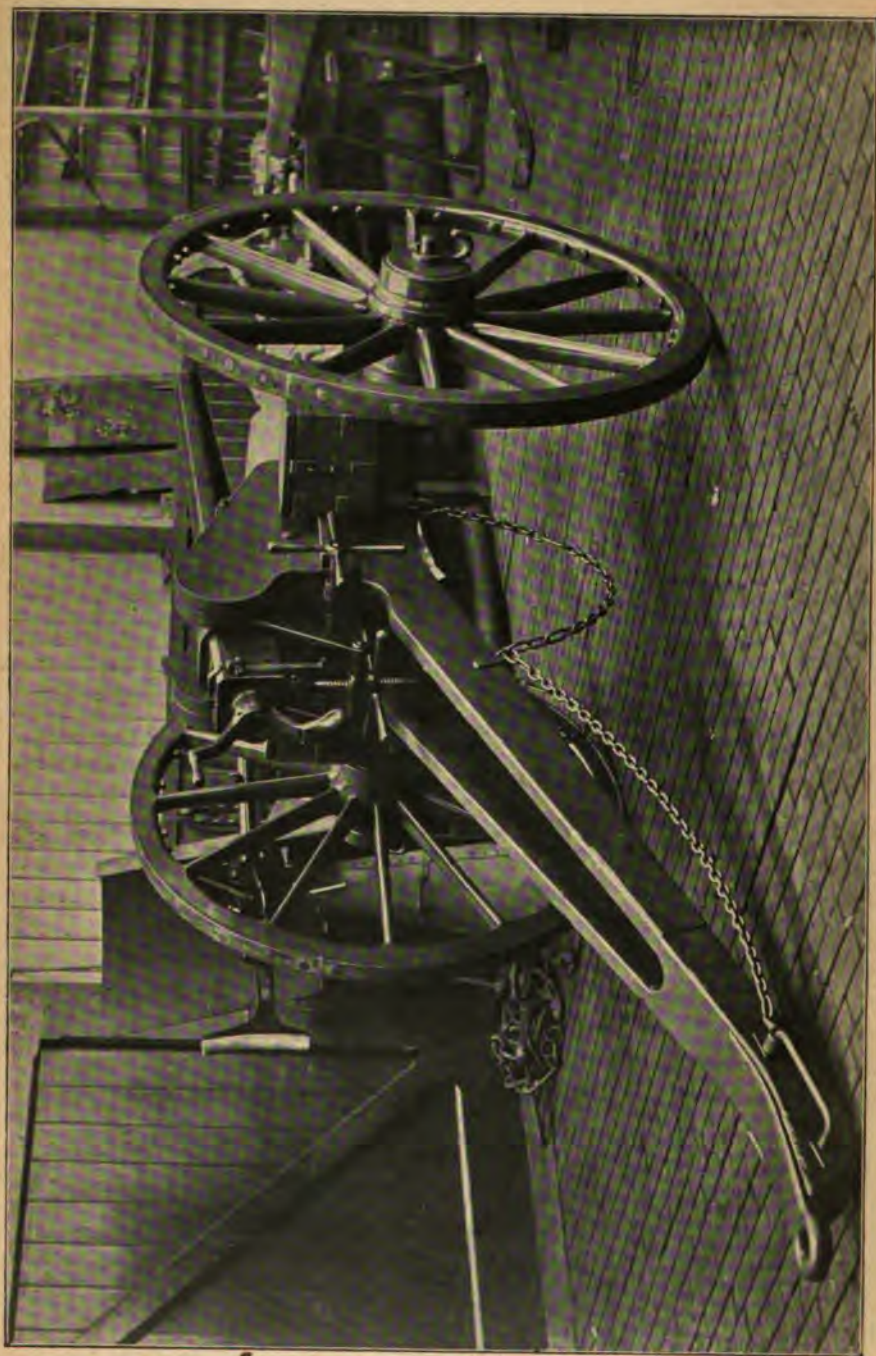


Photo by]

3-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN, 1885.

[Gold, Rautck.

outspoken contumely by the pitmen, was adopted. With the black darkness somewhat relieved, the necessary repairs were readily carried out, but it is curious to learn that these particular engines, though they were successfully started, had to be given up as they were constantly put out of order by hostile interference.

The hydraulic business developed apace. The system grew in favour and the Elswick workmanship continued to be of the best and most accurate quality. In March, 1852, five years after the start, there were about 350 men employed and the amount paid for a fortnight's wages was £870. Judging by the Machinery shop order book of the time, 1850 and 1851 brought a largely increased quantity of work to the place. Several Railway Companies appear among the customers, the Great Western giving a considerable order for cranes for Paddington Station, while the Liverpool Docks proved consistent patrons. In 1854 the outbreak of the Crimean War brought Elswick, perhaps for the first time, into connection with the War Office. Mr. Armstrong, who had some previous experience of the class of work required, was asked to design some submarine mines to blow up the Russian ships which had been sunk in the harbour of Sebastopol. The drawing of this explosive machine, which was never actually used, shews a wrought iron cylinder loaded with gun-cotton and with arrangements for firing by electricity. Experiments were carried out, and Mr. Armstrong invited the principal Elswick *employés* to witness a trial in his fields at Jesmond. It was a very pleasant function, and greatly enjoyed by all the guests. The mines, planted in different parts of the field, exploded in the most exhilarating manner, and after tea had been served out, the party separated, delighted with the afternoon's entertainment. There is something refreshing in the remembrance of this genial little exhibition, steeped as it is in the friendly sunlight of an age before trade unions and Elswick mysteries were known.

But the Crimea was to have a more important influence upon Elswick than this. At that time the minds of men were turned towards war and war material, and not unnaturally the active intellect of Mr. Armstrong was attracted by the subject. More as an amusement for his leisure than for any other reason, he began to consider the possibility of improving the heavy artillery of the British Service, which had hardly made any advance since the time of the Peninsula and Waterloo, forty years earlier. In December, 1854, soon after the battle of Inkermann, Mr. Armstrong had an interview at the War Office with the Duke of Newcastle, and as a result he manufactured a 3-pounder gun in July, 1855. This gun, of which we give a photograph, is still shewn at Elswick to visitors. It was constructed, as is well known, with a core of steel enveloped in coiled iron

cylinders, shrunk one above another on the steel tube, and was both rifled and breech-loading, with a moveable vent-piece. The inventions of Mr. Armstrong forced themselves with some difficulty upon the Government and the War Office. The Authorities reported for a time rather coldly upon the new guns, but the success of consecutive trials with them was too startling and too conclusive to admit of further question. It would be profitless to follow in detail the various stages of the ordeal from which the first Armstrong guns triumphantly emerged. The result of it all was that on November 16th, 1858, the Committee appointed by General Peel to consider the question of rifled guns reported in favour of the Armstrong system on every point. There was, in fact, no rival system: the other competitors suggested improvements in certain particulars, such as rifling of projectiles, whereas Mr. Armstrong laid before the Committee an entirely new system of field artillery; there were not only guns which reached a standard of accuracy and a range hitherto unknown, but there were also carriages, projectiles and fuses all complete.

Looking back upon the position, we can hardly imagine that any inventor has ever occupied so commanding a place as did Mr. Armstrong at this moment. His previous discoveries and researches had brought him wealth and fame, but his guns must have opened up to him visions of untold riches and influence. European nations were trying to outbid each other for the possession of the new artillery, and here was the one man who had the coveted secrets and the necessary knowledge. About a year earlier there had been laid down at Elswick a plant for the manufacture of the guns and their accessories, and the Elswick workmen, noted for their mechanical skill, had acquired experience of the treatment of the material, so that the making of the ordnance had already begun, and there was nothing to hinder guns being supplied to anybody who would buy them. When the English Government decided to adopt the Armstrong system, it was open to the inventor of that system to make his own terms with them. He held the patents, and he might have maintained a monopoly by introducing and patenting new improvements, or he might have cultivated a very profitable connection with foreign countries.

The course which Mr. Armstrong took was at once the most public-spirited and the most generous. He made a gift of his patents to the nation, and, what was of even greater value, he entered the Government Service as Engineer to the War Department. At the same time another step was taken, and this was the formation of the Elswick Ordnance Company, on January 25th, 1859. The partners were Mr. George Cruddas, Mr. Lambert and Mr. George Rendel. Mr. Armstrong was not a partner, and had no share in the business, his own hydraulic engineering works continuing side by side with the shops of the new Company.

In recognition of his services to the State, the great engineer received a knighthood when he took up his Government appointment. We may also notice in this connection that in the Jubilee year of 1887, Sir William Armstrong was raised to the peerage as Baron Armstrong of Cragston. But this is anticipating the course of our history.

Before returning to the subject of Elswick proper, it may be as well to state briefly that the arrangement made with regard to the Armstrong guns of 1858 proved extremely unsatisfactory. Many years afterwards when the transaction was reviewed, under rather disagreeable circumstances, by Sir James Stephen's Commission, Sir William Armstrong stated that his connection in 1859 at the same time both with the Government and with Elswick was bound to be misconstrued. The clamour of the many disappointed inventors of guns rang out loudly and vindictively against the one inventor who had succeeded. But, although the arrangement proved, as we have said, unsatisfactory, it is most difficult, even in the light of after events, to see what other steps could have been taken. It would have been rendering an empty service to the nation to make over the guns to them, and give them no assistance in their manufacture. Mr. Armstrong was indeed as indispensable to the Government as were his own guns. At the same time, as the Arsenal at Woolwich was unable to meet the excessive demand for the new artillery, some additional factory was absolutely necessary. It was most reasonable and indeed inevitable that the eyes of the Government should turn to the skilled mechanics on the banks of the Tyne, who were already experienced in the making of these guns. No more suitable source of supply to assist the output could have been chosen.

The Ordnance Works at Elswick were thus started, in the first instance, solely to undertake Government orders, and the Secretary of State for War was a party to the contract. No guns were to be made for any Government except the English Government, which for its part promised full and constant employment.

This state of things continued for between three and four years. Representative Governments are always a little singular in their dealings, and constancy is perhaps not one of their most marked characteristics. The enthusiasm of the War Office for the Armstrong Works began to grow cooler, and after reducing their orders in 1862, they cast the Company adrift entirely in 1863. Compensation amounting to £65,000 was paid by the Government, and their connection with Elswick was for the time being at an end. Between 1859 and 1863 the orders given by the War Office to Elswick amounted to £1,067,000. In the course of the next fifteen years they were £64,000. These facts are all published in certain Blue Books, and form a curious instance of overwhelming patronage and

subsequent ostracism. One finds it a little difficult to understand why, although his system of gun construction was still followed in the Government factories, Sir William Armstrong and the considerable resources at his command at Elswick were so completely neglected. Rather more than fifteen years were destined to elapse before the Elswick experts succeeded in forcing upon the Government their new type of gun, a type which, with certain modifications, is now adopted all over the world.

A. C.

(To be continued.)

"THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

Sailed from the North of old
The strong Sons of Odin;
Sailed in the Serpent* Ships
"By hammer and hand"†
Skilfully builded.

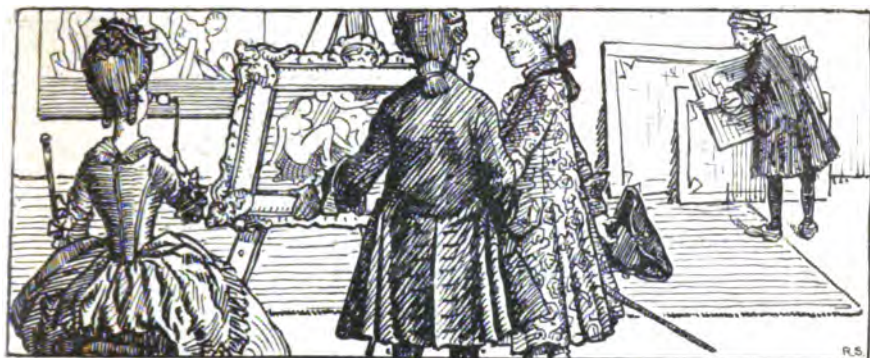
Slaying, they swept the sea,
Here and there sojourning
By low holm and wyke
By high gill and thwaite
Builded their rooftrees.

Still in the North-country
Men keep their sea-cunning,
Still true the legend
"By hammer and hand"
Elswick builds warships.

"NORTHUMBRIENSIS."

* Then said many, "The Serpent is indeed a wonderfully large and beautiful vessel, and shows a great mind to have built such a ship."—THE HEIMSKRINGLA, SAGA VI.

† This was the ancient motto of the Incorporated Company of Smiths.



ASPECTS OF MODERN ART.

It has often been suggested that Art receives an impetus from war, revolution, and so forth ;—that it rises from a depth of decadence to a higher point hereafter.

For instance, after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars came the wonderful reaction of the Barbizon School—a veritable transformation in landscape painting, brought to an ideal perfection by, to mention a few, Millet, Diaz and Corot—Corot, “thou painter of the essences of things,” considered by many to be equal to our Turner.

It will be interesting to see if the present war will verify this hypothesis ; whether the much needed Renaissance in Art will spring forth triumphant. *Now*, all is barren ; the “Cry for capacity” is heard in the streets.

Is there one living artist whose name will live for ever?

I think there are four—Degas, Whistler, Monet and Watts.*

To “the man in the street” two of these names are unknown, and one only or chiefly known through his eccentricities, and the “libel of the inkpot.”

How many of those who visit Paris, or even live there, have seen or heard of the “*Leçon de dance*” and the “*Marchand de Chapeau*” of Degas?

* As Sir William Eden points out lower down, “there is no standard ;” but some of us would consider Mr. Sargent, for skill in draughtsmanship and power of achievement, to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, amongst living painters.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES’ MAGAZINE.

How many, anywhere, have seen "The Mother," by Whistler, now in the Luxembourg, or can appreciate and admire his "Carlyle" or "Miss Alexander?" Most would laugh at his nocturnes and fireworks, though by those works perhaps in the future posterity will most favourably judge him.

If you went into the Galleries of, say, Messrs. Agnew or M'Lean, or any of the best known dealers in London, would any of them be able to show you a landscape by the Frenchman Monet? I think not. At the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street you will see such things, and at a tiny shop in Ryder Street perhaps, but nowhere else, and yet his landscapes are most beautiful and true.

For one person who visits the National Gallery in the summer there are tens of thousands who squash their fashionable way to look at pictures by the President and R.A.'s at the Academy. This want of taste is all, or nearly all, due to a false lead in Art, bad education, and evil example. "The man in the street" naturally believes that the Academy discloses the best available pictures of the year, and that in the Academy the best pictures are painted, first by the President, next by the R.A.'s, and so on in academic rotation.

Much harm has been done artistically from the dogmatic acceptance of the laws of beauty as an established fact, whereas they have always seemed to me a matter of opinion. There is no standard of beauty. There is no definition, as in Euclid, of an axiom. Keats says, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." The Hottentot admires quite a different type from the Greek, and there is something exceedingly fascinating in a turned up nose. Some admire blue eyes or brown, hazel or grey. It is all a matter of opinion, and so in Art. There is no law. Still, for the sake of argument, let us take as an axiom that Turner was a great painter in water colours—the greatest, perhaps, of all. Come with me to the National Gallery; let us go underground to where they are, and study the marvellous art of that man. There we shall see and admire, and there we shall also see some students copying—hopeless task—the most stippled, the most finished of his ideas, yet never have I seen any one trying to master the methods of his brilliant washes and clean incisive work from Nature. But, yes, there is one man who has accepted these methods and done great things—one of the few, the very few, living artists who proclaim the charm of water colours. Of course, I mean Brabazon.

And now, having gone carefully through this wonderful collection of Turner's water colours, let us leave the Gallery, and, with the memory fresh upon one, let us imagine that the Institute of Painters in Water Colours in Piccadilly is open, and go there.

From Trafalgar Square to Piccadilly is no great distance, and we

ASPECTS OF MODERN ART.

hardly talk on the way. Arrived at the Institute full of our reminiscence, and clear in our opinion of what we have seen, we pay our shilling and walk upstairs to see what we shall see.

If you have any sympathy with the things I see in Turner, or an eye that is quickly shocked, then the first and final effect of your impressions will be that you are in an exhibition dominated by vulgarity in art—present at an object lesson in bad taste. The great success lies in gold frames and finish; what the public asks for is fully given. There you find the weak imitation of Fred. Walker—himself quite bad enough; you will find several pictures of Highland cattle crossing a ford, detailed and stippled up, heather and hair, pebble and rock conscientiously finished, devoid of thought or feeling. You will see huge groves of beech trees, with wood-pigeons, I will be bound, feeding underneath, every leaf of the tree carefully drawn, whether in the air or on the ground; the whole picture in a hot, unhealthy colour. Infinite labour, dire result. You will also be sure to see a child playing with a kitten at a cottage door, and an old woman knitting in the sun. Sentiment is cared for in the subject, never in the art. We often find there the pink and white ballet girl, with wings to signify an angel, done in silver point and tinted like a rose, smiling from the walls, and these, the most popular, pictures are the most favourably hung.

“Art is Nature, seen through the medium of an intellect.” It might also be described as the embodiment of taste and feeling. Now, when the young lady at the dinner table tells you, *à propos* of Art—very much after the fashion of the undergraduate tasting wine—that she knows nothing about it, but “knows what she likes,” the soul of your argument sinks into your boots. But this is less trying than are the remarks of the lady on the other side, perhaps, who tells you she has been painted by So-and-So, and lays down the fashion of portrait painting, adding, whilst talking of architecture, that the Cathedral of St. Peter’s, at Rome, is Byzantine in design! The feeling for art is more or less indigenous in a person of taste, but the correct interpretation is not. Art is a matter of study and education, and one must begin with a confession of ignorance, and never be satisfied with, “I know what I like.” I can recollect when I tried hard to buy a Vicat Cole, but, by the mercy of Providence, I could not then afford it. Now I should set my heart on a Turner, a Wilson, or a Corot, and should consider it less a mercy of Providence if I were unable to afford one.

This change in feeling and taste has come about by constantly seeing and living with pictures of the highest merit. By association with art the feeling for art is gradually absorbed.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy have just bought

under the terms of the Chantry Bequest a picture by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., called "The Two Crowns." This is an outrageous "job" among academicians not one of whom can believe in the picture. It is really very misleading to buy such a picture for the nation. It is certain that it will do no one any good to look at it. Moreover, in leaving this money to the nation in trust to the Academy it was Chantry's intention to help struggling young artists deserving of encouragement.

The most interesting and the most honest of modern galleries is the New English Art Club, which holds two exhibitions yearly in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

The effect produced by the merit of the pictures and the method of hanging is like what you sometimes get in the hall of a house of some rich man possessed of taste. There is no crowding, and no preference is given to anything but merit. No picture is hung unless it passes the jury. The average of art is excellent; and yet this exhibition is not popular. To the majority many of the pictures are absurd, for the refinement of artistic intention is not felt or recognised by the majority. The majority are always wrong—"Il y a à parier que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre."

WILLIAM EDEN.



A TALE OF DEAD LAD'S RIGG.

The Master of Blackstones Hall rode wearily up the last rise that hid the old house from his sight. The night was full of fretfulness and cold; the heath shivered under the puling wind, and was afraid, and did its best to make the Master afraid, too, for very sympathy.

"Heigh!" said he, as they breasted the rise, he and his tired roan mare. "'Tis good to have ridden since daybreak; tis good to be full of honest aches, with the bonniest lass in Christendom to play the mother to one's weariness."

For the Master was but three months wedded, and the Mistress of Blackstones Hall was dearer to him than his bridle-hand. Tired the mare was, but he forced her to make rough play with her hoofs as they came to the foot of the Hall road; since the wife was always fain to hear these hoof-beats, so that she might stand ready at the gate to welcome him.

"There will be frost to-night; 'tis early in the winter for that," muttered the horseman, and glanced up the moonlit road in expectation.

But there was no slender figure at the gate, no little white hand to pat the mare's neck and praise her for bringing her rider safe to his love again. Gloomier than its wont looked Blackstones, thought the Master; there was utter stillness within, and without, the ceaseless sobbing of the wind among the rowans.

"Gate, ho! What, are ye deaf? Peter Whin, thou lazy rogue! Gate!" called the Master. Weariness had frayed his temper, and,

just because the Mistress was not there, his voice was harsh and quarrelsome.

No answer. He had begun anew to rail on Peter Whin, when on the sudden his voice failed him and his hand dropped palsied from the reins. For there was a sparse wood of firs and rowans that gave the old Hall shelter from the moor, and from the wood there had sounded the sudden baying of a dog. No note, of bloodhound or of mastiff, was like this deep-bellied music that set the Master trembling in his saddle; no note, save one, was like it through the moorside. One upward glance the Master gave, against his will, and he saw a great beast, brown and shaggy, come down towards him at a lithe, smooth trot. The roan mare reared and plunged; the sweat dropped from her coat like rain at seed-time. The brown Dog passed them—passed frightened horse and terror-stricken rider—glanced queerly at them from his bloodshot eyes—and sped down the road, still with the same lithe trot, still with the same distressful baying. The Master listened keenly, but he could hear no patter of feet; like a puff of the shrewd night wind, the beast had come and gone, soundless of foot, eerie of voice.

“The Guytrash!” muttered the rider, as he tried to quieten his mare. “Whose death lies cold at the foul beast’s heart?”

And then he thought of the Mistress; and she was dearer than his sword-arm now.

He could not bide till they opened the gate for him; his brain was fire, where late the terror had lain cold. He set the roan mare at the gate; and she did her best, which was too little; and down in a tangled heap came horse and rider. The Master picked himself up and left the mare to it; he ran to the wide oak door and kicked at it till old Peter Whin came shuffling out along the passage, and opened grudgingly, and stood, a bent figure of a man, with his candle casting strange lights and shadows on the wainscoting behind him.

“So ye’ve come,” said Peter, as if the Master’s advent were an injury.

“Come? Ay! And well-nigh split my wind-pipe in shouting at thy deafness.”

“Well, step inside, for th’ wind is noan so warm when a man’s gotten to three-score year an’ five.” There was an elaboration about Peter’s churlishness that was not just of a piece with his wonted wry ill-humour.

The Master banged the door behind him. “Where is the Mistress?” he asked, and trembled to hear his own words go echoing up and down the roomy hall.

Peter Whin snuffed the wick with a horny thumb and finger, and pretended not to hear.

"Where is the Mistress?" thundered the lean, broad-shouldered man, who feared an answer to his question.

Again Peter snuffed the wick, though it needed it not. "She's goan," said he, at length.

"Gone? *Gone*, thou fool?"

"Ay, ta'en, she war, just afore ye rade up th' road."

The Master leaned back against the wall, and very sadly the wainscoting creaked in protest. This, then, was the message that the Guytrash had told him out of those great, bloodshot eyes. His little, white-handed wife was gone—gone out of sight and touch for ever. No, no! How could she die, when he had left her, twelve hours agone, so full of life and merry wit? Yet the Guytrash! He never came to warn a man of any but the one piece of ill news, this soundless-stepping beast of brown. There was no doubt in the Master's heart, though he strove to trick himself with hopefulness.

"Where does she lie?" he asked, after a steady silence, broken only by the rats behind the wainscoting.

Peter Whin was troubled, and for that very cause he aped a cynic carelessness. "Where does she lig? Nay, Maister, ye mun axe a likelier nor me. I said she war ta'en—but I niver said 'at she war ta'en by sich a kindly chap as Death."

"Have a care, fool Peter," said the Master, in a tone that the old man had learned to mistrust. "'Tis devilish hazardous to play at talk with——"

"Nay, then, I war flayed to tell ye a plain tale, an' that's truth. If ye will hev it—well, what war to be, war to be, an' there's an' end on't. Th' Mistress heärd th' clatter o' hoofs, happen a half-hour afore ye came; an' I watched her go to th' little gate—grinning to myseln, quiet-like, an' thinking 'at three months war a bit too short a while to knock th' bottom out o' wedlock. Well, then,"—Peter grew slower and slower of speech, and he scratched his rough grey head, as if in trouble—"I followed her wi' my een fro' th' pantry-window, thinking 'at it war gooid to see young uns kiss as if no daft folk hed iver kissed afore; an' I see'd a girt, black-browed chap come riding up i' th' moonlight—I see'd him bend to th' Mistress, an' tak her round th' middle, an' swing her into th' saddle i' th' forefront of him. An' then——"

"Thou'rt lying to me!" roared the Master, and cut at the old fellow's face with his riding whip, and left his mark there. Peter Whin, not unused to the Master's ways, mopped at the streak with his cotton neckerchief, and stood away, and finished his story.

"Wayne o' Hill House, it war. Like his own devil's self he rade up th' road; like th' devil he rade down again, wi' th' Mistress stretched afore him like a sack o' lime."

"Wayne of Hill House," repeated the Master, dully, and fell into moody thought.

This Wayne had coveted the Mistress long before she came as a bride to Blackstones Hall; and ever since he had peeped and pried, and had let no opportunity go by of winning speech from her. Neither honour nor dread of a stronger hand weighed one tittle with Rupert Wayne, when desire had taken its grip of him: twice already he had escaped the Master's vengeance by a hair, and the country-folk had spread the news that he had left Ling Crag for good and all. Fool, fool that he had been, thought the Master bitterly, to trust to a lying rumour, to leave the Mistress with only such fellows as Peter Whin to look to her safety.

He dropped his thoughts, for they burned him. Like a mindless brute he turned on his servant, and railed at him, and hungered to bring another livid weal out on his cheek.

"Thou saw'st it all from the pantry-window?" he cried. "Thou saw'st, and never stirred a finger to help, thou——"

"There ye are wrang, Maister," put in Peter quietly. "I followed 'em as hard as crazy legs wod tak me; an' th' farm-lads came out wi' me, an' all. But what mak o' foolishness war it to run after sich a horse as Wayne o' Hillus sits astride on?"

"Which way did they take?" asked the Master, after another silence.

"Reet forrard, toward Bouldsworth, so far as we could see 'em. But a frost-haze hugged th' moorside, an' they vanished into 't at a racketty gallop.—Ye're main weary, Maister; happen ye'd be fain of a bite o' summat to eat? What, then, I warrant them idle wenches shall stir theirselves—ay, that they shall—it's nobbut a woman 'at could hev th' face to keep th' Maister o' Blackstones hungering for his supper."

Muttering thus, to keep his thoughts from dwelling on the drear look of the Master's face, Peter Whin shuffled through the hall; and his hand was already on the door of the passage that led to the kitchen, when a quiet voice bade him halt.

"I want no supper," said the Master. "Bring a flagon of brandy, then see to the saddling of a fresh horse. The roan mare, I doubt, is past hard work."

"Nay, nay," growled Peter, as he moved off; "when a man cannot eat, 'tis a sad job—but when he mun drink a skinful fair atop of his emptiness, th' Lord help him! I wish th' Maister 'ud strike me again, I wish he'd thunder an' leeten, an' set th' owd house a-shaking wi' his

rage, all i' th' owd way. But yond fearful quiet o' his—nay, it bodes no gooid, no gooid at all."

He fetched the brandy, set it in the Master's hands—still with his eyes averted from the quiet, grey face—and went out into the courtyard. The moonlight showed him a huddled mass against the gate; he drew near, and tried to stir the roan mare into life. And then he fell into a fit of musing; now that the Mistress was dead, or worse, would it not have been for the best that the Master should have fallen *under* his horse—better that death should have overtaken him mercifully and swiftly? A hard-won tear or two crept out of Peter's eyes and down his red-rough cheeks; for he loved this master of his, and it was a hard matter to think of the bitterness that lay in store for him.

"Peter, hast not done saddling yet?" Peter, curse thee!" roared the Master from the doorway.

Peter Whin stayed to bandy no words, but elapped the saddle on the chestnut and led him out into the yard. The Master sprang to his back, pricked the beast roughly, and leaped clear over the dead roan mare, over the gate, into the frost-crisping road beyond.

"Fey, he's fey," murmured Peter, as he watched this second rider swallowed up in the white haze.

The Master of Blackstones laughed as he felt the keen wind on his face; his heart seemed cold as the wind itself; he had scarce a sense of sorrow that he had lost his three-months' wife. His one clear aim was to come face to face with Wayne of Hill House and set the reckoning straight. Time and time, as he rode, he wondered that the full measure of brandy he had swallowed had touched him not a whit. In one way it had not touched him; yet in another, had he known it, it had served to stiffen his sinews, to harden his aching heart; for the body of a man is a curious, wayward thing, and drink has a hundred ways with him, according to the fever or the tiredness of his brain.

Up to the courtyard of Hill House rode the Master, and roused the yelping dogs with a lusty shout. A farm-lad answered the summons, and said that Rupert Wayne was not yet home. Narrowly as he scanned the lad's rough-honest face, the Master could find no trace of falsehood in it.

"When did he ride out?" he asked.

"An hour ago, on th' girt grey horse; an' he rade like a man 'at hed no mind to come back again afore th' neet war owd."

The Master turned without a word, and struck up into the moors. All the long, cold night he roved hither and thither, seeking his foe; and the dawn, creeping chill and grey across the waste, found him wrestling the last ounce of strength from his over-ridden horse. He began to

nod in the saddle, but the stumbling of the chestnut roused him every other moment; he kept no check on the reins now, for his quest seemed hopeless as the dawn. The chestnut, wiser than his rider, spent his last remaining drop of strength in floundering home to Blackstones; and the Master had no wit to feel surprised that Peter Whin was waiting ready at the courtyard gate.

A long night it had been for Peter, who had found no other thing to love in all his life except the Master; and his face was almost tender as he helped the horseman from the saddle and into the house. A warm fire was crackling on the hearth, and materials for a hearty breakfast lay, ready to be cooked, upon the table. He was not a great hand at cajolery, Peter; but, by some means or other, he compelled and coaxed the Master into finishing every scrap of food that he had set ready against his coming. A stoup of brandy followed, and Peter, sitting watchful by the hearth, saw the other's eyelids droop low and lower still, until at last they were fast locked in sleep.

"Well, that's summat gained, ony way," said Peter Whin, in his old dry fashion. "Happen it's time I took a forty-winks myseln, for he'll need a seet o' looking after, will th' Maister, afore he's schooled hisselsn to t' thowt 'at what mun be, mun be. But I'm nowt at managing him compared wi' th' little Mistress; she war th' first an' th' last, I reckon, 'at iver put a bridle on his temper. Eh, but it's a wry world, a wry world! Them as is happy, wi' sich childish stuff as kisses an' what not, th' Lord fair seems to grudge it 'em; an' it do seem a man's reet to get a taste o' happiness now an' then amid all th'moil o' life. Th' Lord knows best, doubtless, but plain Peter Whin war aye fashed to lëarn just why we war set i' th' middle of the foolish world. Well, well, we shall all lig under th' daisies one day, so it's noan as if there war nowt to look forrard to."

Wherewith honest Peter dropped asleep in his turn; and the peats smouldered low; and the Master talked in his sleep, of the bonnie wife who was waiting for him at the end of the long day's ride.

Peter Whin had spoken a true word when he said that the Master would need looking after. As day followed day, and still his search for Wayne of Hill House proved unavailing, the Master passed from feverishness to sullen quiet, from quiet to frenzy, a score of times between sunrise and sunset; he ate little, and slept not at all; the horseflesh in his stables scarce sufficed him, so everlastingly he rode about the moor. But naught could he learn, either of Rupert Wayne or of the Mistress; both had gone, none knew whither, and only the grey mare had returned, riderless, to the Hill House gates. Gossip was rife throughout the countryside, and the Master, knowing this, loathed the face of man, woman and

child: he would not suffer the serving-wenches, nor the farm-lads, to be in his sight; only blunt Peter Whin was able to charm the Master's devils now and then, and even he was by way of risking a broken head more often than would have suited another man's fancy.

The frost, meanwhile, had hardened; never in mid-winter had Ling Crag parish known so shrewd a cold. The great water-butt that stood beneath the eaves grew twisted out of shape, as its timbers shrank from the bitter cold and bulged with the bulk of ice within; until at last the wood cracked outright, and the ice fell to the courtyard stones with a crash, and Peter Whin, hearing the uproar, turned a quick eye to the horse-shoe set above the stable-door, and asked protection against the powers of darkness. No sunlight came by day, to promise better things by-and-bye; all night the wind would moan and whimper about the chimney-stacks, and through the long stone passages, and in the corners of the silent rooms, till every panel of the wainscoting found voice, till every dropping peat sounded like a stifled murmur from the grave. Yet blacker than the frost, and colder than the wind, was the over-brooding sense of loss.

It was the seventh night now since first the House of Blackstones was widowed. The wind was shriller than before, the frost more keen. The Master sat by the hearth-place in the great hall, and drank deep, and went round and round the weary mill of thought. Wayne's horse had come back riderless—God grant he was not dead, for then the last dear consolation of revenge would be altogether gone—how little he had understood the sweetness of his three-months' wife, until she was snatched away from him—her little white hands, of which she was so proud—he would never feel their cool, smooth touch again. Then his thoughts would seek a fresh road of anguish: the honour of the Mistress of Blackstones was sullied, the old name outraged and stricken with the foulest sort of shame. Proud, proud to the verge of blasphemy, was the Master, as his fathers had been before him; and it seared him to the quick to think that shame should fall upon the race. Nay, it was the greater anguish, this last; the loss was terrible, but it was his alone—while the dishonour would waken many a long-dead Master of Blackstones from his sleep.

The Master filled his cup afresh, and fixed his two dark eyes on it. A sudden fury seized him. Weaker men could drink and find oblivion, but he could only feed his impotent agony; the more he drank, the clearer grew his brain to see the truth and know its nakedness. He took the cup and flung it into the peats; the sparks showered up the wide chimney, bitter smoke ran out into the hall, the spirit hissed and flamed. But the Master still sat, passionless, sleepless, heedless of sparks and smoke

and flame; and his brain was clear to understand; and his heart was hard and cold.

Her little white hands. Ay, she was rightly vain of them, poor child.

The Master started from his chair, then fell back again, with a hard sort of laugh at his folly. Yet he could have sworn that the hand of the Mistress lay cool and soft within his own. What a want-wit this womanish brooding made of a man! It was time he laid his head on the pillow, he told himself—he was overwrought with sleep—ay, but there was no pillow in Blackstones that could lull his wakefulness. Again he started, and glared into the shadowed corners of the hall. And now he mocked no longer at his fancies, for the cool, soft hand would no way release its steady clasp on his. There was no sound, save of the fretful wind, no stir of motion—naught, save the little palm within his own. He lifted his own hand; the peat-glow ran red between the half-open fingers; he tried to clench his fist, and could not, for fear of hurting what it closed on—which he felt, but could not see. Then, little by little, he felt himself drawn towards the wind-rocked door of oak. So real, so human, was the hand-clasp and the pressure. He fought with the folly awhile, even yet, but it conquered him. He rose and drew back the grudging bolts. He passed out into the bitter night—out till they gained the open moor, he and his silent guide. The moon was over-old, and over-tired, to lighten a sorry world; but the stars were crisp and clear, and they served. Hand in hand they went, the Master and the Mistress, as they had done in the childish joy of wedlock; and only the Mistress knew what lay at the end of their starlit pilgrimage. Rustling heather and whistling wind and stark complaining of the sheep dismayed the larger silence of the moors: the frost was razor-keen; but the Master's heart was fire within him, because of the unseen guide who led him. Once he laid his palm sharply on his sword-hilt, to make sure that the blade was loose enough in its scabbard: but the little hand chided him, with a wondrous forlorn and tender pressure, and he knew that his first wild thought had been amiss—that there was to be no swift, sweet sword-play at the end of this.

Wilder grew the moor; the path had long ago been swallowed up amongst the ling and peat; marshland and bog lay all about them, but the little white hand guided the Master safe from firm ground to firm ground, in and out by a score of devious turns.

“Canst not speak, canst not say one little word to me?” he groaned, as they came to the foot of Dead Lad's Rigg.

For answer, there came the baying of the Guytrash from close at his left side. He looked and saw the evil beast slacken its lithe trot—saw it fall into soundless step beside him—smelt the dank bog-reek of its

A TALE OF DEAD LAD'S RIGG.

breath. The little hand quivered pitiably in his; and the Master no longer feared the Dog, for very rage that it should frighten the wee wife.

"Get home to thine own foul marshes; we want thee not," he roared, and kicked the brown brute full under his heavy jaw.

Yet still the Guytrash paced beside him, snarling and snapping at the empty air; still the wife's hand trembled in his own; and the Master of Blackstones was sick as any tender-nurtured maid. Slowly they climbed the face of Dead Lad's Rigg, till they came to a deepish gash set fair in the middle of the ridge—a valley full of whispering rowan trees, full of mutterings from the Dead Lad's grave of peat. Down the steep side they went, the Master and his guide. Very eager grew the pressure of the Mistress's hand; it was with much ado that the other followed fast enough, slipping and leaping down the shaly bank. But the Guytrash stayed yelping on the brink, for he dared not go beneath the sacred rowan branches.

They reached the basin of the valley. The Master's eyes, grown accustomed to the gloom, saw a wide, thick-set figure lying on the peat. He stooped and peered into the lifeless face; then laughed an exceeding bitter laugh, as he knew that Wayne of Hill House was set beyond his reach in this world. But the frail hand, fast locked in his, would not let him tarry here; it drew him down and down the valley, until they stood beside another body—the slim, small-handed, supple-waisted figure of a woman. The seven days' frost had done its work; no tiny vein, no shadowed dimple, but was fixed hard and firm, as if a cunning sculptor had wrought in alabaster and fashioned a clear likeness of the Mistress of Blackstones. The right hand gripped a knife, and one foot was bent under the shapely body; the frost had taken its hold before the features had found time to settle into the death-quiet, and a great agony was printed clear upon the childish face.

The Master of Blackstones hid his eyes. The rowan branches rustled with an unquiet grief. And the Master stumbled, as it were, across the threshold of another world. As one in a trance he saw how the tale had run, a sen'night since. He saw Rupert Wayne swing the little Mistress to the saddle of his big grey horse—saw them ride down the road, and into the lone moor—saw the Mistress steal a knife from his belt as they rode—saw the man draw rein at the foot of Dead Lad's Rigg and carry his burden up the rise and down the valley. As in a trance, too, he saw the Mistress drive the short steel blade full against Wayne's heart—saw her run madly down the valley—saw her trip, half recover, and then fall, with one foot broken under her.

She tries to crawl up the steep brink, but the pain is over-great, her

strength too little; again and again she tries, then sinks to the crisping peat; a drowsiness steals over her—she lifts herself with an effort—scrawls something with a halting finger in the peat—and the silent night comes down like a curtain between the Master and his visions.

The dawn had filled the valley when he awoke. The little hand had an eager command to give him; he followed in dazed sort. The wintry sun-rays fell upon a message, traced waveringly enough, yet readable.

“To my husband. I killed Rupert Wayne before he wronged our love. There is no stain between thee and me. God keep thee, dear.”

A sudden rush of tears filled the Master's eyes—the first that had softened his grief. Across the waste she had come to him, to bring him knowledge of the truth; she had read his heart, and knew the bitterness of his shame, and guided him hither, that one sorrow at least might be taken from him. Lord God, how friendless and alone he was! Forgetting his pride, forgetting what so lately had seemed the greater loss, he thought only of the deep love that had held between them, between the little wife and him. The tears dropped down unheeded; his strength was water; the sobbing of the rowans was a sympathy hard to bear. Ay, he would die with her, said the Master of Blackstones to himself; and his hand slipped down toward his sword-belt. Black against the dawn-red sky above, the Guytrash watched and waited.

But the Master was forestalled. The soft hand crept once again within his own, and its language was growing strangely plain to him. “Be brave,” it said; “a Master of Blackstones never yet died shamefully by his own hand; be brave, my husband, for the sake of what has been.”

Not willingly, nor readily, did he obey. Yet he loved her lightest whim when living—could he thwart the poor child now that she was dead? Soberly he picked up the beautiful husk; soberly he climbed the steep and set foot toward the House of Blackstones. The Guytrash, snarling evilly, stood fair across his path; for those who died amid the bogs were its rightful prey, and every night since she had perished here, the brown brute had come to gloat above the body. The Master stopped—gazed full in the eyes of the phantom beast—and knew that it was an unfair fight, since he was only man. Then he remembered—remembered what had rid him of the Dog's companionship down yonder in the valley. He returned swiftly on his paces, and rived a sturdy branch of rowan from its trunk, and hastened up the steep again, still with the wife close-gathered in his arms. He set his burden behind him; and the Dog whined and cowered at sight of the rowan branch, but could not fly. And the moor re-echoed with the brown beast's awful cries, as the Master swung and swung his stalwart branch down on the shaggy hide. The Guytrash could not have felt a blow from an oaken stick, nor the prick of steel, nor the splash of

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driving lead; but the sacred rowan bough, as it beat like a flail on his shrinking bulk, struck home to the loathsome heart of him.

The Master, when his task was done, picked up his burden once again; nor did he stop till he stood at the gate of his own courtyard. Peter Whin, when he opened to him and saw what lay within his arms, cried out for very heart-sickness.

"Nay!" said the Master. "As she left the old house, so she comes back—its stainless Mistress."

And Peter, scanning his face, marvelled to see how clear and steadfast a light of sanity shone from the Master's eyes.

They buried her in the Blackstones graveyard, as that day's sun was setting. And the Master wept like a bairn—healthy tears, such as softened his heart to the future. And through all the score years and ten, they say, that the last Master of Blackstones lived lonely beneath the old roof-tree, there was never a time of grievous trouble came to him but the little hand crept into his to give him comfort. And when men cried shame upon him for letting the race die out, the Master was wont to say, with grave displeasure, that Blackstones should never have a second Mistress while yet the first was living.

* * * * *

Well, we are grown wise to-day, and this was a matter of eight-score years ago or thereabouts. Yet those who know, those who have lived in the House of Blackstones and braved its many ghosts, are very sure that still the silent watcher, sitting in the lang-settle of the roomy hall, will feel a wondrous soft and dainty hand creep into his, as if it asked for succour.

But those who know are very few, and we are grown exceeding wise.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.



THE STORY OF BEWCASTLE CROSS. ✓

It is the oldest monument of our Angle forefathers; it bears the earliest writing of our English language; and as a work of art—we can hardly do better, after more than 1200 years of progress.

Its merits, its runes and its date have been discussed by antiquaries from the time of Queen Elizabeth onwards. For a long while it was a mere mystery; then the inscription was read with some approach to reasonable accuracy by the late rector of Bewcastle (Mr. Maughan) who lived close by, and spent years over the study of this one subject. Of late writers, some have tried to upset his conclusions and some to improve upon them, but without much success. Living authorities, like the Bishop of Bristol and Wilhelm Victor of Marburg, have accepted his reading with some slight amendments or hesitations; and so, whether he was right or wrong about other matters, he must have the credit of this one good piece of work; the fact being that he gave time and trouble to it, while the rest of the antiquarian world formed hasty notions from rubbings or casts, without his intimate knowledge of the original.

We may then take the reading, with up-to-date corrections, as fairly established, especially as it fits in with all we can learn from history and archæology; and waiving anything like a technical discussion, pass on to tell, as one of the earliest and most interesting chapters of our North-country annals, the story of Bewcastle Cross.

* * * * *

In those days, between twelve and thirteen hundred years ago, Bewcastle was in a sense less out of the world than it is now. At present it is farther from the railway than most places in England. From Penton it is ten, from Brampton it is a dozen miles of rather dreary walking, though the roads are good for cycling and driving; and from Gilsland, though it looks nearer on the map, it is practically as far because there is no road, but only a "way" over the fells, not easy to find nor, except in good weather, easy to follow.

Still, on a summer's day, with a companion who can act as guide, it is a glorious walk over the moors. Who does not know Dandie Dinmont's ride, in "Guy Mannering," from Mumps' Ha' in Gilsland along the Maiden way over the Waste? The country just here has altered less in the last hundred years than down below in the level valleys; there are still the wide stretches of rolling moorland, of heather and bent and bog, and the deep dells into which you plunge down steep

crumbly banks to cross the roaring streams, and the desolate farm house here and there with its bit of black fir-planting, and sheep dotted on the dark brown hills, and herds of black cattle, and the pewits and curlew overhead whirling and screaming; one can fancy Captain Vanbeest Brown following in Dandie's tracks and almost expect to see Meg Merrilees' cloak fluttering in the wind, on ahead. And as you rise higher and higher the distant line of the Cumberland plains rises too, until from the top of Gillalees Beacon you get a glorious vision of deep blue distance, and the Solway all silver, and Carlisle like a toy town with every tower detailed against its wreathing smoke, and on either side Skiddaw and Criffel shouldering back their companies of mountain tops, that seem to represent the old opposing powers of two kingdoms, eyeing one another before the battle.

Down in the valley beneath is Bewcastle. The name extends to all the eight miles length of the parish, even yet a pastoral district, with no rich and no poor, no railway and one policeman, apparently Arcadian; in reality neither better nor worse than most places. Deathly dull it must be in winter, but on our bright holiday, as we come down the brow at last, the little hamlet at the church is like a veritable oasis of romance in the wilderness of moors. A steep headland from the opposite hill pushes the little river back into a horse-shoe curve, and on the coign of vantage stand the ruins of the castle, and the church of St. Cuthbert and the rectory. Below, on the hither side of the ford with its footbridge is a tiny group of picturesque cottages, the smithy and the shop. "situated in the bottom of the little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet"—to use Scott's words, for this little inn looks more like his Mumps' Ha' than the house so named at Gilsland. But there are no robbers there now: "It has been," says Sir Walter, "for many years as safe as any place in the kingdom"; and while we get the luncheon we have earned, let us talk over old times at Bewcastle.

* * * * *

In the Roman age, this was the first halt for troops and traders on their way from Amboglanna on the Wall to Caledonia: up there where the church stands was the camp. After the Picts broke the wall and burned the camp, and in their turn were beaten back, the Britons lived here for 250 years in undisturbed independence; their pastoral monotony varied by joining in the fights of the Kinglets at Carlisle and Carwinley—what a tale might be told of the great battle of Arthuret!—and in the forays under the overlords at Dumbarton or Chester against the distant Saxon in Northumbria. But until St. Kentigern was dead, and King Rhydderch was dead, and the seventh century was no longer young, that enemy had never crossed the hills as an enemy. As traders

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perhaps, and travellers on the way to Ireland or Pictland, some might have passed by, and about A.D. 630 the very sons of their once feared enemy, Æthelfrith the Destroyer, were refugees among the kindly Celts. One married the heiress to the Pictish throne, and was father of king Talorcan; another was loved by the Britons, Oswald of the White Hand, *Lamhgwín* they called him, King and Saint of the English afterwards. Another, Osguid they pronounced his name, which the English called Oswiu (Oswy), took to wife, in his exile, a British princess, Riemmelth, daughter of Royth, the son of Run, and bred up as true believers his boy Alcfrith and girl Alcfæd and baby Ecgfrith, half English, half British children, like many more; for the English were then being converted and taught by the Celts. In spite of political aggression, there was much give and take, much intercourse between the races. We see the same thing in South Africa now.

But this Alcfrith, and his brother Ecgfrith—shall we cross the ford and climb the brow to the Bewcastle Cross?

* * * * *

A foursquare pillar of stone, carved all over. Not unlike Cleopatra's needle, and yet not an obelisk, for it once had a cross-head on the top. Dwarfed by the church-tower that rises over it, and crowded by the headstones around, but still a noble monolith, brought hither and raised and set in its base by no unskilled hands. The ornament, weather-worn and low in relief, needing sidelight of sunshine to give it effect; but graceful flower-work, and carefully wrought knots of symmetrical interlacing; and one side all a single scroll, as if the boughs of a tree in which birds and squirrels are sitting and feeding; and on the side towards the church more knots and flowers, and a tall panel of chequerwork. To the west,



THE CHRIST.

looking over the land of Cumbria, there are figures: a saint in flowing robes at the top, holding a lamb, St. John with the Agnus Dei: Christ Himself in the middle, not the suffering Christ of later art, but a dignified and calm God, raising His right hand in blessing and in His left holding the rolled book,—is it His gospel, or the book of remembrance in which is written the name of his servant here buried? They do not leave us in doubt. Over Him they have carved His name in strange letters and curious spelling—it is the first time English hands have written it for us to read—GESSUS KRISTTUS: and beneath is a page of the book He holds, that what is known in Heaven may be remembered on earth.

✠ THIS SIG - BEKN
THUN SETTON
HWÆTRED WOTH
GAR OLFWOL -
THU AFT ALCFRI -
THU EAND CYNING
EAC OSWIUNG
✠ GEBID HE -
[O]SIN[N]A SOWHULA.

This victory-standard
tall set up
Hwætred, Woth-
gar, Olfwolthu,
for Alcfrith,
late King,
and son of Oswy.
Pray for
(?) his soul.

—And beneath is the figure of a king, in robes of peace, lifting on his hand the falcon from its perch: Alcfrith himself.

There is more writing in Runes on the south side, but very much defaced:—

FRUMAN GEAR
CYNINGES
RICES THÆES
ECGFRITHU

In the first year
of the King
of this realm
Ecgrith.

And on the north side at the bottom:—

CYNNBURUG

Kynnburg

Higher up, and less distinct, another lady's name:—

CYNESWITHA

Kyneswitha

Above, and now very faint:—

MYRCNACYNG
WULFHÆRE

King of the Mercians
Wulfhere.

We know Alcfrith and Ecgrith already; whose are these other names?

* * * * *

We must go back to the history, as it is written in the books of Venerable Bede and the chroniclers.

Oswy the exile came at last to his own. But when he was King of Northumbria a sorrow befel him. His son Alcfrith deserted him; this Alcfrith we know as half a Briton by birth, and see portrayed and praised here. There may have been reasons; 'for Oswy, as King of the



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English, took an English wife, a very noble princess, and in duty bound as an English king, warred upon the Britons—an Irish chronicle gives us date and fact. Now there was another king who was the friend of the Britons, a still more famous king, though a heathen, Penda of Mercia. The clerical historians make much of his heathenism, but even Bede allows that he was tolerant, and only required his converted subjects to behave as Christians if they took the name. He was a first-rate ruler and warrior; he had also a fine family of young folk, who all made their mark afterwards. Bede calls his eldest son Peada, "an excellent young man." The next was Wulfhere, the two daughters Kynnbург and Kyneswitha. Others were children at this time, but Kynnbург was Alcfrith's choice: he married her, and she, with her brother and sister, is commemorated on his monument.

Alcfrith, for any or all of these reasons, in his youth became Penda's follower; and when Penda raided Northumbria, Alcfrith went with him. He must have joined in the foray when even Bamborough was nearly burnt, and only saved by St. Aidan's prayers; and again when the house where St. Aidan died was destroyed by fire, all but the post on which the dying saint had leaned. No wonder Bede says he gave his father trouble.

But the reconciliation came in a striking and complete way. Alcfrith's friend Peada at last wanted to marry Alcfrith's sister Alcflæd: and they went on the errand to Oswy's court. It was replied that no heathen could wed a Christian princess, though such things had been done a generation earlier; and Peada, for love of her and Alcfrith, took instruction in the faith, and was baptized by the Scottish bishop Finan in a place called "At the Wall," 12 miles from the sea along the Roman rampart of Hadrian. With him all his own followers, and the people of the kingdom which his father had given him south of the Trent, became Christians; so that Alcfrith was the instrument of this great conversion.

He was then reconciled to Oswy, and made sub-king of Deira (Yorkshire), helping him against his old allies. Some people have been shocked at this, and sought to find in it an explanation of their reading, "Pray for the high sin of his soul." But I do not think that reading possible. It is either "Pray humbly for his soul," or simply, "Pray for his soul," in rather queer and ancient grammar and spelling; we must not forget that this was written more than 200 years before King Alfred wrote his books. Also, we must remember that war was to those people what football is to us. It was their great game, played without the seriousness of modern ethics. Nobody then would have blamed Alcfrith for "playing in Penda's team," if he chose, or for joining the Northumberland League afterwards.

THE STORY OF BEWCASTLE CROSS.

The Cross links his name with those of his father and brother, his wife and her brother and sister. Evidently there was no political or social misdeed on his part, to be ashamed of, or these names would not be so connected. It places him beneath the Christ in blessing, and marks most emphatically his character as a Christian hero; so that he could not have been a delinquent in the eyes of the church, whose best art and finest symbolism were spent on the monument.

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There was a singular fitness in this tribute from the Anglo-Roman church to Alcfrith, over and above his share in the conversion of Mercia. When Oswy, with Alcfrith's help, had finally overcome Penda and made the Angles into a great and glorious nation, and when Middle England too was at rest and in friendship with the north, then there was a great burst of progress for all, a sort of spring-tide, like the few years before 1500 in Italy, when a wave of energy passed over the land and created the Renaissance. Here our English forefathers were ripe for the change, and being already Christianized by the Irish welcomed the further and more satisfying culture from Rome. The difference has nothing to do with modern quarrels. The great fact was that from Ireland and Iona came the first, but from Rome and the ancient cities of the South came the fairest and finest examples of Christian ideals. The Irish monks were earnest, self-sacrificing, exacting, learned, pedantic, unkempt, inartistic: all their art is a spoiled imitation of English work. The Romans and their disciples were representatives of a quite higher grade of human existence; of complex civilization, grand traditions, the wealth and health of the wonderful Southlands. They brought with them much saner learning and sounder minds than the others: they were personally more pleasing, better groomed and better mannered; and they could practice or introduce music and painting and sculpture, to which the poor attempts of our rustic English were child's-play.

No wonder that Alcfrith foregathered with these new missionaries. Note that he was half a Briton (Welsh), and think what it means. The imagination, the love of art, especially of the romantic and wonderful in art, must have been his: (the darker side of the British character, I think, came out in his sister, for which we need not interrupt the story). We see how he would be exactly the man to take up with what was Roman, for the Cumbrian nobles traced their pedigree to Roman rulers. Everything made him the patron of the new culture, the friend of St. Wilfrith, the advocate of Roman claims; and we are not surprised to find that it was his influence that decided King Oswy to close the Whitby

controversy with the reluctant, half humorous verdict, "I must not quarrel with your friend St. Peter, for he has the keys of heaven."

This was in 664. Alcfrith sent Wilfrith to Paris to be made bishop : and intended him for the See of York. Meanwhile Oswy's man, St. Chad, stepped in, while Wilfrith was delayed in returning. When he did come back, it was with foreign artists and stores of Gallic and Italian art; and so interested was he in building churches that he did not seem to mind missing his bishopric. He evidently made a great impression on everyone. King Oswy fell sick in the winter of 670-71 and begged him to be his companion on a journey to Rome, in case of recovery. The Mercian royal family were also his great friends, and many of his finest churches were in their territory. So we note, about 670, Wilfrith hard at work in Yorkshire and Northamptonshire as—not a bishop—but head of a School of Art, under the highest patronage, doing splendid things in all the flush of a "movement."

In the midst of this movement, for which King Alcfrith had done so much, he died. There is no mention of his death in the histories, simply, I think, because it took place in obscure Bewcastle, and from sickness or in some petty fight. His work here was evidently to push the borders of the English a little further into British territory. We do not know that he was fighting against his kin; and if he were, it was according to the rules of the game, doing his duty as an English leader, dying the death of an English hero.

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Kynnborg, his queen, at any rate thought so, and she would have the finest monument for him that had ever been raised. She talked it over with her sister and brother, then growing to be the foremost man in England, and they all joined in the undertaking. She must have applied to Wilfrith; but he was not an artist such as would himself execute the cross, nor did he need to act as patron and provide funds: so his name does not appear, but we can hardly doubt that he lent the artists and promoted the work.*

The names of Hwætred; Wothgar and Olwfwolthu, if they are rightly read, seem to be those of these artists, the men who actually set up the cross, while their noble employers are elsewhere commemorated on the shaft. They must have come to Bewcastle for the job, because it

* In a paper read April, 1900, to the Dumfries Antiquarian Society, Mr. A. L. Davidson, on the hint of Leader Scott and The Rev. W. Miles Barnes in their recent book, "The Cathedral Builders," attributes the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses to the *Maestri Comacini*, or guild of architects and masons from the lake of Como. The two crosses, however, are not as closely connected as he seems to think. The Runes prove that English hands did part at least of the work; and though there is no doubt of Italian influence, the identification of the artists with the Comacines does not seem to be established.

was too big to carry out at a distance, and Bewcastle, in the first year of King Egfrith, must have been settled and peaceable English ground.

On arrival, they found the English hall in the Roman camp; a little wooden church, and the freshly turfed grave. Their first work was to find material for the monument. Close at hand were plenty of Roman stones, but after 250 years of ravage and destruction nothing big enough or sound enough. Up on the moors, on Langbar, the natives could tell them of hard rock in plentiful outcrop. They found a piece some 21 feet long without a flaw, chiselled wedge-holes along a line, drove in their wooden wedges, and rent it off; rolled it upon a sledge, and drew it five miles down hill over the heather, and home.

So far they were doing what had been done before. They must have known the standing stone with early heathen spirals and cup-markings, like Long Meg, and the early Christian crosses, rudely incised on rough pillars. This Bewcastle cross is only a further development of the same idea, the new Anglo-Roman art applied to the old Celtic grave-stone. But the art is not Celtic.

Let us look at the motives of ornament, interlacing, figures, scrolls, and chequers. There is no Irish interlacing earlier than this in MSS. or otherwise. The Irish Saint Columban, buried at Bobbio, has no interlacing on his tomb. The Lindisfarne Gospels were illuminated by English, not Irish scribes. It is true that the notion of interlacing was very soon taken up in Ireland; but here we intercept it on its journey outward from the Continent, in the act of being exported.

The figures are just such as had been carved in marble and ivory by Byzantine and North Italian artists, with broad flowing draperies, natural proportions, and quiet action—the direct descendants of classic masterpieces. These, imitated without good teaching and without what good teaching always enforces, study from Nature, degenerated into the grotesque figures of Irish MSS. and crosses, which make a mockery of sacred subjects.

The scroll-work and animals are demonstrably identical with seventh century North Italian work. The scroll of vine symbolises the tree of life, or Church of Christ; the little animals are sometimes actually (as in Heversham cross, Westmorland) little foxes that spoil the vines; sometimes, as here, squirrels and birds “of paradise,” peacocks, hinting at resurrection and eternal life. The Irish copied these ideas with much ornamental skill but no feeling for natural form, and debased them into the strange monsters involved in plaited straps, or the still lower dragon-esque interlacing which is so familiar in their art. Our cross and the Ormside cup in York Museum are worthy to rank with the Blacas vase in the British Museum and others of the 6th and early 7th centuries.

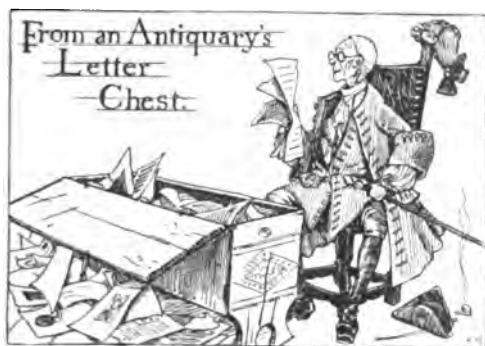
From our cross was imitated that at Ruthwell, and this motive was farther developed in the Hexham School of Sculpture; so that it by no means stands alone, but forms a link in the great series of Anglian art.

The chequers used to be thought Norman, but are found elsewhere as pre-Norman, being also from Italy, where the same motive developed largely in Early Venetian and Lombard ornament. The dial is of a type known to be Anglo-Saxon, and is evidently part of the original design. The head, removed by Lord William Howard of Naworth, the Belted Will of legends, is lost; but it was probably free-armed, not a wheel-cross, which is a later and Irish form. This head would have been like that at Ruthwell, or Irton, or the two at Carlisle.

No doubt Hwætred and his colleagues brought with them sketches and plans, embodying the hints of foreign art and foreign masters; but their names prove that they were Englishmen, at any rate not Irish; so that the whole cross is English, our earliest English work of art, made, like so many after it, under strong influence from Italy.

Having finished the carving, they set it up in a great base, six tons in weight, where it stood from 671 till 1891, when the wear and tear of 1220 years made some repairs necessary. But it has not been "restored." What we see there is all genuine, and we see it standing on its original site, not in the distraction or the desolation of a museum. As long as it is respected and left unharmed by unwise meddling or ignorant attacks, so long it will be safe for all that mere wind and weather are likely to do: and remain, in touch with all its associations, to give our children the lesson that our fathers have told us.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.



FROM JOHN HALL-STEVENSON* AT SKELTON CASTLE IN CLEVELAND TO THE REV. LAURENCE STERNE AT COXWOLD.

"COUSIN SHANDY,—

"And, indeed, 'tis so, there can be no doubt on't, as your homunculus Tristram truly saith—'De gustibus non est disputandum': that is, there is no disputing against Hobby-horses, and mine, as thou know'st, partly to thy cost, is a 'crazy tale' indifferently told, so, imagine my delight as, 'tucked up to the very chin, with a whip across my mouth, scouring and scampering it away like a party coloured devil astride a mortgage,' I take the air upon the craziest tale that ever man's ear listened to.

"'Tis indeed lucky to have this diversion, for 'the Demoniacs' have not met for a lunar period; Panty and Zack—a pox take 'em—being gravelled since the last bout—and as for poor 'Anthony,' why, here I lie abed with a posset, the cursed east† wind stalking round the walls outside like a plaguey devil in a dirty winding sheet.

"Be it known to thee in brief then, coz, for I itch to have thee on a pillion behind me, that there is here staying a young spark of Braze-

* John Hall ("Eugenius") married Anne, daughter of Ambrose Stevenson, by his wife, Ann, daughter of Anthony Wharton (of Gilling) and took his wife's name.

"In 1745, his uncle, Trotter, an avowed Jacobite, fled the country, and Skelton Castle passed to John Hall Stevenson's mother from whom, at her death, he inherited it."

"Eugenius" died in 1785, and was succeeded by his son Joseph, who died the following year; his son, again, John, who took the name of Wharton in 1788, was the uncle of the late squire, J. T. Wharton, whom the present writer remembers seeing out foxhunting in his eighty-first year, while his son, the present Squire, is the popular master of the Cleveland Foxhounds.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

† "The story is told that Hall-Stevenson took to his bed and regarded himself as in extremis whenever there was an east wind, and that one day when the wind came up from the east Sterne cured him by tying up the weather cock, and thus led Hall-Stevenson to believe that the wind had changed."

nose College, some cousin of my own, if his mother's word can be relied on, who has been eye witness to the event from first 'Tally-ho' to the last 'whoo-up.'

"Now, no sooner had thy friend Eugenius laid pen to paper than the gout 'gan gnawing his foot fiercelier than Promethean vulture, so that thou hadst chanced to lose thy tale, had I not on a sudden remembered that my aforesaid nephew, Freddie Hall, who was chief actor in the drama, was also a likely clerk enough to take up the pen for me and write down the occurrences to which he was privy, and which—when next we meet—we can e'en discuss over a bowl of Rhenish.

"His pen hath not the wit of the two cousins of Jesus College, Cambridge, who once studied together, as thou wilt remember, Shandy, under the walnut tree in the inner court, but 'twill serve for a bald narration, and I know 'twill amuse thee."

J. H. S.

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The truth is, Reverend Sir, that being eventually designed for the Bar, I had taken up this quest with an additional vigour, for here was a mystery wherein my Lord Chief Justice himself would have had a difficulty in seeing the proper clue on't.

For some months previous to my sojourn at Skelton Castle there had been mysterious midnight thefts of sheep, heifers and such like cattle on the hills about here, Redcar and Danby-way, and even on occasion a murder added, as in the case of poor Jack Moscrop, the shepherd, who was found in the early morning with his head cut in twain, as though by some mighty cleaver, stark dead and cold on the low-lying ground beyond Kirkleatham.

Much disquietude had been caused thereby amongst the farmer folk, and the whole countryside was agape with excitement and conjecture, but nothing had been discovered as to the malefactor, though many tales were told, more especially by the womenfolk, who put down all mishaps to the same unknown agent.

Some said 'twas a black man who had escaped off a foreign ship that had been stranded by Teemouth, but in that case one would imagine that such an one would have eaten his victim raw, whereas the sheep and heifers that were killed had always been "gralloched," as the Scotch term it, that is, had been cut open with a knife and disembowelled, the carcase subsequently having been removed.

Some again avowed 'twas an agent of the Prince of Darkness, for there were hoofmarks of an unshod horse discovered on one or two occasions leading up and away from the scene of the slaughter, and blood

drops alongside, as though the booty had been slung from the horse's quarters and there dripped down as he sped along.

Now, as you may imagine, I too had battered my brain with various conjectures, but without practical result till one night after hunting all day, and having lamed my mare badly with an overreach, I was returning slowly homeward by a short cut across Eston Nab, so as to strike the Guisbro' Road, and thence straight to Skelton.

'Twas a stormy November night, time about nine o'clock, for I had stayed supper with a friendly yeoman, one Petch, of a noted family hereabout, and was trudging a-foot, so as to ease the mare, along the desolate hill top, where in a kind of basin there lies a lonely pool of water, set round in the farther side by a few draggled wind-torn firs.

There was a swamped moon overhead, shining now and again as wreckage shows amongst billows, the gleam but momentary, so that when I caught sight of a kneeling figure across t'other side of the mere I could scarce distinguish anything at all, whether 'twere a boggart, as they say here, or some solitary shepherd seeking his sheep.

However, at that moment there was a break overhead and the moon rheumy-eyed, shook her head clear of cloud, whereby I saw plain enough 'twas a tall burly man kneeling beside some object or other and a mighty big horse standing a bit to the rearward of him.

I drew nigher without being perceived, and the light still holding, saw that 'twas a young stirk or heifer the man was disembowelling.

"Ha, ha," shouts I, without a further thought than that here was the midnight miscreant and cattle stealer, and that I had caught him red-handed.

With that he lifts his head and gazes across the pool at me fixedly for an instant of time, then with a whistle to his horse, leaps to his feet, vaults to the saddle, and swings away at a hand gallop round the mere's edge, the moonlight flashing back from some big axe he was carrying in his right hand.

"Tally ho," shouted I, commencing to run after him bethinking me he was for escaping, but no sooner had he rounded the edge some hundred and fifty yards away than I saw 'twas he who was chasing me.

Another look at him tearing towards me was sufficient to change my resolution, and hot foot I tore round to t'other end, trusting to win to the wood's edge before he could catch me up.

I heard the hard breathing of the horse close behind me, the crunch of his hoofs coming quicker and quicker;—one fleeting glimpse I threw backward, and saw a bright axe gleam above me, then my foot catching in a tussock, I sank headlong, the horse's hoofs striking me as I fell.

I must suppose—for at that moment the moon was swallowed again by a swirl of cloud—that in the changing light he had missed his blow, and finding myself unhurt, I was able to gain my feet, make a double and gain the wall's edge by the plantation before he had caught me up once more. Just as I vaulted over a crash of stones sounded—some loose ones at top grazing my foot as I touched the ground on the far side.

The wood, however, was pitch black, thick with unpruned trees; I bent double and dived deeper into its gloomy belly.

"Safe now," thinks I, as, utterly outdone, I sank on a noiseless bed of pine needles; "and by the Lord Harry 'twas none too soon, for if it hadn't been for the kindly moon dipping I'd have been in two pieces by now. To Jupiter—Optimus Maximus—I owe an altar," says I, in my first recovered breath, and "curse that infernal reiver," says I in my second, "but I'll be up ends with him yet."

No sound came from without: all was still, save for the southing in the pines overhead.

A quarter of an hour passed perhaps, and I determined to creep to the wall and see if my assailant were anywhere visible.

The wind had freshened; the clouds were unravelling to its touch, and I could see clearly enough now across the desolate hill top. Nothing living showed save my mare, who was cropping the coarse grass tufts just where I had left her.

Surmounting the wall, I approached the spot where I had seen the reiver first. There lay red remnants that clearly told a tale. The carcase, however, had been "lifted," and I could trace the direction in which my raider had gone by the drops of blood that lay here and there by the side of the horse's track.

As the ground in places was soft with peat or bog, by a careful examination of the hoof marks of his horse, I was able to ascertain the direction in which he had gone, which seemed to be nearly due north-east, or at least east by north. The marks proved another thing, moreover, and that is, that here was the same miscreant who had killed the shepherd and carried off the cattle elsewhere, for 'twas an unshod horse that had galloped over Eston Nab top that night.

'Twas sore-footed that I gained home at last, but all the way I discussed a many plans for the discovery and punishment of my moss trooper.

'Tis an unpleasant remembrance to have fled; next time we met I swore to be in a better preparation for the encounter.

Next morning I started to explore, for I knew something of the direction. I knew also that my man was a tall, well-built, burly fellow with

a big ruddy beard, and the horse a fine seventeen hands roan that would be known far and wide in the district.

Determining to stay out till I had discovered somewhat, I rode down to the low-lying ground between Boulby and Redcar as being the likeliest region to get news of horse or man, and, sure enough, at the second time of enquiry, I was informed at a farm-house that some six months ago Farmer Allison, away over by Stokesly, had lost a fine, big upstanding roan stallion, of which he had been inordinately proud.

Of the man, though, I could glean nothing, till finally a good housewife, overhearing her man and myself conversing, cried out, "Eh, but by my surely, there's that Red Tom o' the 'Fisherman's Rest,' nigh to Saltburn, that's new come there, who features him ye speak of, but he's nowt but a 'fondy,' oaf-rocked, they say he is; why, Moll, who hawks t' fish about, says his wife beats him an' maks him wash up t' dishes—a soart o' cholterhead by all accounts."

However, "fondy" or no, I was sworn to go and see for myself, though the thought that 'twas perhaps a disguise the reiver had worn gave me discomfort, and made my quest seem foolish enough.

As I drew close to the little tavern above the cliff, I could hear a dispute was toward within—a crash as of some crockery falling had sounded, and shortly a big burly man with an auburn beard came tumbling forth in an awkward haste, pursued by the high tone of a woman's voice within.

Shaking his sleeve free of some water drops, he sat down on a low rock near hand, and fell knitting at a stocking he proceeded to draw from his jacket.

"'Tis surely the man," says I to myself, for in height, build, and colour of hair, he seemed the fellow of the midnight raider, but yet it seemed impossible; there might be a brother however.

I rode up to him, and asked if I could bait my horse and seek refreshment within.

"Ay, sir, sure-ly, sir, ye can; if ye'll dismount I'll tak your horse, sir, an' give him a feed o' corn," and shambling away he touched a greasy lock at me as he led my horse to the stable behind.

I turned to the inn, and encountered mine hostess, fuming within the bar.

"Please draw me a pot of ale, ma'am," says I, "while my horse gets a feed. Your good man, I suppose 'tis, who took him away outside?"

"Ay, he's mine, so says t' Church an' t' law, Aah b'lieve, but 'od rabbit him, Aah says, who knows the clumsiness o' the creature. Just fit for nowt else but cuttin' up t' bait for t' harrin' fishin'."

"Been here long?" says I further, carelessly.

"Six months mair or less," says she with a snap, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Well, here's for luck and a smarter man at the next time of asking," and with that I tossed down the ale, paid the reckoning, and strode out to the stable, for nothing further was to be got out of the vinegar lips of Mrs. Boniface.

I looked narrowly round the low-roofed and ill-lit stable, but no sign of a big roan horse anywhere did I see, only a jack-spavined cob, such as a fish-wife might hawk her fish about with.

"Ever seen or heard tell of that big roan of Farmer Allison's, strayed, stolen, or lost about six months since?" so I accosted Boniface anew, on finding him rubbing down my horse's hocks with a bit of straw.

"Noah, sir, not Aah; Aah nevvver seen 'im, sir. What soart o' a mak o' horse was 'e, sir?"

I looked him full in the face as question and answer passed, and not a shred of intelligence could I detect in his opaque fish-like eyes.

"Oaf-rocked," truly enough; he seemed as incapable of dissimulation as a stalled ox, and with a heavy feeling of disappointment I enquired what was to pay, and rode away down the slope.

"Curious," I mused, "how imagination plays one tricks at times! Once get the idea of a red beard into your mind, and Barbarossa is as often met with as the robin redbreast."

Then all in a moment my eye caught in the spongy bottom a thin curved mark cut clearly crescent-wise upon the turf. There was something strangely familiar about the horse-shoe curve. Then I remembered the unshod roan of the night before.

'Twas the same impress, for in neither case was there any trace of the iron rim. "Where the horse is the rider will not be far away," thinks I, and hope kindled afresh in my heart, as I rode slowly on resolving various conjectures.

I determined finally to go call upon the farmer at Kirkleatham, whose heifer it was, as I had learnt, that had been killed and carried off the night before.

He was said to be tightfisted, so probably would be in a mood for revenge, and ready enough to join in any scheme for discovery of the reiver.

As luck had it, Farmer Johnson was within doors, and in a fine taking about the loss of his beast: he was ready to swear an oath that he wouldn't rest till he had caught the malefactor, and agreed upon the instant to watch out every night in the week with me round about "The

ANTIQUARY'S LETTER.

Fisherman's Rest" on chance of coming across him either going or returning.

"Ay, Ah'll gan mahself, an' Ah'll tak Feyther's owd gun wi' me there, for Ah'll stan none o' his reiver tricks, an' Tom and Jack, they'll come along also, an', 'od burn him, but we'll nab him betwixt us, the impudent scoundrel, if it's a leevin man he is."

By eight o'clock we four had ensconced ourselves in hiding-places on all sides of the little inn, having tethered our horses within a small but thick-grown covert above the rise that led to the inn door. Here I stationed myself, and for better vision climbed a tree, wherefrom I commanded the whole situation. The others hid themselves as they found shelter convenient, one below the cliff's edge, some two hundred yards to the east, another amongst broken boulders to the southward, while Farmer Johnson himself crouched behind the wall that girt the road leading past the ale-house from the north.

'Twas weary work watching, more by token that that night, as well as the next, nothing appeared save a thirsty fisherman or two and a stray shuffle-footed vagrant or the like.

Next night the same, and I for one was growing somewhat cold, but Farmer Johnson, bull-like in his obstinacy, swore he wouldn't shave his chin till he had "caught summat," so off we started on the third night to our rendezvous.

"The third time brings luck," thought I, as I squatted down in the fork of the same old twisted elm, "and 'tis something stormy this evening, which might suit our reiver's tastes."

It would then be about eight of the clock, as I may suppose, the wind from the seaward, the clouds lowering, fringed with a moonlight border like broidery on a cloak, and that raw-cold touch in the air that chills worse than the hardest winter's frost.

An hour passed, and I 'gan wish I had never undertaken the quest or mentioned the matter to Farmer Johnson, when I heard, as if some way off, not exactly a neigh, but a sort of defiant snorting, such as a stallion breathes forth when he wishes to be free. Then a sound as of a heavy stone falling succeeded, mingled with a scraping and a trampling noise.

Craning my neck forward, I saw under a broadened fringe of moonlight the roan horse with the ruddy bearded reiver beside him. They had evidently crept through some secret passage that issued into the bottom below me.

I was just upon the point of raising the hue and cry on him when an action of his took me by surprise.

Holding up his battle axe—for such was his weapon—he raised it aloft, then thrust its handle deep into the soft moss of the hollow. Next, he threw the horse's reins over the head of it, and, sinking down upon his knees, appeared to be pouring forth a prayer to Heaven, though 'twas uttered in such an outlandish tongue I could make out little of it beyond some words thrice or more times repeated—as in a sort of chant or litany—

“Odin Odin Odin.
Grim, Ygg Thund,
. Vofoder.”

as though imploring the assistance of his God or Gods.

He then drew forth from his breast a small phial, and having set up a square stone beside him poured forth into the cup or hollow at the top, liquid of a dark colour which I imagined must be either blood or wine. This done, he seemed to fall to prayer afresh, but in so low a tone that I could not catch the words of his utterance with any distinctness.

Then he leapt to his feet, lifted the axe, tossed it into the air, caught it as it fell, and had vaulted upon the stallion's back before I had even recovered from my first astonishment.

“Tally-ho,” shouts I, “yonder he goes: forrard, Mr. Johnson; forrard, Tom and Jack,” and scrambling down my tree, I made for my horse.

The next thing I heard was a “pang,” as if of some musket being fired, and thereat a weird, smothered, savage note of pain and rage broke out upon the night.

Seizing my horse, I mounted, and out of the covert across a gap in the wall. Dimly I could see a centaur-like figure plunging and snorting upon the short turf by the cliff's edge,—then three figures running from the north, south and east towards it.

The roan horse plunged and reared like one demented; the rider sitting the while firm and supple as an Indian—then, seizing on a sudden the bit 'twixt his teeth, off he set at a tearing gallop southward.

Away I followed hotly, the others giving chase and halloaing in the background.

Dyke after dyke we flew headlong in the grey-white mist,—the space still even betwixt us—then, at a sudden high dry-stone wall, which loomed up as a wave of darkness seaward, my horse jumped short, and down in a rubble of stone we fell together, on the turf beyond.

As I lay there for a moment or two, I was certain I heard a heavy rumbling of rock or stone by the cliff edge hard by, followed by a deep plunge far below into the sea.

ANTIQUARY'S LETTER.

I rose to my feet and looked around me. There was no sign of horse or rider: both had disappeared.

The cliff here made a sudden bend inland, so that I could even catch the come and go of the waves in the far void below, and I felt 'twas lucky for me that I had been riding the nethermost line of the twain of us.

Cautiously approaching the edge, I noticed it had been just broken away under the trappings of a horse, and as I peeped over I caught sight of an indistinct figure lying on a broad slab of rock below that jutted out some way from the cliff.

Feeling carefully around for support of root or stone, I made my way down, and discovered, as I had already conjectured, 'twas the reiver that lay there.

He was lying motionless, spread on his back, and was murmuring to himself as I drew close.

I knelt beside him to lift him up, and could catch, as I tried to raise him, what he was saying.

"Whist ye, then, whist, Effie, Aah never meant to break t' dish, Aah tell thee. Leave us aloan, then, lass, doan't plague t' life oot of a man. Ay, Aah'll fetch t' coo in i' guid time, there's no call t' bang us that gait."

Then he babbled indistinctly, his lips grew whiter, finally stopped, altogether; and when the others had come up I think he was already dead.

As I rode off for the physician from Redcar, I minded me I had once read in a book, Reverend Sir, that this same Cleveland was once the Cliffland of the Danes, and that the older name of Roseberry Topping—the famous hill of these parts—was Othenesberg, or Odin's Hill, together with much else of antiquarian interest and varied conjecture which I must even leave to wiser heads than mine to determine the true issues of, as well as their bearing upon the events just narrated, but this I may say, that here is the same "crazy tale" my cousin alluded to above, set down in all true verisimilitude by, Reverend Sir,

Your very faithful and humble servant to command,

FREDDY HALL.

THE LAST HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

"Man hath with man on earth no holier bond
Than that the Muse weaves with her dreamy thread."

Robert Bridges.

Delight in the sound of words, apart from any pleasure to be drawn from the sense of them, is innate in some people—one of whom remembers being taken to task, ten or twelve years ago, for excessive admiration of the following verses :—

Look you be sure,
Take here the lure;
Ride you there, ride you for one two and three.
Down the king's fist
With the drag of the wrist,
Dragged down the pomegranates pierced with the bee.

On to your courser,
Spare not his horsehair,
Ride to the knight of the tower of the sea;
Long ago bade he
Carry my lady
Into his tower; carry her, carry me."

What do they mean?

Fatal question! There is no defence. It is not easier to say now what they mean than it was then; yet is the charm as strong. What does Maeterlinck mean, and Verlaine? What did Morris mean in his glorious youth, when he was not "the idle singer of an empty day," but the lark that sang the dawn? What did Shakespeare mean when he wrote the Fool's Song at the end of "Twelfth Night?"

Meaning is to poetry what morals are to life. As in the lives of those who live best there are exquisite moments when life is life alone, so now and again poets forget to be anything else. No one except a poet could write such nonsense as this.

Richard Watson Dixon, son of the Rev. James Dixon, a Wesleyan minister, was born in the year 1833. He was "the only poet in our school," says Burne-Jones, his fellow-pupil at Birmingham. In June, 1851, he matriculated, and in October he joined "the little Birmingham colony" at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he had rooms at the top of a staircase leading up from those of Faulkner, the mathematician, a gentleman who was plucked "because he included Isaiah in the number of the twelve apostles."

THE LAST HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

"As soon as I came up, Fulford called on me, after I had been solitary two or three days. I can still hear his step running up the stairs, and his greeting as he came in. He was a very little fellow, very strong and active, very clever, and immensely vivacious. We immediately fell upon poetry, and he read me a poem. . . . He asked me to breakfast next morning: and at his rooms then I met another man of Birmingham, though not of Birmingham School, Charles Joseph Faulkner. We three became very intimate. . . . Fulford had great critical insight, and extraordinary power of conversation. His literary principles were early fixed. He was absolutely devoured with admiration for Tennyson. Shakespeare he knew and could speak of as few could. Keats the same. (I introduced Keats to him: he had never heard of him before.)

"Next term, I think it was, Burne-Jones came up to Exeter, and William Morris was a freshman of the same term and college. Calling on Burne-Jones, we all became directly acquainted with Morris, and in no long time composed one set. Jones and Morris were both meant for Holy Orders: and the same may be said for the rest of us, except Faulkner. But this could not be called the bond of alliance. The bond was poetry and indefinite artistic and literary aspiration: but not of a selfish character, or rather, not of a self-seeking character. We all had the notion of doing great things for man, in our own way, however: according to our own will and bent.

"Fulford had a sort of leadership among us. This was partly due to his seniority, partly to his intense vivacity, partly to his Tennysonianism, in which we shared with greater moderation, and in different ways. It is difficult to the present generation to understand the Tennysonian enthusiasm which then prevailed, both in Oxford and the world. All reading men were Tennysonians; all sets of reading men talked poetry. Poetry was the thing; and it was felt, with justice, that this was due to Tennyson. Tennyson had invented a new poetry, a new poetic English: his use of words was new, and every piece that he wrote was a conquest of a new region. This lasted till 'Maud,' in 1855, which was his last poem that mattered. I am told that in this generation no University man cares for poetry. This is almost inconceivable to one who remembers Tennyson's reign and his reception in the Sheldonian in '55. There was the general conviction that Tennyson was the greatest poet of the century: some held him the greatest of all poets, or at least of all modern poets. In my time at Oxford there were two other men who, without touching him, obtained an immense momentary vogue, which has never been equalled since, perhaps, unless by Swinburne, or by Morris. These were Alexander Smith, whose 'Life

Drama' was in every one's hands, and caused an immense sensation; and Owen Meredith (Lytton) in the 'Clytemnestra' volume, containing 'The Earl's Return.'

"Now Fulford was absorbed in Tennyson. He had a very fine deep voice, and was a splendid reader of poetry. I have listened entranced to his reading of 'In Memoriam.' He read Milton even better: I suppose because there was more to read. His reading of 'Paradise Lost,' Book I., I shall never forget. He had a fine metrical ear, which helped it. No one can tell how Milton lends himself to a good reader.

"Morris would often read Ruskin aloud. He had a mighty singing voice, and chanted rather than read those weltering oceans of eloquence as they have never been given before or since, it is most certain. The description of the 'Slave Ship' or of Turner's skies, with the burden, 'Has Claude given this?' were declaimed by him in a manner that made them seem as if they had been written for no end but that he should hurl them in thunder on the head of the base criminal who had never seen what Turner saw in the sky.

"About this time, 1854-5, we started weekly Shakespearean readings in one another's rooms. Fulford, Burne-Jones, and Morris were all fine readers; so was Crom Price, who had come up three or four terms after us, to Brasenose. We used to draw lots for the parts. I remember Morris's Macbeth, and his Touchstone particularly; but most of all his Claudio, in the scene with Isabel. He suddenly raised his voice to a loud and horrified cry at the word 'Isabel,' and declaimed the awful following speech, 'Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,' in the same pitch. I never heard anything more overpowering."

It was not always Shakespeare and Ruskin that these undergraduates hurled at each other's heads. "Ten o'clock, evening," writes Burne-Jones to a friend, on May Day, "I have just been pouring water on the crowd below from Dixon's garret—such fun, by Jove."

He goes on to say that his heart is in the foundation of a Brotherhood, having Sir Galahad for Patron of the Order. Lo and behold, "the set" vanished—the Brotherhood arose! They attended the practises of the Plain Song Society at the Music-room in Holywell. They considered "The Heir of Redclyffe" to be "unquestionably one of the greatest books in the world," and fell prostrate at the feet of Mrs. Browning. At the suggestion of Dixon, caught up eagerly by Morris, they published a magazine, "The Oxford and Cambridge," and of Morris's contributions Dixon wrote in the dainty fine words with which one singer praises another: "These early poems seem to me to be lifted out of poetry: to have, besides poetry, a substance of visible beauty of one particular kind: to be poetry without any notion of being

THE LAST HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

poetry, or aim at it." He gives a graphic description of the way they began:—

"One night Crom Price and I went to Exeter, and found Morris with Burne-Jones. As soon as we entered the room, Burne-Jones exclaimed wildly, 'He's a big poet.' 'Who is?' asked we. 'Why, Topsy'—the name which he had given him. We sat down and heard Morris read his first poem, the first that he had ever written in his life. It was called 'The Willow and the Red Cliff.' As he read it, I felt that it was something the like of which had never been heard before. It was a thing entirely new: founded on nothing previous: perfectly original, whatever its value. . . . He reached his perfection at once; nothing could have been altered in 'The Willow and the Red Cliff,' and in my judgment, he can scarcely be said to have much exceeded it afterwards in anything that he did. I cannot recollect what took place afterwards, but I expressed my admiration in some way, as we all did; and I remember his remark, 'Well, if this is poetry, it is very easy to write.' From that time onward, for a term or two, he came to my rooms almost every day with a new poem."

In his own home at Liverpool Dixon read Carlyle on the French Revolution, and pondered the difficulties of original composition. Morris visited him in 1857, the year of the Manchester Exhibition. "When he was to go, we both, I think, misread the railway guide, and drove to the station when there was no train; and there was nothing for it but to wait till next day. I was made aware of this by a fearful cry in my ears, and saw Morris 'translated': it lasted all the way home; it then vanished in a moment; he was as calm as if it had never been, and began painting in water-colours." In the October term "I worked with him on his picture of the famous sunflowers for several days, and was pleased to hear him say that it was improved."

The Oxford life of the Brotherhood ended in April, 1859, when Dixon, now curate of St. Mary's, Lambeth, read the service at Morris's wedding. He was twice married himself—became vicar of Warkworth and Canon of Carlisle—and died at Warkworth but a few months since.

M. E. COLERIDGE.

(To be continued.)

The second half of Miss Coleridge's article, containing an appreciation of Canon Dixon's poetry together with illustrations, will appear in our next number.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

From
London



Town.

Sept., 1900.

"Shameless Wayne"—The Feud Motive—The Happy Ending not always a Kindness to the Reader—The First Meeting of Lovers—Contour Maps for Moorland Novels—The Ethics of Supernatural Aid in Battle—Edward Lear's Greatness—A Yorkshire without Law—The Testimony of Bronchitis—"Owd Bob"—The Importance of Maps once more—The Tedium of Continual Goodness—Dogs in Fiction—On Excessive Symmetry.

Neither of the novels* here referred to is new in the circulating library use of the word—indeed they are almost old, for one has been "out" a year, and the other six months—but they are sufficiently recent and noticeable for a North Country Review to devote some space to them, and each is remarkable: "Owd Bob" as being perhaps the best serious dog story extant, and

"SHAMELESS WAYNE"

as carrying out the time-honoured Feud idea to its greatest power. I mean that after Mr. Sutcliffe's story all other histories of family warfare must be a little bit tame. His thoroughness (outside the realm of the confessed shocker) is unique.

The old Feud motive will, I suppose, ever be fresh and serviceable. The rules of the game provide for that. The rules of the game are, of course, that two families shall be at deadly enmity, and a son

* As both the books in question are of high merit, and distinctly deal with the North Country, we specially asked Mr. Lucas to write of them in his first letter. —ED. NORTHERN COUNTRIES MAGAZINE.

of one house secretly in love with the daughter of the other. We have it in "Romeo and Juliet," and the narrow ways of Verona re-echo to the clash of steel; we have it in "Huckleberry Finn," where upon the banks of the Mississippi, Grangerford and Shepherdson pursue each other with shot guns; we have it, slightly modified, in "Lorna Doone," and a Devonshire valley is transformed into a fortress; we have it again in a recent American story, "A Cumberland Vendetta," by Mr. John Fox, where the fighting ground is the craggy sides of a Kentucky river.

It is a matter of taste whether the lovers marry; or whether extermination overtakes them also. Of the authors named, Shakespeare was the most ruthless. Mr. Sutcliffe relents rather curiously. His story ends with a terrible fight, in which it seems incredible that the lovers can survive. But they do. This fight, by the way, is almost unique. In order to collect all available Waynes within his walls, the head of the house

of Ratcliffe first pretends to desire a reconciliation, and then, after producing the desired effect, gives out the news that he has died. The

Happy Endings. Wayne are asked to gather round his bier and bury the hatchet. The plans are carefully made, the old man is placed at the side of the hall (to facilitate the slaughter which is secretly anticipated) and the Waynes (of course forewarned) arrive. A scene of horrible carnage follows, and one naturally expects both hero and heroine—but certainly the hero—to be among the victims. On the contrary, however, the book closes upon these twain, unscathed, each having done some slaughter, standing hand in hand prepared for that repose from bellicose activity which a honeymoon is likely to bring. Why Mr. Sutcliffe chose this ending is a mystery. Not only do the relatives of both the young people dislike the matter, but the portents—and the story is filled with portents, mostly received and conveyed by the mad, or "fairy-kist," widow of a previous Wayne—are all against their happiness: a fact which the reader is so convinced about that to spare them is no kindness to him, as it would be in the case of those poor Veronese children. One is forced back upon the conviction that this being the economical age of the novelist, Mr. Sutcliffe meditates a sequel to "Shameless Wayne" which shall set forth Ned and Janet's wedded life.

It counts against Mr. Sutcliffe, I think, that **Lovers' First Meetings.** the love of Shameless Wayne and Janet

Ratcliffe is so casually introduced. That the first meeting of the ancient enemies should be vividly described is surely one of the rules of the Feud novel. Such pains should go to the event as went to the meeting of Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough; and, indeed, that is a good example to choose, for the Feud idea may almost be

said to dominate also Mr. Meredith's novel—the enemies in that case being the House of Feverel on the one side and the House of Eve on the other. We expect to see the hero quiver and shake in the consciousness that he and his fate are at last face to face; that the moment has arrived. But Mr. Sutcliffe denies us these raptures. We learn, comparatively late in the tale, and almost by accident—as though the love of Shameless Wayne and Janet Ratcliffe were an afterthought—that there is this secret bond between the camps; and more than that—a further transgression of the laws of the game of Feud Fiction—a point comes in the story when it looks exactly as if the bond has been snapped altogether. And still another objection to the loose and insincere handling of this matter: we are never really at ease about Janet's meeting with Ned. What the book wants—indeed, what almost every book wants—is a map; only in this case it should be a contour map giving such depressions betwixt Marsh and Wildwater as might conceal two lovers a-whispering. We have heard so much about the naked moorland and the jealous eyes of the Ratcliffe redheads that whenever Janet furtively steals away to meet Shameless Wayne our hearts throb with apprehension lest the Lean Man of Wildwater shall be looking casually from an upper window and all will be over. A contour map would save us these palpitations.

In the opinion of one reader at any rate Mr. **Supernatural Aid in Battle.** Sutcliffe made a mistake when he introduced supernatural influences into the Feud. In books of fight we want the fighting to be genuine: the stronger man must win by dint of his strength and his skill with weapons. Neither goddess nor ghost should be admitted to the fray. Homer's battles are impaired, in the judgment of many sound and sporting intellects, by the unwarrantable intrusion of jealous divinities. A spear carrying truly to the heart at which it is hurled is a more admirable spectacle than a spear whose trajectory is miraculously influenced in the interests of the target. The supernatural agent in Mr. Sutcliffe's story is not a god but a dog; the ghost of a hound, whom, years ago, as it kept guard over the body of a dead Wayne, a Ratcliffe had foully murdered. Barguest was its name, and as Barguest it haunted the moors, appearing to the organs either of sight or sound whenever trouble was brewing for the Wayne cause. For instance, when old Nicholas Ratcliffe—the Lean Man of Wildwater—nailed a dead hand to the Waynes' front door, Barguest was lying, unperceived by him, on the door step, and to cross the dog was certain destruction. The Lean Man did not know it because he had no special vision, but old Nanny, the sexton's wife, knew it because the second sight was hers, and being faithful to the Waynes she was careful to harrow the Lean Man with the news. On another occasion, when

Nicholas and Shameless Wayne fought together, Barguest sprang for the old man's throat just as it seemed all over with Wayne's chance. This, of course, was not true sport, and the Ratcliffes have our sympathies for the disadvantages thus produced. But in the main our sympathy goes with the Waynes.

**The Penalties of
Slaying.**

Another point. In all the stories named above, the slaughter of the enemy is attended by some outside peril. In the "Cumberland Vendetta," for example, there are, when the killing is over, sheriffs and soldiers to be avoided; in "Huckleberry Finn" there are sheriffs too; in "Lorna Doone" we have much concern with the law courts: and even in "Romeo and Juliet" a man may not thrust another through without at least the fear of banishment. But Mr. Sutcliffe, although his period is recent and his country Yorkshire, dispenses with all artificial checks to homicide. The slayer need fear nothing but his victim's brother, cousin, uncle, or sire. Not a soldier, sheriff, or hint of law disturbs the even tenour of this vast quarrel.

**Edward Lear's
Greatness.**

I remember a commentator upon Edward Lear's nonsense remarking that among that writer's great services to mankind was the creation of a social system in which law played no part. He cited the case of the old person of Anerley as an example of this absence of all police-supervision—the old person of Anerley (of conduct rude and unmannerly) who rushed down the Strand with a pig in each hand and returned every evening to Anerley. Under the conditions of petty interference which subsist in the Strand district as we know it to-day, this liberty of action would be impossible.

**A Yorkshire without
Law.**

Similarly, it may be said that Mr. Sutcliffe has invented a Yorkshire that is free from law. The slaughter in his pages is terrific; and not only are Waynes and Ratcliffes killed in almost every other chapter, but there are wounds by the score. Yet no one is disturbed, no coroner sits on the multitudinous bodies, no hue and cry goes forth. The village folk are inured to this pastime of their gentlefolk; housewives hardly raise their heads from their potatoes as Ratcliffe thunders past with the drawn sword of a Wayne an inch from his back; while old men lean comfortably on the gate when Wayne and Ratcliffe fight it out with cold steel in the churchyard. Beyond the quickening of ale-house gossip, and the unusual activity of the sexton, there is no sign that within shouting distance the sixth Commandment is being broken into minute fragments. To Thompson of Angels, in Bret Harte's poem,

the sixth Commandment was not more seductively frangible—friable even—than to Mr. Sutcliffe's puppets.

**The Testimony of
"Bronchitis."**

Mr. Sutcliffe carefully abstains from dates, but he gives his gentlemen swords, daggers and pistols, and there is in their talk a touch of archaism which suggests the early or middle seventeen hundreds. But his period may be yet more modern than this, for two or three times the word "browntitis" (bronchitis) is used by his village folk, and according to Dr. Murray, who knows this sort of thing, bronchitis was not used even by medical writers until 1812. May we then consider the second decade of this century to be the period of "Shameless Wayne?" If so, the story's immunity from law is the more tremendous a feat.

"OWD BOB,"

by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, is a humaner work. Here we are in Westmorland, and among the mountains and sheep, and the time is confessedly the present century. Mortality, save of sheep, plays small part in the pages, and the man is almost secondary to the dog. Yet it is hard to lay the book aside before the end. There is this point of resemblance between Mr. Sutcliffe's story and Mr. Ollivant's, that "Owd Bob" is also in its way a Feud book. The parties to the Feud are, however, not families, but two shepherds and their dogs. On the one hand we have James Moore and Bob, son of Battle, a grey dog of Kenmuir, and on the other Adam M'Adam and the Tailless Tyke. Nor is it properly speaking a Feud at all; it does not reach that height. Steady enmity on the one side and steady tolerance on the other, is more nearly the truth. Adam M'Adam is the steady enemy, and James Moore the forgiving object of his hatred. The two dogs, however, rise more nobly to the occasion and dispense with all the virtues save courage. There is no false magnanimity about either. And another point of similarity is that "Owd Bob" also would be the better for assistance from the cartographer. There should be

The Importance of Maps. a map shewing the relative positions of Kenmuir and the Grange; a map of the course for the Shepherd's Trophy; a map of the spot where the Red Killer was at last detected, with the relative position of Moore, Adam, David, Owd Bob, and the Tailless Tyke. The drawings might be as rough as Mark Twain's map of Paris—affairs of a couple of minutes each—but they should be there.

If such stories are true tests of character, I judge my own character to be very faulty; for whereas there is no doubt in my mind that the right thing is for the sympathies of all readers to be with James Moore, mine

have been almost continually with Adam M'Adam. It is so easy to see eye to eye with a misanthrope; and about

The Tedium of James Moore's goodness there is something very
Continual Goodness. boring. He is always calling off the dog when a worthy fight is imminent, always so unmis-

takably in the right. A blemish or two would have saved him, and he has none. He is even called the Master, and that in itself is a red rag not only to M'Adam but to others. To my mind the finest passage in the book is M'Adam's speech at the Laird's dinner, and Mr. Ollivant's greatest claim to distinction the creation of this man. James Moore could have been drawn by any one working upon the ground-work of the good boy in the typical Sunday School book—the kind of boy who eternally puts to rout the truth of the saying that a soft answer turneth away wrath—but to devise Adam M'Adam was a feat. The little

The Incomparable man's reality is extraordinary, and never a
Adam M'Adam. word that drops from his lips but rings true.

His complexities—that mixture of waspishness and a great devotion, of dislike of man and love of dog, of disbelief in God and belief in Burns—all are wonderfully brought out. The book should have been called Adam M'Adam; for he is the book. Beside M'Adam's vitriolic yet fascinating and understandable (so understandable!) personality, the rectitude of James Moore and the almost clockwork merits of Owd Bob are insipid. As for David, M'Adam's son—but my pen fails me. . .

Not before "Owd Bob" had full justice been

Dogs in Fiction. done the dog as a character in fiction, or at any rate as a motive for drama. Books with good dogs in them are scarce. The classic example—the illustration that first leaps to memory—is Dr. John Brown's "Rab and his Friends." Then there is Mr. Anstey's "Black Poodle"; and a diverting author who is not sufficiently read—Mr. Thomas Pinkerton—has worthy dogs in several of his books. In his novel, "John Newbold's Ordeal," for example, there is an ingenious fox terrier, and his "Blizzard" is the history of a humorous and very embarrassing lurcher who attached himself to a clerk in holy orders and deposited plump hares at his feet. I also recollect a story of Mrs. Burton Harrison which purports to be written by two fox terriers. But that is a mere confection, not worthy to be mentioned beside Mr. Ollivant's book; for "Owd Bob" is more than a dog story; it is a dog epic, the first that I have met with.

This is Mr. Ollivant's description of his
Grey Dogs of Kenmuir. hero:—"Should you, while wandering in the wild sheep land about the twin pikes, happen on moor or in market upon a very perfect gentle knight, clothed in dark

grey habit, splashed here and there with rays of moon; free by right divine of the guild of gentlemen, strenuous as a prince, lithe as a woman, graceful as a girl, with high king carriage, motions and manners of a fairy queen; should he have a noble breadth of brow, an air of still strength born of right confidence, all unassuming; last and most unfailing test of all, should you look into two snow-cloud eyes, calm, wistful, inscrutable, their soft depths clothed in with eternal sadness—yearning, as is said, for the soul that is not theirs—know then that you look upon one of the line of most illustrious sheep dogs of the North. Such is one, such are all. And such was Owd Bob o' Kenmuir—owd, young though he was, by reason of that sprinkling shower of snow upon the dome of his head." There speaks the true dog-lover, but, as I have said, the story is not the story of Owd Bob at all, but of Adam M'Adam and Adam M'Adam's dog, Red Wull, alias the Tailless Tyke. Such drama as there is—and there is much—belongs wholly to these twain. Owd Bob has hardly more part in it than you or I.

It is, I think, a great weakness of the book that the Tailless Tyke should be torn to pieces by a rabble of inferior dogs, each of whom, singly, he could have killed with ease, instead of meeting his doom in fair fight with Owd Bob. Everything that has gone before leads to the certainty in the reader's mind that death at the hands of Owd Bob is the Tailless Tyke's doom. It is indeed needed, not only to atone for the continual checks put by James Moore upon Owd Bob's pugnacity, but also to supply Mr. Ollivant with a combat worthy of his great powers of description. The fact that such an end would have satisfied political justice is a detail; but one wonders that Mr. Ollivant rejected this very natural course, since

only a few pages later he proves himself a

Excessive Symmetry. devotee to symmetry beyond all tolerance—I refer to the last page, in which we learn that when a boy was born to David and his wife (James Moore's daughter) he had the effrontery to name it Adam. He—and Mr. Ollivant—might have spared the great Adam M'Adam that.

Mr. Ollivant, I am told, is even now only twenty-six years of age. His next book should be anticipated with unusual interest.

E. V. LUCAS.

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.*

ON THE GROWTH OF ART IN THE NORTH.

It has of late been evident that the appreciation of art in the North has been on the increase during these last few years. Till recently, doubtless, men's minds were almost wholly occupied with commerce and the strain of building up their varied businesses; their avocation was probably sport of some kind—hunting, shooting, or fishing, but for art and literature the business man had something of a contempt, viewing the artist or writer in the same light as legislators of old regarded the play-actor, as a vagrant, namely, or at least as an unprofitable person. Latterly, however, the rich man has had time to broaden his views somewhat; he no longer reiterates with pride, as he keeps the smoking-room fire warm, that he “never reads a book,” for he has become aware that this ancient and truculent boast has grown *démodé*, is an outworn stage property, in fact; the pose of the “self-made man” in these days of universal philanthropy, cheap editions and free education, being no longer attempted by those who have a conscience, or lacking that, the sense of humour. Let us take Newcastle-on-Tyne as a most prominent example for our text. A long time indeed elapsed—considering the wealth and intelligence of the population—before the impulse was generated, but once started, it has quickened into life many hitherto embryonic ideas.

Within the last year or two Sir W. H. Stephenson has presented to the inhabitants of the east and west ends a library, and has in this year of grace given a commission to Mr. Gilbert, R.A., for a statue of the Queen, which is to be erected opposite the Cathedral.

Mr. A. Laing has most generously offered to build a public picture gallery, at a cost of £20,000, whereby at last a long-standing reproach has been lifted from the town's shoulders.

Liverpool and Manchester have long ago done their respective duties in this matter, but we should like to see the lesser towns follow suit, and if their various Corporations cannot afford to build galleries and buy good pictures, they can at least arrange for good yearly loan collections.

Another excellent institution has recently been started in Newcastle by Mr. C. W. Mitchell—himself a well-known artist, whose *Hypatia* was one of the paintings of the year in the Grosvenor Gallery of 1885.

* Under this heading we shall hope to review in future numbers local books of interest and merit dealing with the six Northern Counties.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

THE HANDICRAFTS' COMPANY.

Here, under the superintendence of Mr. Mitchell himself, and Mr. Hatton of the Durham College of Science, instruction and assistance are daily given to the various workers, who are paid the ordinary wages for their labour, the artistic products of which the public can eventually buy.

We cannot go to press without alluding to the performance of "The Teraph" at Darlington (subsequently reproduced in Newcastle, Edinburgh and London), for apart from the merits of the play itself, by Mr. Hedworth Williamson, a poet of no mean order as, to pick out but one example, the dialogue between Mors and Vita will amply testify, the dresses deserve mention, especially the "Hawk dress" designed by Mr. Sargent, R.A. (whose brilliant portrait of Mrs. C. E. Hunter in last year's Academy many will remember) for Mrs. Hunter as "Queen Phalena" which was quite superb in its artistic achievement.

By Mr. Sargent's kindness we are enabled to reproduce an original sketch of the dress on our frontispiece (this is simply a study for the dress, not a portrait of Mrs. Hunter) signed by him for our Magazine.

We need not remind our readers at the time of the assembly of the present

CHURCH CONGRESS IN NEWCASTLE

that the earliest English writing is to be found upon "The Bewcastle Cross," that the earliest English historian is the "Venerable Bede," the earliest English poet, Cædmon, to prove that we have not always been ignorant of the arts, but simply that we have permitted a temporary, though considerable, interregnum.

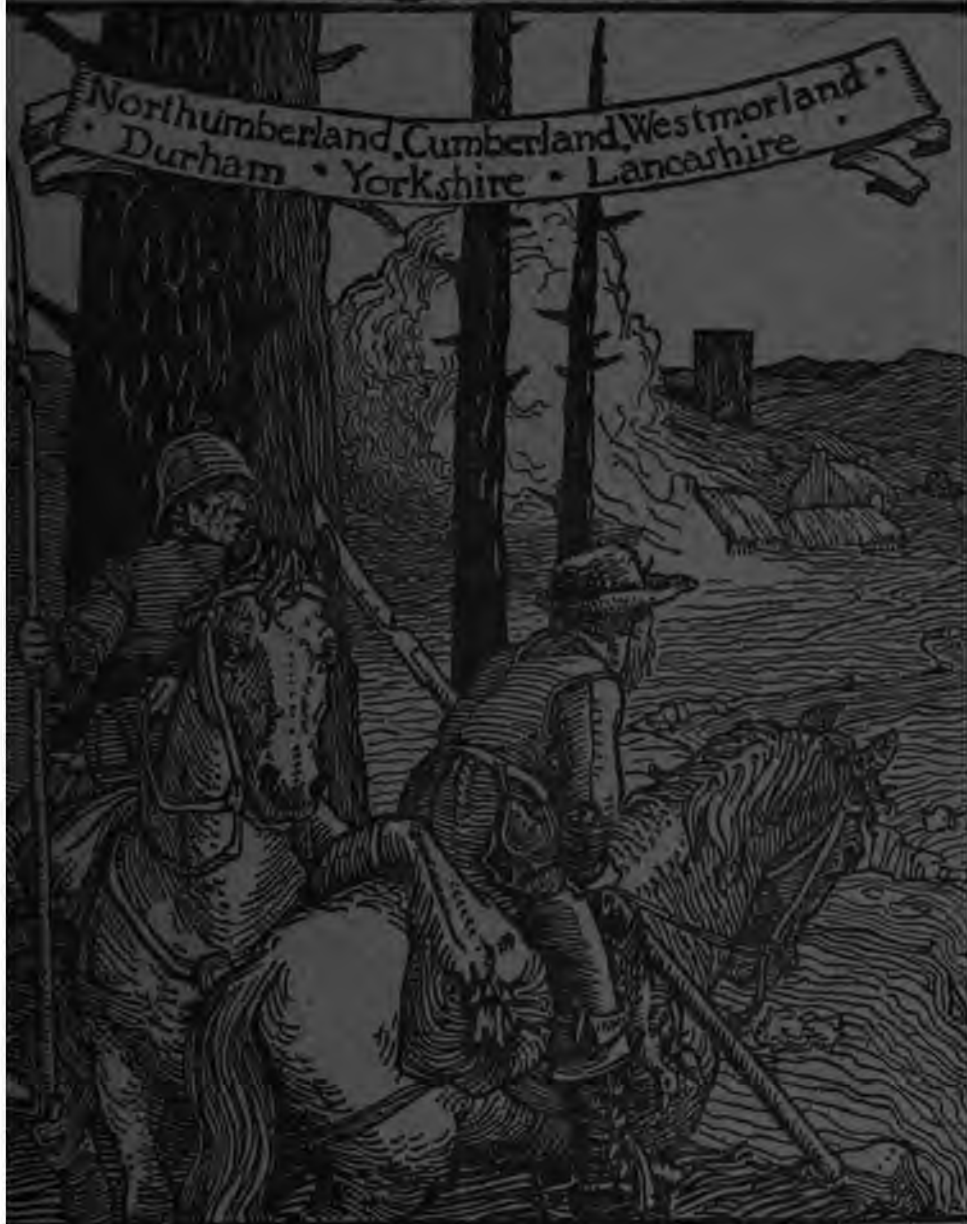
OBITUARY.

Since the project of founding our magazine was set on foot, we have to record with sorrow the death of Chancellor Ferguson, of Carlisle, and of Canon Atkinson, of Danby-in-Cleveland, from both of whom we had hoped to secure invaluable contributions, for either was in his district the great authority upon all antiquarian matters, as the "Histories of Cumberland and Westmorland," "Forty years in a Moorland Parish," and the "Cleveland Glossary" admirably testify.

Their works, like

"The actions of the Just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The Northern Counties Magazine.



"The Famous North."

Elswick. By A.C.

Last Hermit of Warkworth. By M.E. Coleridge.

Highways of Greatness. By S.R. Crockett.

North and South. By J.C. Tarter.

By Henry Newbolt.

With the Border Hounds. By "

On Modern Painting. By O. Sickert.

Legends of the North. By W.W. Gibson.

London Letter. By E.V. Lucas.

North Country Chronicle.

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AMOS ATKINSON,

CIVIL AND MILITARY BOOTMAKER,

12, Northumberland St.,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



SOLE AGENT FOR THE
NORTH OF ENGLAND
FOR
Stobwasser & Winter's

CELEBRATED

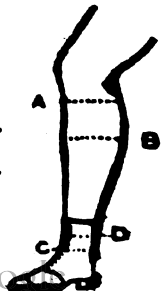
**PATENT
PUTTIE LEGGINGS.**

Goods sent on approval.

Measurement Required.

Inches.

Round Leg for top of
legging.....
Round calf, largest part.....
Round ankle at D.....
Length down front A to G.



The Northern Counties Magazine.

November, 1900.

EDITORIAL

When the project of starting the "Northern Counties Magazine" was first mooted, there were many who said the task was a hopeless one, because, first and foremost, the North Country was neither literary nor artistic, and secondly, that even if it were, people in these days preferred to go to London for their wants, whether material or intellectual.

"To print more than one thousand copies would be sheer foolishness," they said, and had we confessed our secret determination to print ten thousand they would have regarded us doubtless as "fey," and shaken a "frosty pow" over the recklessness of inexperience.

The result, however, has been, in spite of the General Election ("Let us talk of realities, let us discuss Eugenie Grandet," as Balzac once said on a famous occasion) entirely satisfactory to us.

For this we have to thank our North Country and other friends who have been singularly appreciative of our efforts, and again the various newspapers and reviews who have bestowed their benison upon us and given us most hearty welcome. In the North itself, the Lancashire papers have perhaps been the most appreciative, which inclines us to a firm faith in the belief that "what Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow." We must not, however, forget to add that

encouragement has also come to us from the far north of Scotland as again from the western extremity of England, though one or two critics appeared to think that the "Northern Counties Magazine" should restrict itself to its own provinces and that papers upon art—save in so far as it was Northern in origin—were outside its scope.

But this is partly to misapprehend our purpose, for our magazine is not merely of the North, and about the North, it is also *for the North*; hence London letters and special articles dealing with art and literature generally will be one of the distinctive features of our pages, which at the democratic price of sixpence are within the reach of everyone, while the fact that we have working men amongst our subscribers and contributors goes far to sustain our belief in the Northern intellect and to justify our own existence.

Again, it has been said that in a twelvemonth our subject matter will have run dry, but here again there must be a misconception, for our field of activity is large, while our pages are limited in number; to an already long list of interesting subjects we have just added a fresh series of historical and antiquarian papers dealing with the rise of the most famous of the North Country Regiments. Our only fear then is the reverse of the above and as we wish to maintain a vein of continuity throughout our pages some subjects may have to be held over till others have "finished their course," but "the man in the street"—to whom nowadays we all make our appeal—need not therefore despair because of any particular "hand," but should have patience and wait till we "shuffle the cards" afresh.

In conclusion, we must cry "peccavimus" in regard to two errors in our first number: the one consisted in the mis-spelling of Wilhelm Vietor's (the celebrated antiquary of Marburg) name, and the other in mis-interpreting Mr. Edmund Gosse's "goodwill and good wishes" to our project into a definite promise of a contribution to our pages.

* * * * *

It may be remembered that in our first issue we drew attention to the

EDITORIAL.

slow extension of art influence in the North, and trusted that the larger Northern towns would follow the excellent example set by Manchester and Liverpool.

We are therefore much pleased at being able to print the following note just sent us from Bradford:—

“For many years the City of Bradford has been at a loss to provide suitable accommodation for its art treasures, and many schemes have been projected by its Corporation to remedy this difficulty, but with varied success. Lord Masham has happily come to the assistance of the municipal authorities and generously presented the sum of £47,500 for the purpose of the erection of a gallery as a tribute to the memory of Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom. His Lordship recognises that it is largely due to the inventions of this man that Bradford owes her commercial prosperity. The building is in process of construction under the superintendence of Messrs. Simpson & Allen, the architects who were successful competitors for the design. The Corporation have commissioned Mr. H. C. Fehr, of London, to execute a life-size statue in marble of Dr. Cartwright, at a cost of £1,000, to occupy a prominent position in the gallery.”



"THE FAMOUS NORTH."

When England sets her banner forth,
And bids her armour shine,
She'll not forget the famous North,
The lads of moor and Tyne :
And when the loving-cup's in hand,
And Honour leads the cry,
They know not old Northumberland
Who'll pass her memory by.

When Nelson sailed for Trafalgar
With all his country's best,
He held them dear as brothers are,
But one beyond the rest.
For when the fleet with heroes manned,
To clear the decks began,
The boast of old Northumberland
He sent to lead the van.

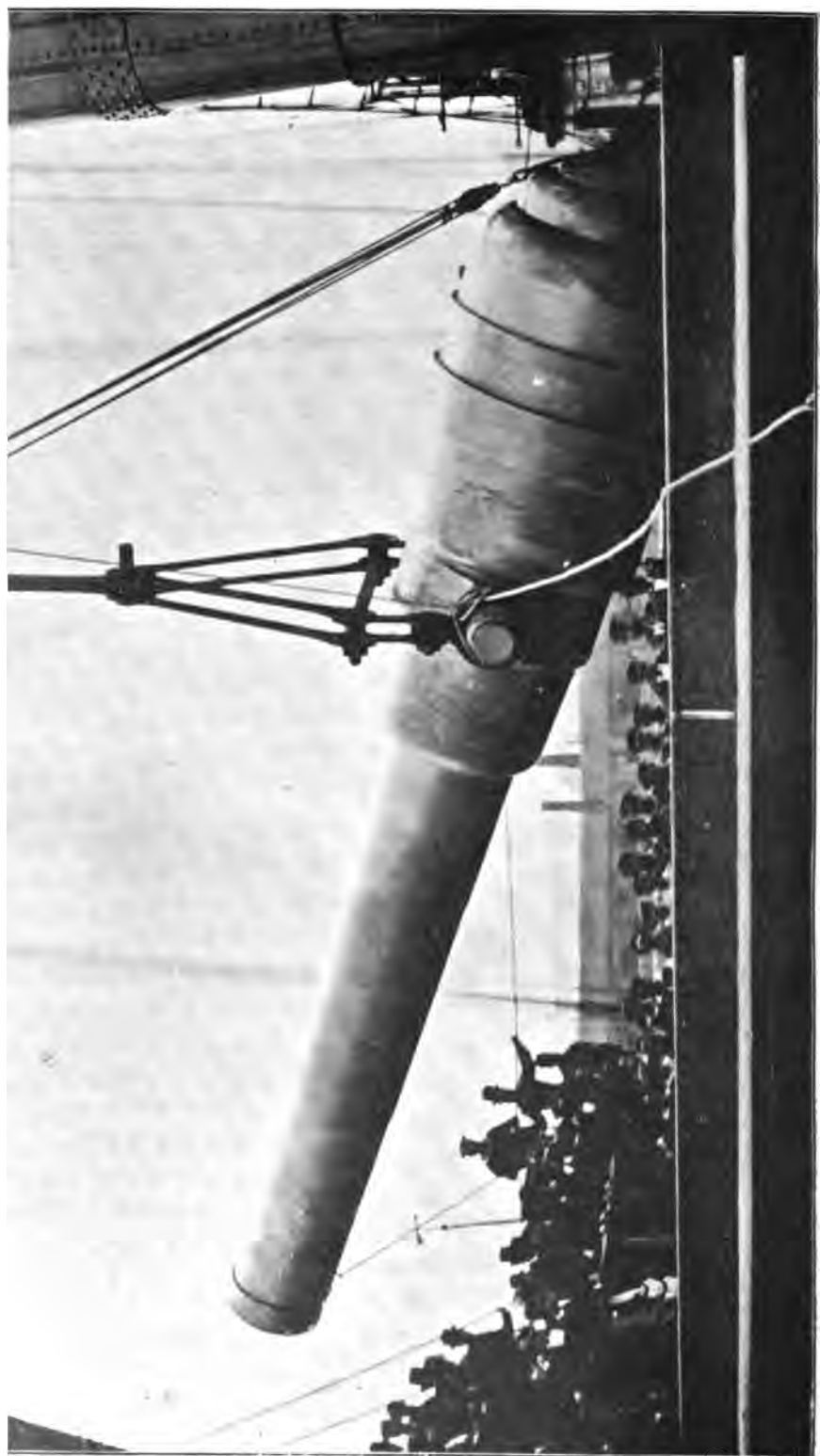
Himself by Victory's bulwark stood
And cheered to see the sight,
"That noble fellow Collingwood,
How bold he goes to fight !"
Love, that the league of Ocean spanned,
Heard him as face to face,
"What would he give, Northumberland,
To share our pride of place ?"

THE FAMOUS NORTH.

The flag that goes the world around
And flaps on every breeze,
Has never gladdened fairer ground
Or kinder hearts than these.
So when the loving-cup's in hand,
And Honour leads the cry,
They know not old Northumberland
Who'll pass her memory by.

HENRY NEWBOLT.





THE 100 TON GUN BEING LOWERED INTO THE U.S. "EUROPA," 1876.

ELSWICK.

II.

At the end of the previous article we had reached the point at which the works at Elswick, after starting to make guns upon a large scale for the English Government, found themselves suddenly deserted by our own War Office and Admiralty and thrown upon their own resources. Fortunately for the future of Elswick Sir William Armstrong's judicious selection of certain new lieutenants had rendered these resources exceptionally powerful. To this we shall refer a few lines lower down.

The year 1863 was certainly the most critical in the annals of the firm. The absolute stoppage of orders threw a quantity of valuable machinery idle, and the *métier* of the Ordnance Company as a factory for Government supply was gone. To make matters worse, the great and unnecessary delay on the part of the Government in releasing the firm from the other side of the agreement, the side which limited their manufacture of guns to England alone, prevented Elswick accepting foreign orders. The excellent step was at once taken of amalgamating the Ordnance and Engineering Works into one Company. At the same time Blast Furnaces were started, and stood until 1899, when they were pulled down to make way for new shops. There must have been, at the time of which we write, many misgivings as to the future of Elswick, but no signs of uncertainty or hesitation are visible in the energetic policy that was pursued. The new firm, under the title of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Company set at once about making for themselves a foreign connection. It was under these chequered auspices that the Ordnance Department at Elswick started out afresh in the open market, equipped with much machinery and with few orders.

Among the more important results of these complicated arrangements must certainly be reckoned the great addition which the technical strength of the firm had received in the persons of Mr. George Rendel and Captain Noble. To Mr. George Rendel we have already alluded; he was the son of the well-known dock engineer, who had from the earliest days of the Works been one of the staunchest supporters of the Armstrong hydraulic machinery. When at the beginning of 1859 the Ordnance Department at Elswick was started, the management of it was entrusted to Mr. George Rendel. He was joined in the autumn of 1860 by Captain Noble, a young Artillery officer, whose experience in questions of gunnery

was already considerable. Mr. William Cruddas was made a partner in 1861, Mr. Westmacott about the same time, and Mr. Stuart Rendel some few years afterwards.

It may be convenient here to say a word or two about the after careers of these makers of Elswick, whose names are all, fortunately, to be found on the board of the Company in 1900. Mr. George Rendel, an engineer and a naval architect of distinguished ability, left Elswick in 1882 to take



SIR ANDREW NOBLE IN HIS LABORATORY.

up a position as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, a position from which he retired in 1885. A year or two after his retirement from the Admiralty, he joined the board of the present limited Company, in order to take chief charge of the newly-formed Italian branch. To this we shall make a further reference later on. Mr. Westmacott, who was head of the Engine Works Department for some twenty years, and Mr Stuart Rendel, now

Lord Rendel, who sat in Parliament for Montgomeryshire, have retired from an active share in the management. Captain Noble, now Sir Andrew Noble, having been made a K.C.B. in 1893, remains to-day the head of the huge Ordnance Department, and is Vice-Chairman of the Company. To his energy and loyalty is chiefly due the more modern development of Elswick, and his reputation in connection with the Works is second only to that of Lord Armstrong. Admitted to be the first living authority upon artillery and explosives, many honours in the scientific world have fallen to his share, and he has won equal distinction as a manager and leader of men. We are able to give an interesting and characteristic photograph of Sir Andrew Noble in his laboratory at Jesmond Dene House.

To take up again the thread of the narrative, we find in 1864 the supply of foreign orders for artillery gradually growing greater, with Denmark, Turkey and Egypt among the customers. Meanwhile the Engine Works went on side by side with the Gun Works, and the firm continued to increase and prosper. For several years there was no event of any particular importance to relate, until in 1871 the progress of the Company was rather rudely checked by the Nine Hours Strike.

On Saturday, May 27th, 1871, seven thousand four hundred of the engineers employed in various works upon the Tyne came out on strike for the reduction of the working week from fifty-seven to fifty-four hours. The struggle was carried on with vigour and energy on both sides, the masters importing labour from the South of England and from the Continent, and the delegates of the men doing their utmost to induce, either by persuasion or otherwise, these foreigners to return. In a letter to the "Times," in August, Sir William Armstrong mentioned that one thousand three hundred and seventy-five of the imported men had settled down to their work, and it is interesting to notice that at Elswick there are still three or four of these colonists in Newcastle who came over in the days of the 1871 strike. Past acrimonies have been long since forgotten and only their foreign names remain to suggest their history. In spite, however, of the drastic steps that were taken, the employers gave way upon October 7th, after the strike had lasted four and a half months, and the nine hours' day was conceded from January 1st, 1872. This strike seems to mark an epoch in the relations between masters and men. In the old Elswick days there is every evidence of the most easy friendliness between Sir William Armstrong and those in his employment. He built them houses, schools, libraries and reading rooms; he gave them dinners; he attended their social gatherings and their *soirées*; he knew many of them personally. Of course, in later times Elswick has grown far too big for it to be possible that those who govern it should know more than a mere fraction

of the men. But in any case, after the strike of 1871 matters could never again be quite what they had been. The whole connection between employers and employed became far more formal and precise. A suppressed antagonism seemed to be always present, even in the most peaceful interludes. Everything has to be laid down by rule of thumb; and a kind of similarity, which was bound to arise between the methods of different engineering works, made any concessions on the part of an individual employer impossible. It seems to be an inexorable condition of progress that the relations between man and man should be gradually reduced to a safe and featureless level. Harsh task-masters may have rendered Trade Unions necessary, but the workmen who had kindly and considerate masters may, on the other hand, regret the changing of the old order. Twenty-six years later another and a greater strike disturbed the engineering trade. This was the eight hours dispute, which lasted from July, 1897, until February, 1898, when the men withdrew their demand. This conflict was fought out under far different conditions from that of 1871, for in the 1897 strike the employers, as will be remembered, marshalled under the admirable leadership of the late Colonel Dyer, proved to have become a fighting body of the most tremendous strength. With the exception of these two strikes, Elswick has been free from any serious labour difficulties. There have been a few short disputes, but none lasting any length of time.

We must, as space is limited, pass over more concisely some of the later developments of Elswick. In 1868 the firm had begun to interest themselves in shipbuilding, and Mr. George Rendel superintended the building of the earliest Elswick boats, at the shipyard of Mr. Charles Mitchell, at Walker-on-Tyne. Mr. Rendel's idea was a gunboat of light draught and no great speed, mounting a single heavy gun. The first boat on the Elswick list is the gunboat "Staunch," launched for the British Admiralty in 1868. She was a small vessel of 160 tons displacement, intended for coast defence; she mounted a 9-inch muzzle-loading gun, and her speed was between seven and eight knots. The plans of the "Staunch" were got out under Mr. Rendel's superintendence, and are still to be seen in the Ordnance Drawing Office. During the seventies, Elswick built at the Walker Yard twelve more gunboats, including eight named after letters of the Greek alphabet for the Chinese, and in 1883 the firm built the Chilian Cruiser "Esmeralda," a vessel which was the first of the long line of fast Elswick-built cruisers. Rather earlier than this date, namely in 1882, when the firm was turned into a public Company, they had secured for themselves a Shipbuilding Yard by joining to Elswick Mr. Mitchell's yard at Walker, where all the previous ships had been built under arrangement. The next step taken was the establish-

ment, in 1883, of the Elswick Shipyard, which was for a short time under the management of Mr. White, now Sir William White, Chief Constructor at the Admiralty. Mr. White was succeeded by Mr. Watts, whose reputation is second to none among naval architects, and to whose genius a whole fleet of splendid warships, built for various nations, bears witness. In this connection special mention may fittingly be made of the work done in late years for Japan, which has rendered the navy of that remarkable nation one of the most powerful in the world.

Mr. Charles Mitchell himself remained head of the Walker shipyard, and a director of the Company, until his death in 1895. No citizen of Newcastle was more justly venerated both for public munificence and for private kindness.

This brief reference to the shipbuilding developments at Elswick has somewhat anticipated the course of our history. Long before the events which, for the sake of convenience, we have mentioned in the preceding paragraph, other changes had taken place. Captain Noble, on coming to Elswick, brought to bear upon the subject of artillery and explosives an accurate research and study never before undertaken. His careful examination and experiments, extending over many years, were soon to bear fruit in a revolution of the whole science of gunnery, for by the introduction of slower burning powder, he shewed the way to an entirely new type of gun. It would probably be superfluous to introduce an illustration demonstrating the well-known differences between the old and new type, the old short gun, and the new long gun, with its large chamber and its cordite charges. This new pattern of gun was completed for trial by Elswick and brought to the notice of the English Government in April, 1877. Since its adoption, Elswick has again done a great deal of work for the War Office and Admiralty, while the large foreign connection is still maintained.

An interesting order of a quarter of a century ago was that for the one hundred ton guns for the Italian Government. We give a photograph taken upon July 18th, 1876, in which one of these guns is shewn in the act of being lowered into the steamship "Europa" lying under the Elswick sheer-legs. The shipping of the gun was accompanied by a pretty little ceremony, worthy of the important occasion. We read that the wife of the Italian Naval Attache sprinkled a glass of wine over the gun as if in welcome, a delicate attention which the guns of to-day do not receive when they are delivered. Alcoholic accolades of this nature are now limited to war vessels, over the bows of which, on launching, are broken bottles of Shipyard Champagne. The projectile of the one hundred ton gun weighed two thousand pounds, and the huge weapons were imitated by our own Admiralty. But in the more immediate past the tendency has

been rather to reduce the weight of the big guns, and the one hundred and one hundred and ten ton guns have gone out of fashion. Certain additional associations render this shipment of the one hundred ton gun in the "Europa" somewhat epoch-making in the history of Elswick. The "Europa" was the first ship to pass through the Newcastle Swing Bridge, then a novelty, though now so familiar an object of the river. The gun was hoisted on board by a pair of one hundred and twenty ton hydraulic sheer-legs, which were used for the first time to carry out this operation. On the arrival of the "Europa" at Spezia, the gun was lifted out by the one hundred and eighty ton hydraulic revolving crane, which was also used for the first time. At the date, 1876, the gun was the largest gun in the world, the Swing Bridge was the largest swing bridge, the sheer-legs the largest sheer-legs, and the crane the largest crane. Such a coincidence of circumstances sounds almost American in its superlatives. It only remains to be added that gun, bridge, sheer-legs and crane were all built by the Armstrong firm. For Elswick it was indeed the day of big things.

In 1882 the private firm came to an end, and Mr. Mitchell's shipyard having been amalgamated with Elswick, a limited company was started under the name of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell and Co., Limited. This name was altered in January, 1897, in consequence of the further amalgamation with the Openshaw Works to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Company, Limited. As a public company Elswick has increased and advanced with even greater energy than before. A natural requirement was a Steel Works, and this was opened in 1883 under the management of Colonel Dyer. This Department of the Company was started with the idea of supplying gun steel to the Ordnance Works, but of later years its capacity has largely increased, and it now forms one of the most striking features of Elswick. Large quantities of outside orders, for locomotive, marine and general castings, are executed here, and ingots up to eighty-five tons are dealt with by the big hydraulic presses. Hollow shafting to the length of eighty-two feet has also been turned out. The Steel Foundry is now worked with four electric cranes, two of forty and two of twenty tons.

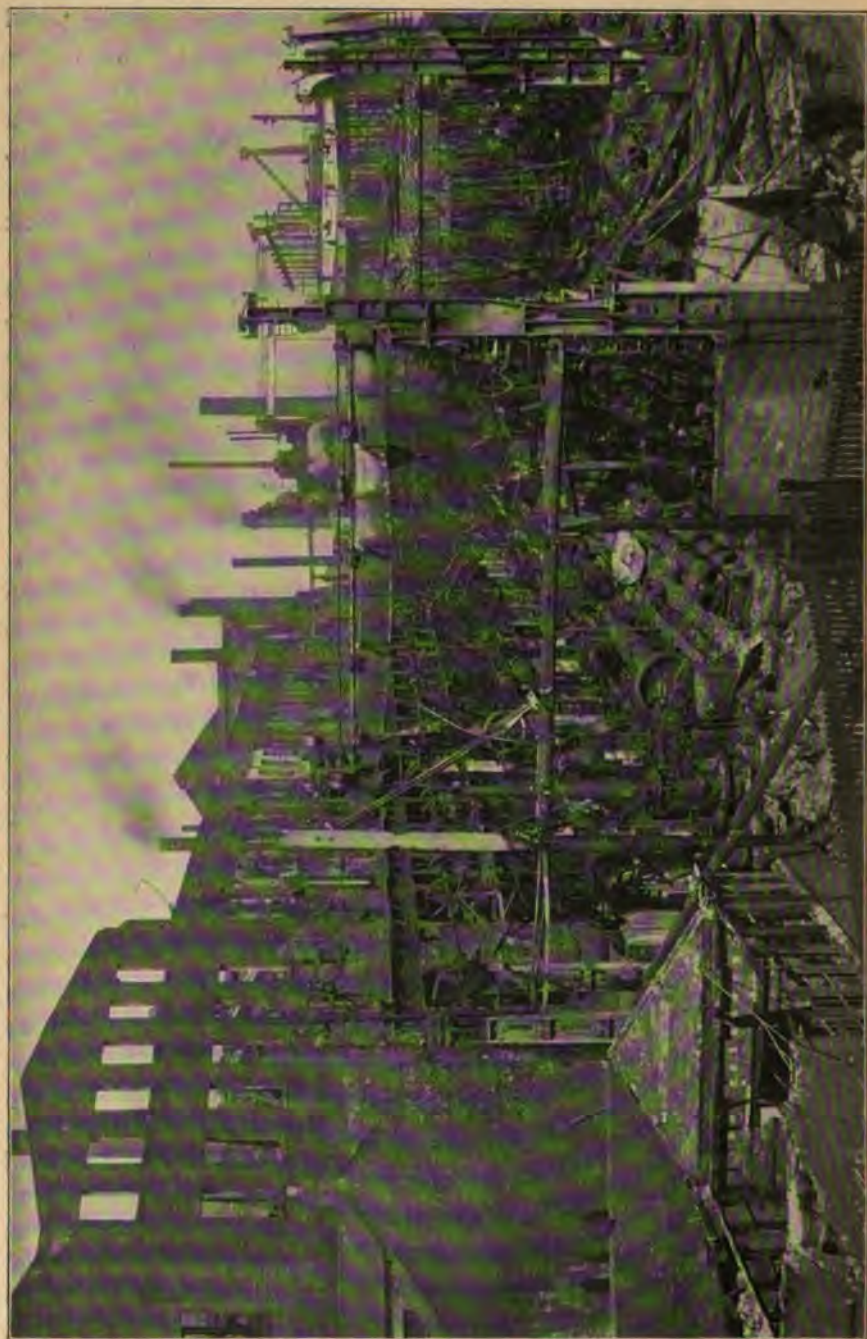
In 1885 another enterprise was undertaken. The relations of the firm with the Italian Government had long been close, and in the year named it was decided to open a branch entirely for Italian work at Pozzuoli on the bay of Naples. This factory, situated near the foundations of Cicero's villa, has for fifteen years built guns and mountings for the Italian navy. A valuable local industry has been established there, and the Neapolitan workmen engaged have been quick to acquire the Elswick tradition of accuracy and care.

To the amalgamation with the Openshaw Works we have referred a few lines above. This most important branch of the Company might well have an article to itself. Indeed there must be much interesting matter awaiting the scribe who undertakes to write the early history of Openshaw and Sir Joseph Whitworth—that rugged architect of so wide a reputation. It would be impossible within the limits at our disposal to give any adequate account of these works, with their varied and extensive output. We have therefore confined ourselves practically to Elswick alone.

A further addition to the *personnel* of the Company deserves some notice. Upon February 27th, 1883, an arrangement was made by the Directors under which Mr. Vavas seur joined the board, bringing with him his patents and designs of gun mountings. It was certainly an admirable stroke of policy to enlist in the service of Elswick an artillerist of such experience and capacity. Gun mountings are Mr. Vavas seur's speciality, and his name is connected with many improvements which have been adopted into the British Service. Since he joined the Company Mr. Vavas seur has acted as the Managing Director in London.

As we have said so much of success we may with propriety here turn aside to notice disaster. In the early morning of Sunday, June 11th, 1899, the works were visited by a most devastating fire. We reproduce a photograph shewing the scene of destruction. Three of the finest shops at Elswick, Nos. six, seven and thirty-three, were completely gutted. The fire, the cause of which has never been traced, broke out about three o'clock, and as there had been a spell of exceptionally hot weather, the wood work was very dry and burned like tinder. The conflagration started in the gallery of number six shop, and, according to the evidence of eye-witnesses, went along the roof as fast as a man could walk, until along the riverside there were four hundred yards of flame. Tons of water were thrown upon the blazing buildings, and by strenuous exertions the flames were prevented from spreading to other shops. Between six and seven o'clock the fire burned itself out, having done, in three hours, nearly £200,000 of damage. Fortunately there was no loss of life, but there were two thousand men thrown out of employment. The photograph shows the ruined shops, with the half-finished guns lying across the bare joists of the galleries. The curious effect of ribbons hanging from the gallery floor is due to the fact that between the boards of the gallery were fastened metal strips, in order to prevent filings and dust falling through. When the wooden floor was burned these strips remained twisted into all shapes and directions. Since the date of the fire the shops have been rebuilt and refitted.

Some analysis of the correspondence testifies to the gradual increase



"A MOST DEVASTATING FIRE," 1890.

of the business of the Company, the statistics quoted being taken from the Ordnance Department alone. The number of letters received in this Department rises from 6,160 in 1879 to 43,895 in 1899, and as regards letters sent out, the ordinary letter book of 1,250 pages lasts at the present time for eight days. These figures take into account only important letters which are numbered and entered in the registers of the Department. The orders for material sent out in 1879 were 3,670; in 1899 they were 14,010. These figures shew that though the progress of the Ordnance Department has been steady throughout, it has been in the last twenty years that the most substantial advance has been made. As may be supposed, there are some curious documents received among the letters. The inventor of articles connected with warfare looms largely and lengthily in the correspondence, especially since the beginning of the war in South Africa. There are numerous and sanguine inventors with deadly machines for exterminating the enemies of Great Britain. One of these expedients was a patent shell which on explosion was supposed to fire out behind it a number of smaller shells. It is unnecessary to observe that the smaller shells would not in fact have travelled in a contrary direction to the larger projectile. The inventor thought it would be an excellent missile to be fired over rocks where there were people hiding, for when it burst, instead of sending the bullets forward, like shrapnel, it would send them backwards. At the same time there was this possible disadvantage, which the writer himself felt bound to notice, that by bursting too soon it might inconvenience the men who had fired it from the gun. The effect of premature explosion would, indeed, amount to a bombardment from your own artillery as well as from that of the enemy. Besides inventions, there have been received from time to time protests, both in poetry and in prose, against the iniquity of making guns at all.

Turning to other vagaries of correspondence, Elswick officials have always been rather mystified as to the meaning of two documents which reached them about ten years ago. One, beautifully written in copperplate with many large twirling capitals, bore no address or name, but was headed "The system of fortification, designed by the Engineer of the Royal Fortress of Saint George of England." The effect of this pompous designation, followed as it was by an equally puzzling explanation of the system, and written throughout in a most elegant hand, was very singular. The second was a large printed placard asking if Queen Victoria were still reigning on the throne of England. Why this question was asked nobody could discover. Some years ago Elswick received an enquiry from a gentleman in a remote part of America, who wished to purchase forty ironclads and a hundred fast cruisers, a somewhat large order from a private individual. The writer represented himself as a candidate

for the Presidency of the United States, but nothing further has been heard from him.

We may conclude by a summary of the events in the history of Elswick, which we have noticed in chronological order. The Engine Works is the earliest branch; to this have been added the Ordnance Department, the Steel Works, the Walker Shipyard, the Elswick Shipyard, the Pozzuoli Works, and the Openshaw Works. These departments all continue to flourish side by side at the present day. We found a small piece of ground of five and a half acres bought by the pioneers of Elswick in 1847. We leave the Company in 1900 the possessors of two hundred and thirty acres. A recent pay-sheet shews £36,802 paid in a single week to the workmen, who numbered on that day 25,028. The consumption of coal in a single year, excluding the Italian Works, was 195,577 tons with 36,242 tons of coke. The amount of gas used during the same period was two hundred and forty-two million cubic feet.

It only remains to be said that, with all these additions, Elswick has not yet done growing. In 1900 new departures are still being undertaken, among the latest being a plant for making armour plates at Openshaw. The waste places of the new territory at Scotswood are being covered with new shops, and both at Elswick and Openshaw a great deal of building is in progress.

The photographs, which accompany this part of the article, of the hundred ton gun and the scene of the fire, were taken by Mr. Goold, the Elswick photographer. The portrait of Sir Andrew Noble is the work of an accomplished amateur, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

The writer wishes in conclusion to express his warmest thanks to those who can remember an older Elswick, and who have been kind enough to assist him with their recollections.

A. C.

THE LAST HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

(Continued from page 55.)

Of his goodness to younger writers none but themselves can speak.

He was very fond of Robert Bridges, whose poem, "London Snow," he considered "the most *perfect* in the English language."

I saw him one or twice in later life, when severe illness had deepened the natural melancholy of his character. There was about him a great humility, a rare unconsciousness of being gifted in any way above his fellows. I remember the crest of gray hair, the little goat-like white beard, the mournful water-gray eyes. Millais' picture of "The Enemy Sowing Tares" was then at the Guildhall, and someone mentioned it.

"Ah, that's awful!" he said, and turned his head away.

He had a delicate sense of terror in her subtlest forms—the terror of Nature:—

"Touch me not with fiery wand,
If the spell is in thine hand;
Neither drag me by the wrist
Through the valley full of mist,
I will sit with thee beneath
The arbour of the trees of death,
Where from the spotted laurel bower
Creeps the ivy's snaky flower."

—the terror underlying dulness:—

"I rode my horse to the hostel gate,
And the landlord fed it with corn and hay:
His eyes were blear, he limped in his gait,
His lip hung down, his hair was grey.
I entered in the wayside inn,
And the landlady met me without a smile;
Her dreary dress was old and thin,
Her face was full of piteous guile.
There they had been for threescore years,
There was none to tell them they were great:
Not one to tell of our hopes or fears;
And not far off was the churchyard gate."

—the rollicking terror, excited by unlawful arts, as in "The Wizard's Funeral":—

"For me, for me, two horses wait,
Two horses stand before my gate:

Their vast black plumes on high are cast,
 Their black manes swing in the midnight blast,
 Red sparkles from their eyes fly fast.
 But can they drag the hearse behind,
 Whose black plumes mystify the wind?
 What a thing for this heap of bones and hair!
 Despair, despair!
 Yet think of half the world's winged shapes.
 Which have come to thee wondering:
 At thee the terrible idiot gapes,
 At thee the running devil japes,
 And angels stoop to thee and sing
 From the soft midnight that enwraps
 Their limbs, so gently, sadly fair;—
 Thou seest the stars shine through their hair.
 The blast again, ho, ho, the blast!
 I go to a mansion that shall outlast;
 And the stoled priest who steps before
 Shall turn and welcome me at the door."

This last comes from a little half-crown volume called "Christ's Company," published in 1861 by Smith & Elder. It is steeped in pre-Raphaelitism. There are absurdities here and there; much is obscure; but the reader is charmed—fascinated—possessed by the spirit of vision. The angels in "St. John" are worthy to fly abreast of Spenser's own.

"Came Michael and an army followed him,
 His sword, two-handed, carried he before,
 His vast eyes on the hilt, his shield's broad rim
 Swung half of it behind him; in the score
 Of his knights followed all the cherubim;
 And half the stars shone in his banner wide
 And in it all the winds were multiplied.

The words describing the flight of "Mary Magdalene" rush to a fury of swiftness—

"She on the valley stood and hung,
 Then downward swept with steady haste;
 The steady wind behind her sent
 Her robe before her as she went;
 Descending on the wind, she chased
 The form she traced.
 She, with her blue eyes blind with flight,
 Rising and falling in their cells,
 Hands held as though she played a harp,
 Teeth glistening as in laughter sharp,
 Flew ghastly on, a strength like hell's
 When it rebels,
 Behind her, flaming on and on,
 Rushing and streaming as she flew;
 Moved over hill as if through vale,
 Through vale as if o'er hill, no fail;
 Her bosom trembled as she drew
 Her long breath through.

THE LAST HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

In "St. Paul" the blank verse has a flavour of Browning—not elsewhere to be traced. The frequent use of numbers (the pre-Raphaelites were always counting) and of dreams (they were always dreaming) is another sign of the age.

Three years afterwards followed "Historical Odes," done partly in conjunction with Fulford, who seems to have conceived a fatal design of writing an *Odic History of England*, and dedicated "To his Friend, Edward Burne-Jones, Painter." Here the style is varied and changing. The Dialogue between Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus carries on the tradition of "Christ's Company."

"I took His body from the tree,
 Wrapped it in linen decently,
 And many times I bent my knee
 Before I buried Him."

We must go back to the Moravian or Franciscan Hymns to find anything so simple, so sincere as this. The mysterious paraphernalia of wings, banners, armour, strange animals with names unknown to dictionaries, have disappeared. Nature is rising to her sovereignty. On the other hand, a certain dulness and commonness daunts the reader at first in the Odes. The poet is working to order; Pegasus has been yoked. But the power to write an Ode—and at last the power to write a magnificent Ode—is proved beyond all contention. A good critic thinks that Swinburne probably bore this volume in mind when the question of the Laureateship was mooted, and he said, "They ought to make Canon Dixon"—a statement which his interlocutor, who had never heard of Canon Dixon, took to be jest.

The sonnet on "Humanity" was a favourite with Rossetti:

"There is a soul above the soul of each,
 A mightier soul which yet to each belongs:
There is a sound made of all human speech,
 And numerous as the concourse of all songs:
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
 Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
 Receiveth life that shall for ever last.
And thus for ever with a wider span
 Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man,
 And live in life that ends not with his breath,
And gather glory that increaseth still
 Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill."

The booklet ends in a perfect song:

"The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now."

In the autumn of his days Canon Dixon's time was occupied with a learned "History of the Church of England," which he left unfinished at his death.

"Odes and Eclogues," "Lyrical Poems," "The Story of Eudocia and her Brothers," were privately printed by Mr. Daniel, of Oxford, in 1884, '87, and '88. "Mano," a long historical poem, appeared in '91. "Mano" takes heroic powers of reading, and "Eudocia" may be neglected without much loss except by the student of Chaucer. The most striking portions of the other volumes (now very rare) are to be found in a little shilling book called "Songs and Odes," published by Elkin Mathews.

The pre-Raphaelite attitude of seeing everything as a Flemish painter saw it, has been abandoned. The trees are no longer painted trees in a painted forest; they grow.

"Rise in their place the woods: the trees have cast,
Like earth to earth, their children: now they stand
Above the graves where lie, their very last:
Each pointing with her empty hand
And mourning o'er the russet floor,
Naked and dispossessed;
The queenly sycamore,
The linden, and the aspen, and the rest."

The moon herself looks forth:

"Lo, there on high the unlighted moon is hung,
A cloud among the clouds: she giveth pledge,
Which none from hope debars,
Of hours that shall the naked boughs refledge
In seasons high: her drifted train among
Musing she leads the silent song,
Grave mistress of white clouds, as lucid queen of stars."

Where (out of Wordsworth) shall we find, as in these poems, "the dark heaven-wandering rain"—the sky—the sea?

"The sky sails downward, upward creeps the wave,
For countless clouds toward the sun's bright grave
Move curiously with grey and misty wing;
So thickly all the sky environing,
That only by one pale bright spot is known
Where still the sunken light is upward thrown,

THE LAST HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

And lately sunk the weary king of day :
Still on the sands below in stealthy play
Arise the billows of the nightly tide ;
Each with its own clear layer doth override
The spreaded calm where its last brother rolled ;
Each upon other rippling draws the fold
Of its thin edge along the soaked sand,
And stirs the spongy foam 'twixt sea and land,
And lifts the dark waves higher on the shore."

Men and women there are none ; consequently there is no humour.
He longs for them, but he cannot find them :

" Yea, subtle word-banned memories,
Heart-surges of black bitterness,
Untouched by sorrow's softer dyes,
About my brain would throng and press :
I found I could not alchemize
And purge away the dross of facts,
And I was mad for human cries,
For human sorrows, human acts."

He enters into the trouble of a sensitive spirit as only one who has felt it can. He knows the agony of conflict between the desire for intellectual joy and the desire to relieve unrelievable poverty.

" Oh thou, forgone in this,
Long struggling with a world that is amiss,
Reach some old volume down,
Some poet's book, which in thy bygone years,
Thou hast consumed with joys as keen as fears,
When o'er it thou wouldst hang with rapturous frown,
Admiring with sweet envy all
The exquisite of words, the lance-like fall
Of mighty verses, each on each,
The sweetness which did never cloy,
(So wrought of thought ere touched with speech),
And ask again, Hast thou no right to joy.
Take the most precious tones that thunderstruck thine ears
In gentler days gone by :
And if they yield no more the old ecstasy
Then give thyself to tears."

Above all he knows the loneliness and desolation of heart which is more evident than before, now that friendship between men is the fulfilled ideal of so many lives, and friendship between men and women has reached a height undreamed of in England since the days of Elizabeth.

Nay, from this loneliness he draws his strength—his power of high, sustained, abstract thought—his profound religion.

M. E. COLERIDGE.

"THE RIDDLEINGS OF CREATION."*

The last time I set eyes on Colvend (a seaboard parish which looks across to Cumberland) was when, dreaming over the writing of "The Raiders," I stood alone on the hoary scalp of Criffel. The whaups circled about me as I looked towards the more fertile holms of the North.

"Troqueer!" they cried, "Troqueer! Troqueer! We were better there than here." And yet I am not sure the whaups were right. For nobler is the wild red deer of the mountains, braying his challenge from hilltop to hilltop through the mist, than the lowing of myriads of kine knee-deep in fat pasture lands.

As I stood thus, correcting my boyish memories of twenty years before, the phrase which stands at the head of this paper rose into my mind. "The Riddlings of Creation."

"That's it," said I, "the very thing."

Other places and parishes have been so called, I know, but here in Co'en' surely the Almighty made a bigger bing and used a wider mesh to his riddle. Some indeed there be who say that here the "boddom fell oot o' the wecht atgether!" Whether they are right or no, I cannot say.

There is, for example, Minnigaff—crowned king of all the moor parishes of Galloway, and, as I think, of Scotland—there is routh of "riddlings" in Minnigaff. Kells also runs it hard. Girthon is green with bracken and purple with heather for many a mile, but for varied wildness and a certain saucy defiance, characteristic also of its maidens, Co'en' coves them a'.

I cannot write about Colvend, or indeed about any of the "Ten Parishes" east of the Water of Urr, as I can of my own country, being by birth and breeding a lad of the Dee. But for five or six years it was my lot to spend a considerable part of every summer there. I stayed sometimes at the house of a distant family connection, who was the farmer of a farm I shall call the Bourtree Buss. Robert Armstrong (that was not his name either) was already an old man when I knew him, but he was still fresh and hearty, with a stalwart family scattered all over the world. His wife was master, however—a tall, gaunt woman, apparently clothed in old corn sacks, and with a poke bonnet you could have stabled a horse in—a woman terrible to me as Fate. For in those days, strange as it may seem now. I had in me not infrequently the conscience of an evil-doer.

"Sic a laddie for eatin' as I never saw. The only thing he has nae stammock for, that I ken o', is wark."

* Copyright, 1900, by HOWARD PEASE.

This was spoken of one of her own grandsons, my companion, but I knew well that I was under the same ban. I shall not soon forget how she used to roust us out of our warm beds about half-past four in the morning, and set us to carry water from the well—"to give us an appetite." She need not have troubled.

"Are ye weel," she would say in a pipe like that of a boatswain, at the foot of the stable ladder.

"Aye."

"Then rise."

That she "likit the beds made an' a' things trig by breakfast time" was a favourite phrase of hers. At Bourtree Buss breakfast was at six, dinner at twelve, so there was plenty of time between to "fin' the grunds o' your stammock." By noon that organ seemed as vast and as empty as the blue vault of Heaven.

The guidman used to lend me his great three-decker spy-glass with "Dolland, 1771, London," engraved on it in quaint italics, cautioning me to "slip oot at the back and no let the mistress see ye. She disna like it ta'en frae 'boot the house."

Then, it is sad to have to relate, if by any process whatsoever, not excluding actual breech of the eighth commandment, we could obtain a "soda scone" or two and a whang of cheese, we were supremely happy. The reader may be very sure that, having located the "auld woman," we kept the bieldy side of a dyke till well out of her reach.

More than once, however, the Mistress of Bourtree Buss caught us redhanded, when, as a natural consequence, the sides of our heads rang for ten minutes.

But her bark was a good deal worse than her bite, for I never remember that she took the stolen provender away from us.

"Be guid bairns," was ever her parting salute, "and dinna bide awa' late, haein' us seekin' the hill for ye, an' thinkin' ye hae fa'en ower the heuchs about the Coo's Snoot."

Once free of the farm buildings and across the narrow crofts, we came suddenly upon the great heathery hillsides, or we went further afield till we would find ourselves among the tall headlands, with the wind whistling in our teeth and the telescope laid accurately on some sloop or schooner beating up the Solway, or making a long tack to avoid the deadly peasoup above Barnhourie Sands, or we watched the mists lift off the Cumberland hills.

The whole coast grew familiar to me in those warm days of highest summer. I cannot remember ever having been tired, yet from the heuchs above Port-o'-Warren, I can recall walking as far as Satterness and back in a day, no doubt ranging all the time up hill and down dale like a quest-

ing collie, and making the road three times as long as it need have been. We had, of course, no stiver of silver in any of our pockets, but that was no "newance." We had still, however, some "mullins" (non-Gallovidians please pronounce the "u" as in mune-moon) in our jacket "pooches," though soorocks are but a moderate relief when one is hungry.

On the beach we found a gruff-looking old salt painting a boat, and, boy-like, fell into talk with him. He called us, I remember, "idle, regardless loons," and asked us if we had ever done a good, honest day's work in our lives.

"If he had us on his boat he would learn us to gilravage athort the kintra screevin' the verra soles off our boots!"

Then after this prelude he commanded us to follow him. We did follow, as it were, afar off, for we knew not to what fate he was conducting us. It might be to durance vile as vagrants, or even to the rope's end he had so frequently promised us.

But the kindly tar only threw open his cottage door with a "Hey, guid wife, here's twa lads that hæ walkit frae the Bourtree Buss ower the Heuchs. Hæ ye ocht ye can gie them to fill their kytes?"

Ah, good Captain Wullie o' the Scar,—I ken not whether ye be in the land of the living or wandering in the shades of the dead. But if the latter, I pray that some kind spirit may meet you by the way and throw open as friendly a door and as handsomely welcome you in to eternal light and rest.

Mostly, however, it was to the deep gullet of Port o' Warren and the wider surf-beaten rift of Portling that we confined ourselves. And though I have not set eyes on either of these for five and twenty years, I can see in my mind's eye every turn and twist of the coast line, every clean-bitten gap in the brown rocks, every tangle of green weed and purple tress of dulse between Port o' Warren and Douglas Hall. And if there is finer or more varied coast scenery within the same bounds anywhere, I have yet to see it. The dancing sea—out and in of which we were all day dipping like gulls, never very wet and never very dry—the white towns of the English North Country with their smoke blowing across the Solway, the hoarse roar of the tide swiftly covering the Satterness Sands, the clean hard beaches at the Needle's Eye and the Piper's Cove, these are worth many provinces in Cathay,—to me, at least, as a Gallovidian and a romancer.

Of the black deeps of the Piper's Cove I have a tale to tell. Once upon a day my co-rapscallion and I, questing from Bourtree Buss, entered it. Brave was not the word for us,—we were heroes. Others had been "feared." We would never be. It was all nonsense about the devil being up there. Ghosts did not exist. We would show them if they meddled us.

"THE RIDDLEINGS OF CREATION."

Cautiously, and hand in hand, we advanced.

Soon after we had left the light behind us, and the walls had closed in solid as the centre of the earth, Rob thought he heard a noise.

"Only the water," said I to reassure him.

"Suppose the tide comes in in a hurry!" he suggested; "it might be that."

I laughed at the idea. The tide only came in once in twelve hours; half an hour later each time. It said so in the geography.

But, all the same, there *was* a sound—a low, heart-chilling murmur—and it was decidedly growing louder as we advanced.

"Strike a match," cried Rob.

We had been keeping these for the inner depths of the cave, but all plans must give way in the face of imminent danger.

The first one sputtered and went out.

The second showed all too plainly the veritable lineaments of Satan: burning eyes, black face, horns and all—yes, horns black and curly.

At the sight of the light something flew at us with a hoarse grunt.

The match went out, and my companion rushed past me down the passage, crying out with all his might, "It's him! it's the de'il! if I win aff this time, as sure as daith I'll never steal my granny's sody-scones again."

Yet, after all, it was no more than a black faced "tip" which had wandered down from the heuchs and had got tangled and dazed in the cave-mouth. I rallied my comrade bravely on his terror—though, Heaven knows, I was as frightened as ever he could have been.

"Did ye think I was feart?" Rob asked in great indignation, "man, I was juist leading him oot to get a whack at him in the open."

It will be no astonishment to those who read this story that my early friend of the Piper's Cove succeeded in the clothier business. There is nothing like having an excuse ready.

But it was long after this day, when I was a lad of fifteen, that I spent two of the happiest months of my life at Roughfirth with the only thorough comrade I have ever had. Our paths have diverged very wide and far, but I doubt not at the day's ending we shall meet again at the brae-foot and stroll quietly home together in the gloaming as we used to do of yore. Loyal, generous, brave, open-hearted Andrew, not many had such a friend, and what he was then he is to-day.

The story of our adventures (with some additions) you may read in the island chapters of "The Raiders." Even thus we lived and fought and "dooked" and made incursions and excursions in search of provisions, being chronically on the rocks alike for the sinews of war and as to a supply of the staff of life.

"With additions," say I. Yes, and with "substractions" too, as we

used to call them at school. For I have a confession to make. In the interests of art I deliberately libelled a good and kind friend. It was not May Mischief who brought us the noble beef-steak pie to Isle Rathan, though there *were* two or three girl cousins not far off, as mischievous and almost as pretty as May. (I wonder if certain staid mothers of families remember how they and we used to race down Mark Hill behind the little hamlet of Roughfirth, which was our temporary home! But this is a manifest digression.)

It was not May Mischief, I say, who brought us the pie. It was my friend's lady mother, who, in the hour of our need, one sad Saturday when our credit was out at the "shop," brought us the delight of her bonny face and comfortable figure, and—what I regret to say seemed even better—the noblest pie that hungry teeth ever crumped the paste of.

Nor did she pursue us all over the Isle with threats and alarms of war.

On the contrary, she sat down on a chair and said, with her hands on her knees—

"Oh, that waggonette! I declare, I'm a shoooken sindry! Noo hoo muckle siller can ye laddies dae wi'?"

Andrew and I looked at each other. We could have "dune" with about a hundred pounds, but we compromised for thirty shillings. Even this was a stretch.

"And I dinna ken what I'll say to your father when I get hame!" she said as she handed over the dollars.

Blessed thought, we were solvent again, and could look the "shop" in the face!

Good friend and kind, across the years I salute you. Your "other son" has not forgotten you, and hereby sends his love to you and makes his all too belated apology.

S. R. CROCKETT.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

"It struck me that as 'The Riddlings of Creation' constitute the part of my ain country of Galloway, best seen from Cumberland, this article might have at least a left-handed interest for your readers."

[We think it will certainly interest our readers, and be especially interesting to all those who remember Mr. Crockett's excellent novel, *The Raiders*.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]

NORTH AND SOUTH.

Half a century ago a woman of genius wrote a novel with the above title; this book, along with "Mary Barton," and Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," has created a belief in a North Country type of character, which is at the bottom of many accepted opinions.

The picture that Charlotte Brontë has left us of the middle class of the West Riding is not pleasant; the representative family is the Yorke family in Shirley. There have been, there probably are such families; the South Countryman can respect their solid virtues, but except for the purposes of scientific enquiry he would prefer to keep out of their reach. Intellectual vigour combined with narrowness of sympathy, artistic tastes without graciousness, generosity without kindness, and an enormous self-esteem, are not qualities whose combination makes life a pleasant thing for those who are not similarly gifted. Mrs. Gaskell gives us a kindred character in Mrs. Thornton, the mother of the mill owner in North and South, who is not credited with that taste for learning and love of good pictures, which relieve the angles of Mr. Yorke. Similar characters are to be found in most works of fiction whose scene is laid in the North of England.

To refer to works of fiction for information may seem rather a light-hearted proceeding; but good fiction tells us many things that we cannot get at by any system of statistics. The writers of fiction may be guilty of exaggerations, if not in statements of facts, still in the presentment of those facts. Exceptional characters standing out in bold relief attract attention; and the artistic distribution of light and shadow may give prominence to characters, who in the ordinary dealings of life would escape notice; then when one kind of picture has been drawn, and found favour with the public, inferior artists are apt to imitate mechanically the work of an original observer, and eventually we accept as true, statements which have ceased to be true, which are no longer in accordance with the facts. If, however, a particular presentment of life has once been accepted, we may be sure that it does not err very widely from the truth, that it does rest on a solid foundation.

If we compare George Eliot's "Middlemarch" with the North Country stories of the Brontës and Mrs. Gaskell we find a different tone pervading a similar society. The manufacturers of Middlemarch as represented by the Vincy family have one defect which is entirely absent from the same class in the North of England; they are snobbish. The

ambition of Rosamond Vincy is to belong to a world which she believes to be superior to her own; no member of the Yorke family, no Thornton, ever believed that there was a social circle better than that in which he or she lived; there might be richer people, but there were no better people, nobody whose acquaintance was a privilege, and a mark of superiority.

The middle classes of the North as represented by shrewd observers like Mrs. Gaskell, are a law unto themselves, they are not in the habit of doing things in order to win the approbation of their social superiors. They are really independent.

Speaking generally Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell were right, and are still right. No general rule is without exceptions, and just as there are really independent families in the South, so there are families in the North, which have copied some of the weaknesses of South Country society; but on the whole there is still a striking difference between social life in the North and South, and it is based upon the great preponderance in the Northern districts of wealthy middle class families, who acknowledge no social superiors. This sentiment carried to an extreme, as in the case of the Yorke family, stands in the ways of real refinement; when a man would rather be thought rude or hard-hearted, than appear to defer to the feelings of prejudices of men whose experience has been different from his own, he has become unsocial; and if he carries into public life and business the same prepossessions that guide him in his private dealings, he impedes social progress. When men can agree to sink minor differences for great ends, look for points of agreement rather than points of divergence, and can tolerate opposition without feeling animosity or contempt, they are more civilised, than when it seems to them that to concede any point to an opponent is to sacrifice personal dignity. If the South Countryman is at times too ready to surrender his own judgment to that of a man whom he thinks no wiser than himself, but whom he believes to be his social superior, the North Countryman is no less apt to introduce unnecessary friction through a dread of being thought servile.

It is an interesting fact, but it is a fact, that the South Countryman is quicker to recognise the good qualities of a North Countryman, through his exterior roughness, than the North Countryman to believe in the genuine good-feeling that lies behind the South Countryman's more polished manners.

It seems to him that a man who takes the trouble to be so very civil, must have some ulterior objects in view; it does not occur to him that to the South Countryman good manners are a duty which he owes to himself, and which he practises without any conscious intention of

winning favour. There are many North Countrymen who are superior to this prejudice, and who in point of manners are in no way inferior to the South Countrymen; we are at present speaking of the type with which the romance writers have made us familiar.

A short historical digression may perhaps be here admitted in order to trace back the greater independence of the North Countryman to the economic causes from which it originally sprang. Briefly stated the two chief causes were, firstly, the unchanged conditions of farming in the North at a time when the Southern estates were being largely converted from tillage to pasturage, and, later, the greater mineral resources of the North which enabled commerce to "pay better" than land and agriculture.

It was during the Tudor period that the change was begun which transformed the landlord into the landowner; the lord of the manor tended to become the owner of the soil; land became a form of investment competing with other forms of investment; and began to be looked at almost exclusively from that point of view; the man who owned so many acres of land, compared himself with the man who owned so many ships; and he expected to derive as large a profit from his land as the other from his ships. Meanwhile the landowner retained enough of the power which he had enjoyed as landlord to give him advantages over those whom he employed, which were not enjoyed to the same extent by any other capitalist; on the other hand, other capitalists were invited to imitate his example, and to treat those who worked for them as subjects rather than free servants.

The age of Elizabeth was an age of enterprise and speculation; the monastic lands had been largely bought up by speculators, who regarded them simply as an investment; sheep farming and cattle grazing being the most profitable forms of dealing with the land, began to be universally adopted; they both require large estates, and few labourers; hence the destitution which led to the poor laws. The process was repeated in the reign of Charles II., also a reign of speculation; and from that time the agricultural labourer, whatever he may have been called, was in real and very truth a slave. He was not allowed to go into the market and sell his labour for what it would fetch; wages were fixed at Quarter Sessions; fixed by his employers; and fixed at such a low rate that they could not possibly support him. The necessary balance was made up by poor law relief; that is to say, the landowners and farmers paid their labourers so much individually as employers, so much collectively as ratepayers; part of his lawful earnings were paid to the labourer in the form of charity.

Now the relative independence of the Northern labourer is, in great measure, derived from the fact that the North, though not exempted from labour legislation, was less affected by it than the South.

A change in agricultural methods, the rapid substitution of sheep farming and grazing for tillages led, as we have seen, to the distress, which brought on us the Elizabethan poor laws; but the North was not affected in the same way, because it had never known anything except sheep farms and dairy farms.

Tillage was not unknown, but it was the smaller part of agriculture in the North; whereas in the South it had been the predominant factor. The hill country passed into cultivation at a relatively late period; it ceased to be forest and became pasture without going through an intermediate process of tillage; thus the shepherds and herdsmen of the North had their fixed habits, their customary rights, which were not affected by the statutes of labourers. Strange to say the independence of the North Countryman was in part the work of a power which we generally regarded as hostile to independence, the monastic system.

It was the Cistercian monks who reclaimed the Yorkshire Hills, and changed the wilderness into huge grazing farms; and for various reasons the Churchmen were more enlightened in their dealings with their farm hands, bailiffs and tenants, than the lay land lords; it was a long time before the North ceased to miss the monks; even though it was not quite conscious of the causes of its dissatisfaction.

Again, the presence of waterpower, of coal, of other minerals, have for the last three hundred years been steadily enlarging the mental outlook of the North Countryman, while the South Country peasant has been relatively unaffected by change, except in so far as the attractions of the towns have during the last half century tempted him to leave the country. In the beginning of our history too not only was the South Country settled sooner, not only was it relatively unaffected by the Scandinavian invasions, but later on also it was sooner exempt from disturbance, indeed was seldom disturbed between the Wars of the Roses and the Civil War. The great fortified Houses of the North continued to be necessary and useful long after the very foundations of the castles of Middle England had disappeared.

There is in existence a road-map of England drawn in the reign of Charles II.; if it is placed side by side with a modern railway map, those parts of the country which are darkened by lines in the one are relatively bare in the other; in Charles II. map such counties as Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, have something the appearance as compared with the rest of the country, that is now presented by Lancashire, Yorkshire and Durham. The wealthier

and busier population was then distributed in the home counties and the Midlands, where agriculture, the chief industry of England in early times, found favourable conditions.

When once political quiet was definitely established in the North wealth developed with marvellous rapidity, for Nature there had accumulated enormous stores of potential riches in her deep coal, ironstone, and limestone beds so that it was possible for men with brains to build up mighty fortunes.

In the North many great families have been intimately connected with "trade"—that fateful word that bore a social blight with it in the South not long ago, and as a consequence the North, till lately, has been more democratic than the South in its social and political outlook.

If the North Country has in many respects gained by its wealthy independent middle class, the South Country has certainly lost by the sharp line, which was at one time drawn between the landed gentry with their adherents, and the higher professional classes, and the men of business; there has been an even greater loss recently in the breaking down of that line in favour of mere wealth.

An illustration of the sharpness of this line is shown by the difference in the attitude towards dialect in various parts of the country.

In the North the local dialect is more or less common to all classes; the manner of speaking is the same, though the words used may be different; a Northumbrian gentleman is distinguishable from a Yorkshire or Cumbrian gentleman by his way of speaking; and their use of the local dialect in a modified form does not imply any absence of culture or refinement. In the South, except perhaps in the South-west, there are three languages; there is the local dialect, which is spoken only by the peasants and workmen, occasionally by the farmers; there is the refined English of the county gentry and professional classes, which never has a trace of local accent or vocabulary; and there is a no man's land, an English which is neither local nor refined, and in various degrees of intensity belongs to all the trading classes. It is distinguished not only by the misplaced aspirate, which indeed is not an infallible characteristic, but also by certain subtle impurities in the vowels; often so slight that an ear untrained in a purer pronunciation would fail to detect them, but which the South Country lady at once distinguishing consigns the perpetrator to that awful social limbo in which all dwell "who have something to do with trade." It is the language which prevails in the suburbs of London; North Country boys are sent to school in the South in order to learn it, exchanging their own fine dialect for this base parody of the literary language of England, which seems to have been first definitely established towards the end of the last century.

To be suspected of a connection with trade was long the bugbear of the socially ambitious in the South of England.

There are important features in social life, which escape the notice of historians, or are passed over by them as trivial. The bitter feeling between Nonconformists and Churchmen has had and still has a strong influence upon our political life; it is far less bitter in the North of England than in the South; the reason is that the difference is not one of religion, but of social standing. The Church of England was the church of the landed gentry; those who did not belong to it, however refined, however learned, were put outside the higher social life of the country. Just as for a labourer to be a poacher, so for a tradesman or farmer to be a dissenter was to be a social outcast. In the small South Country towns there were two societies having very little to do with one another, their differences lasted after death; when they died they were buried in different quarters of the same cemetery. Families whose influence might have been mutually profitable never met except on business; co-operation in such matters as sanitation and education was impossible; every scheme had to be run by a strong majority of one party or the other in order to be successful, and, whatever its merits, was bound to meet with a determined resistance from the minority. Such animosities are not unknown in the North, but the ability of the trading classes combined with their greater opportunities, gave them the balance of power. The landed interest was of relatively small importance; the Church of England had in many places to accept the position of being only one of several denominations, and was powerless to exert any social tyranny. Again the Nonconformity of the North differed in character from that of the South. The older Nonconformity of the South surviving from the Act of Uniformity, and from a time when Nonconformists and Churchmen were socially equal, was dying a natural death, when the Methodist revival, initiated by clergymen of the Church of England, gave a fresh impetus to a new kind of Nonconformity, whose tendency was in the direction of disparaging culture and learning. In the North of England two denominations, not very strong numerically, but very strong in intellectual force, gave a dignity to Nonconformity. The Unitarians, and the Quakers, perhaps also the Baptists, those pre-Reformation dissenters, are distinguished by intellectual vigour; their leaven is active in the North; though they do not proselytise, they raise the standard of all around them. Facing them, the ministers of the Church of England cannot claim a monopoly of learning and refinement, as they can when confronted with the local preachers of the South. To them we owe indirectly much of what has been done for the education of women throughout the country; they have been largely instrumental

in promoting the development of the Northern Universities; it is from intercourse with them that the University Extension Lecturer is apt to ascribe a superiority in culture to the North of England.

Thackeray has lashed the South Country foible with such severity that much of its repulsiveness has disappeared; the thing itself has not disappeared, and never will disappear; we shall have to wait for the millennium, if we count upon a time when the average man and woman will have sufficient dignity to value themselves and their neighbours according to their own standards, and not according to the opinion of others.

For a long time, as we all know, England was governed by an oligarchy of the landed gentry; there were two parties, two groups who alternatively enjoyed power and patronage, but both alike belonged to the same class; both alike represented the landed interest more than any other. The system soon showed its own inherent weaknesses; the friends and relations of the party in power monopolised appointments, the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, even the Church, were staffed by men of whom no qualification was demanded except that they should be related to some powerful man or his supporters. During these years the social contempt of trade and the consequent snobbishness became a marked feature of English life. It had, however, one good feature, the small man who wished to qualify for a post in the gift of his patron was bound to be socially presentable; he was bound to be, according to the standards of the times, well-educated; the aristocratic tradition was widely diffused.

Meanwhile in the North of England the rapid expansion of the manufacturing industries brought into being a large wealthy class, who had never been in contact with the traditions of the landed gentry, and who resented the claims to social superiority, which were set up by men and women less wealthy, less active, less vigorous than themselves. The self-made man is the self-made man everywhere; he is to be found in Birmingham, in Nottingham, in Leicester, in Northampton, just as he is to be found in Middlesborough or Manchester; but for a time he was the most noticeable feature of the North of England, where he had not been used to defer to the standards of those who, in spite of some weaknesses, valued refinement.

But there has been a considerable change in the North of England since Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë were writing; there is no North Country town in which the South Countryman does not find a large circle in which literature and the arts are cultivated and respected; and in which a warm welcome is not accorded to all the good things which the South has to give. A good play is as highly appreciated in New-

castle-upon-Tyne as in London; the pit and gallery in a Newcastle theatre pick up the subtle humour of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas as quickly as a London audience, if not more quickly.

The wealthy classes of the North again are superior to the same classes in the South in their relative freedom from ostentation. When a self-made South Countryman is rich, he wants everybody to know it; the North Countryman is generally content to know himself that he has got money. He spends upon things that he likes; he does not change his habits of life and make himself uncomfortable with all the paraphernalia of a big establishment in order to be talked about. If he likes riding he buys horses; if he likes shooting he takes a moor; but he neither rides nor shoots in order to be able to talk about "my horses" and "my moor."

To this rule, as to every rule, there are of course exceptions, and the exceptions will be more striking than the rule; but on the whole the wealthy society of the North Country town differs from that of a South Country town in its freedom from vulgarity. If a North Countryman, on making your acquaintance, does not seem to be particularly impressed by the privilege, the reason is generally that you do not personally interest him; he neither thinks it worth his while to pretend that you do, nor to claim any social superiority in the matter, nor is he afraid that he will be let down in the estimation of his friends by being seen in your society; but the South Countryman is apt to refer to other standards than his own personal taste in the choice of his acquaintance, and to be terribly afraid of losing caste.

Society in the South is rapidly losing its distinctive refinement; the great lady of the beginning of the century is almost an extinct animal; and there were great ladies in those days; women who added to high principle and trained intellect a grace and dignity, which made life seem a worthy thing. In many of our County families a distinction was drawn between ostentation, and what was due to position. On occasions of ceremony dress and entertainment were alike magnificent, but the everyday life was simple enough. The country has certainly not gained, but lost by the retirement of the country gentry from their ancestral homes, and the transference of their houses to more wealthy but less dignified occupants. The predominance of the landed gentry led to many abuses, but it had its good side too. Wealth is not everything, and it would be a misfortune were either North or South to throw away the traditions of a society, which recognised the obligations no less than the privileges of wealth.

J. C. TARVER.

WITH THE BORDER HOUNDS.

"I've luved naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty—
Save a fat horse and a fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deer.
But England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir."

—"JOHNIE ARMSTRANG."

To hunt with the Border Hounds is to become a Borderer of two or three centuries ago, for you ride, if your horse can stay the pace, from "dewy morn to dewy eve" across the unchanged moor and the same grass lands over which the raid and the foray swept of yore in the days of "Kinmont Will" and "Geordie Bourne."



JACOB ROBSON, M.F.H.

The scene is the same as it was of old, and so too are the riders' names, for the Robsons, one of the four "Graynes"* of ancient Tynedale, still lead the field as their fore-elders would have headed the "hot trod" in Border warfare in former days. The quarry alone is changed; the fox has taken

the place of the man, but "snaffle and spur" is still the motto of all the Robson clan who are yet distinguished, after the old Border fashion, not perhaps by "to-names," but by the various names of their homes or farms.

Thus Mr. Jacob Robson, M. F. H., is "Jake of Byrness," Mr. John Robson of Newton—the former M. F. H.—is "John of the Newton," another brother, Mr. Thomas Robson of Bridgeford—who now hunts the North Tyne Hounds—is "Tom of Bridgeford," and the youngest brother of the same family out the day I propose to give some account of shortly, is "George of Dunterley," whilst there was yet another of the same clan name, differentiated as "Mat of Whitchester," who followed hounds that day.

Eight in the morning is the meet, and as like as not you may have to ride some ten or fifteen miles thereto, while as to riding back you must

* On the Falstone cross the inscription runs :

"Eomaer set this (cross) up for his
Uncle Hroethbert. Pray for his soul."

Now, "Hroethbert," as Dr. Charlton wrote in his "North Tynedale and its Four Graynes," "is equivalent to the Robert of our day, and the descendants of Robert would be Robertsons, or Robsons, which now, as of old, is the chief surname about Falstone.

We think we have evidence here of the Robsons some twelve hundred years ago, in the very district where, till lately, they held sway."

take your chance of an even further distance, for there are here probably as scant railway facilities as anywhere in England.



"THE DEVIL MAY TAKE THE HINDMOST."

There are few coverts on the wide moorlands, but the trail of a fox is easily picked up on the heather or rushy grass land, and once found away he will go, strong, cunning, and untiring.

A big-weight carrying horse is out of his element here: what you want is a mount with some pony blood in him, say, the offspring of a strong pony mare by a thoroughbred sire, for you require speed first of all, and after that cleverness and sure-footedness, otherwise you may get a fall in

the first fifteen yards after the "view holloa," so many are the concealed holes and hidden drain-channels beneath the heather.

Speed in your horse and a firm seat in the saddle are the two main requisites for obtaining and keeping a place in the field, for, apart from the stone walls which here and there intersect the moorlands, there is not much to jump; no fences to speak of, and little timber, but much in the way of ascent by craggy rock and descent by broken watercourse, black peat hag or bog that will prove your capacity for "clagging" on to the saddle.

You can scarcely take "a line of your own" without danger of being "bogged," and it is not an uncommon sight to see the whole field dismount and lead their horses by the bridle across a bad bit of morass.

In the old days of reiving and moss-trooping a thorough knowledge of the whole country side must have been essential, for there was no drainage at all then and only by certain tracks could mounted men have ridden far and fast as they sought or convoyed homeward their horned booty.

Poverty, by the way, was a primary cause in the continuous raidings of those days, for "The Graynes" in Northumberland, and the Clan Chiefs in Scotland with their followings subsisted solely upon their flocks



SNABDOUGH FORD IN THE DISTANCE.

and herds. Thus when these gave out their larders had to be replenished *vi et armis*.

Everyone has heard of the Charlton spur—still an heirloom at Hesley-side,—and many will remember the tale told of “Old Wat of Harden”—Sir Walter Scott’s ancestor—how he swore on overhearing one retainer ask another if “Harden’s coo had come hame,” that by his faith they should say “Harden’s kye” (cows).

Centuries before this same cause had led to the inroads of the Wikings, “the men of the creeks,” who, barely subsisting upon the scanty produce of the narrow margin between the ice-bound mountains and

the sea, turned to piracy and pillage for support of themselves and their families.

There was also of course the innate love of fighting which has always been a characteristic of Northern-bred folk from the earliest ages.

As Mr. Green says in his “Conquest of England,” “None feel like the man of the North the glamour and enchantment of war. Fighting was the romance that alone broke the stern monotony of his life; the excitement and emotion which find a hundred spheres among men of our day found but this one sphere with him.

A passion of delight rings through war-saga and song; there are times when the Northern poetry is drunk with blood, when it reels with excitement at the crash of sword edge through helmet and bone, at the warrior’s war shout, at the gathering heaps of dead.”

The old fighting days have passed and gone, but the Robsons, with their ancient heritage of Northern blood, still ride as hard as ever men did whose livelihood was won in the saddle. “Tallyho, yonder he goes,” shouts one, as the fox steals through the heather, and at once with a fierce-ringing chorus of “forr’ard, forr’ard on, forr’ard on,” away sweeps the entire field at a gallop, and the “devil may take the hindmost.”



“PAST HESLEYSIDE’S WOODS.”



“PAST DUNTERLEY.”

Thus it was on the day mentioned above; the hounds coming over from Newton crossed Tyne at Snabdough Ford, and straightway cast off up the hill to the south-westward.



"CHANGING HORSES."

Turning east some fifteen minutes later a fox was viewed; the hounds threw tongue, straightway streaming away through the long heather, while the various riders, each going his separate way, tried their best to keep on a line with the flying pack.

This was at the Mezlines above Howlerhirst; then we raced eastward by Brieridge and Oldmanshield, past Hesleyside's woods on the south side, then down towards Dunterley, and across the road to Wark and

Hexham, and flew over the good grass fields to Bridgeford, where close beside the river he got to ground.

There was no chance of getting him out so we turned to follow the river and by Garret Holt (the Celtic *Caer yt Holt*), close in beside Lee Hall we found again, and straight down the river side we ran till we came to Houksty Burn; there turning we followed up the bank and away to Hetherington Moss, to Lowstead, then by Houksty Burn to Esp Mill, Shitlington Craggs, Ealingham, over Eals Fell, by Brownrigg and back towards Dunterley and up to Hesleyside wood whence he seems, according to report—for hounds were alone by that time,—to have turned down by Springbank, passed Dunterley, and met his fate below Bellingham bridge after a most gallant run of sixty minutes without a check. The pace had been tremendous, over a good grass country all the time, and no one being up at the death no one got the brush, for hounds worried him in the water and his body was never recovered.

After some twenty minutes, spent in changing horses and taking kindly refreshment at Mrs. Robson's of Dunterley, we started off once more and found again by the blacksmith's cover at Hesleyside.



"STARTED OFF ONCE MORE."

Our fox started off southward, but was headed up, and right over Brier-

WITH THE BORDER HOUNDS.

ridge fell we galloped after him—retracing our morning road—to Howler-hirst, Snabdough, Whitcheater, up to Cairnglasshope, then back down to the Chirdon Burn by Alery Bank to Chirdon farm. Somewhere here they lost him, the present writer believes, though by then his horse, having had quite enough exercise for one day and fallen into a meditative walk, he cannot of his own knowledge say further. This last run lasted probably some forty minutes, and as the day was warm for April and the end of the season was nigh, we were all of us amply contented with the sport we had already had.

This, of course, was a short day for the Border hounds, and the country traversed was perhaps as easy as is to be found in their district, but in the pace they travelled one would get an idea of how far and fast the Borderers may have ridden when the "hot trod" was raised in days of old.

The day itself was perfect for moorland scenery. Cloud shadows swept the rough places smooth, as if they were velvet, pressing the nap and leaving it glistening.



"QUITE ENOUGH EXERCISE FOR ONE DAY."

Here and there the heathery and water-broken peat edgings mottled the general grey-green colour of the spreading grass-lands with markings as of plovers eggs, and as the sun broke through the cloud-glades, a light as of azure smoke swept along the distant hills as far as Scawfell in Cumberland to the southward, and Drittmore over in Liddlesdale to the

North. The "country" of the Border hounds contains many a spot and many a name renowned in Border warfare; the Master himself lives close beside "The Carter," at the top of which the famed "Raid of the Redswire" took place over three hundred years ago.

The following are the boundaries of the said "country" which extends—as indeed in fairness it should do, considering the past—some way into Scotland on the northern side. From Plashetts to Peel Fell, down to head of Oxnam, by Kale Water to Hownam, and by Bowmont Water to Yetholm; up to Cheviot and comprising Cheviot itself, then down the Jedwater as far as Edderstone. By Usway burn runs the boundary on the north-east, then by Shillmoor to Crowstone, and by Crowstone to Elsdon.

On the south side of the North Tyne the boundary runs by Chirdon Burn to Wark, Houksty Wood being the last covert, and on the north-west Tasset and Tassetburn form the boundary.

Once started, however, there is no staying the Border hounds, and a fox has been killed close in beside Jedburgh, while on another occasion hounds ran straight away across moor and moss and fell from Hesleyside to Haydon Bridge.

As to the antiquity of the pack, it may certainly be said to be of immemorial age, probably originating with the first Robson who possessed a hound of any kind, but of later years the Robsons and the Dodds (of Catcleugh)—another of the ancient “Graynes of North Tynedale”—have kept the pack together, for in the last generation Mr. J. Dodd, of Catcleugh, hunted the hounds in common with Mr. J. Robson, senior—a pack of eight couple then, since increased to twelve.

During these last six years it may be of interest to the sporting reader to learn that an average of one hundred foxes is the record, and each one of these six hundred may be relied upon to have given excellent sport.

One moonlight night some years ago as hounds came back to Newton, after a long hard day, a fox was found unexpectedly. Away went hounds again, stuck to him all the time, ran him to Charlton and Greenhaugh, bolted him out of a cundy there, and killed him at 9-30 at the back of Newton.

This will prove perhaps better than any other illustration the love of sport upon the Border, and the capacities of horse and hound and man alike.

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NOTE. The Photographs here given were taken by the writer, in nearly every instance from the saddle.



ON MODERN PAINTING.

October, 1900.

KENSINGTON,
LONDON.

Anarchy in Painting—The Newlyn School—The Real and the Ideal in Painting—The Birth of the Decorative Fashion—Mr. Brangwyn and Others—The Pastel Society—An Exception—The Ideal Contemporary Painting—Mr. Sargent and Millais—A Master—Technique—Tradition—The New English Art Club—Mr. Steer—Mr. Charles Shannon—Colour and the Material.

There was this summer at the Guildhall an exhibition of works by living British painters, and in this collection of pictures painted during the last fifty years, the memorable contribution, apart from Mr. Whistler's portrait of Carlyle, was the one example of Pre-Raphaelite painting ("Too late," by Windus). The half century has, it would appear, nothing to shew which can approach in interest to the achievements of that impulse which opened our era. The Pre-Raphaelite impulse was the preface to contemporary painting, not because it left any influence behind it when it died (it had indeed nothing to hand on) but because it did away with something which has never been won back, the skilful handling of oil paint. The impulse worked miracles, as only humility can; it empowered a number, a large number, of men to ignore the claims of their medium and compel oil paint to its purpose. After a brief life of marvellous achievement the capacity for painting the Pre-Raphaelite picture died, when the painters should have been at the height of their strength, not through any faltering of the spirit, but because the medium would no longer be compelled. Paint revolted, and became once more a material which has, like other materials, quality, if not a beautiful quality then an ugly one, but quality.

Anarchy in Painting.

One might imagine that the complete anarchy which has since confounded the art—a confusion so overwhelming that a visitor to the Academy attends one long demonstration of the intractibility and outrageous nature of the medium—one might take all the ugliness and stupidity which now goes with the use of paint to be the long revenge of the august and commanding material for those short years of subjection to the hands of a few boys. Certainly those who have come after have found oil paint an estranged and ungracious mistress, and it has needed all his refinements of distinction, his almost fantastic sensibility, all his choice and self-possession, his hostile withdrawal, devotion, conceit, to enable Mr. Whistler, standing apart, hedged in from error, to win favours from her. Not that the art has been without schools whose preoccupation was exactly this question of technique. Both the Newlyn movement, which has run its course, and the decorative movement, which is still making converts, started with discoveries in the method of putting paint upon canvas, and continued to exist on the strength of their discoveries. In either case the innovation in technique was only a very pronounced aberration, definite enough to be taken up, cultivated and perfected.

The Newlyn School.

The strict and uncompromising type of Newlyn picture has so rapidly become a thing of the past that Mr. Frank Bramley's "Eyes and No Eyes"—a fisherman mending a sail to an audience of two girls—was one of the surprises at the Guildhall. Only a few years ago, in the eighties, this seemed as if it were something, the product of a movement that had a significance, an interest. Where did the attraction lie? The Newlyn painting was a violent realisation of the truth that the painter's first concern is with the manipulation of his paint. The world had never heard this truth advertised so plainly before. Not Rubens himself shewed a clearer knowledge of the truth that the weapon employed—in this case a brush dipped in paint—must determine the course of successful action. It was unfortunate that in the eighties so fundamental and significant a creed should have come as a novelty, and that the Newlyn painter could start in with his brushwork as if there had never been a brush used before. He promulgated a formula, as simple as it was unreasonable, that brushwork meant the exact patch made by the contact of a square brush with the canvas, and he pushed this formula through with so sullen a lack of feeling that the spectator rubs

his eyes to see if those squares really are there. The manner was, besides other things, and of necessity, subversive of drawing, since the creed was to cut across the shapes of things. It is one of Mr. Sargent's merits that he has cleared the air of this heresy. The first rigidity of the Newlyn formula was soon modified, and Mr. Bramley himself has grown less accurate in his squaring of the world. But much of its clumsiness appears in the dense manner of Mr. Tuke's "Perseus," something of its ungraciousness of touch crosses the more sensitive intention of Mr. Clausen, and the mournful regularity runs through the more accomplished and thought out painting of Mr. le Thangue. The most vigorous and capable user of the formula has slipped clean away, and has taken the place which is due to his power at the head of the decorative movement.

The Real and the Ideal in Painting.

Decorative painting is the latest and the urgent shape of error. Unfortunately the issue is obscured by secondary considerations, which have the advantage often attaching to secondary considerations, that they can be described in words, and the words can be made the subject of argument. The Newlyn painter was named a realist, he was supposed to be wholly engrossed in the appearance of weather-beaten fishermen and bowed women, in coarse clothes and clumsy boots, selling fish, working a rugged pump, attending a service of the Salvation Army. The word lent criticism a shape, and the acknowledged ugliness of the Newlyn picture was attributed to its realism. There is something else in Art besides Nature, and this something the Newlyn painter neglected. Therefore the decorative painter (he seems to come chiefly from or through Glasgow) made a welcome appearance, as an idealist correcting the Newlyn realism, leaving Nature somewhat on one side in his determination to make the desirable harmonies, the undisturbed massing of shapes. By the same means the decorative painter necessarily offends the plain men, because his simplified figures are not like real men and women, and his massed foliage has not the nature of real trees. The high æsthetical argument may have its place and its interest; but the Newlyn painter was ugly on more substantial grounds; he used a narrow and unreasonable formula to solve the difficulties of handling paint, his brush work was at fault. The "something else" in his art which he neglected to understand was the character, the possibilities of his medium: the corrective to that ugliness lies only in the discovery of a more sympathetic technique, and the decorative painter has not found it.

Indeed he does not go the way to find it, he is not looking for it. The

Newlyn painter offered a solution of the problem in his square touch, it was a wrong solution: the decorative painter denies the existence of a problem at all, paint has no difficulties for him and no secrets. The ideal nature of his picture is a second thought, for the decorative tendency, wherever it may end in the hands of a man so capable and strong as Mr. Brangwyn, starts from another quarter altogether, from an impatience with the difficulties presented by paint.

The Birth of the Decorative Fashion.

The truth about the decorative fashion was told at the British Artists in Suffolk Street, an exhibition whose character and interest depends upon the work of young painters still finding their way. There the decorative tendency was in the air, its workings and its overwhelming attractions were plainly discernible, and its birth from impatience. One painter, aiming at a blue sky, had found a dirty canopy; another's foliage was heavy and leaden; a third had fought against grace, correcting the shape of a ship's mast or the branch of a tree by pushing the sky up to the edges; a fourth had modelled a cheek with clumsy touches not to be conjured away once they were there. The dislike of such unintended uglinesses and the desire to avoid them should be the beginning of victory, or at least a noble fight, the holding of a fort however obscure. The danger begins when that impatience becomes an impatience with the medium, for then the decorative tendency shews the weary fighter a way out, a handsome, a tasteful fashion of capitulating. If his impatience leads him to cry, "It is all the fault of this clumsy, messy paint," he is already inclined to the error; he has only to proceed, "An unsympathetic and intractable medium fit only for the heavy expression of rudimentary forms and colours" and his decorative education is complete. He has every excuse, for who will teach him better? "Loss of tradition" sounds vague and high upon the lips, but in a room full of contemporary pictures it comes to mean something plain and lowly—that there is no one to put the student in the way of not making a mess with his paint. And how shall he not, disliking the mess, give way to a manner which only asks him to formalise his blunders, and promises him a result which shall be effective in virtue of this very inability to use his material? Why try for delicate colour which may go wrong, when you can do without? Are there not browns and golds which every child knows go well together, Prussian blue and terre verte? Why agonize over a heavy sky—paint it heavy on purpose. Why make difficulties with your troubled patches when you can simplify modelling

away altogether? To a rudimentary medium a rudimentary technique, and all your business is to fill a space agreeably.

Mr. Brangwyn and Others.

It was indeed, impossible that carelessness of painting should remain in the confused stage to which Mr. Alexander Mann, to take an instance from the Guildhall, had brought it ten years ago, it was necessary that someone, Mr. Austen Brown, or Mr. Graham Robertson, or another, should take up the mess that had already been made and carry it the step further, formalise it—the logic of weakness, no doubt, and those who, like Mr. Wetherbee, or even Mr. Alfred East, hesitate to go to the logical conclusion, shew that they still have some respect for the misused paint. Mr. Brangwyn is extreme in the decorative fashion. No one has explored and exposed so many errors in the contemporary use of oil paint, and now it would seem that, knowing better than the rest of the world how badly painting stands in need of restraint, he has, in his "Charity" at the New Gallery for instance, locked the wandering medium up in the narrowest rules he could invent. To an artist who has gone so far there are, naturally, no distinctions between one medium and another. His effective contribution to the exhibition of the Pastel Society had no taste of pastel in it. Pastel too was forced to creep beneath ideal limitations, pastel, the swift and vivacious, was forced to mass shapes and enclose them afterwards (the convention seems to be borrowed from the dissimiliar craft of setting coloured glass in leaden bonds) with broad bands of dark. This was a reversal of the manner which has produced perfect pastel pictures—acute and sensitive drawings flushed with colour. Indeed the characteristic of the society is its unwillingness to feel that pastel is something for the drawing hand.

The Pastel Society.

The pictures shewn fall into two classes, the productions of those who deny the nature of their medium and of those who go no further than a helpless admission that such characteristics do exist. The former in their blank surfaces refuse to admit that the colours they employ happen, in this case, to be made up in sticks. The second class is the more interesting. Mr. Clausen, for example, owns that in using pastel he works with a point, but he will not bend so far as to admit that there is such a thing as line. The position of the man who uses a point and yet allows nothing but differences of tone is a difficult one, and Mr. Clausen shews an uncompromising devotion to principle in his fight to

get his modelling by a multitude of little scratches colliding against one another at all angles, literally at cross purposes with one another—for from Mr. Clausen's point of view there is no reason why the scratches should go one way rather than another. Mr. Austen Brown takes a step beyond Mr. Clausen. It is clear that the wilful scratchings at different angles are unreasonable and an offence. But there they are, the marks of the pastel stick. Something must be done about it, some rule invented for their direction. Mr. Brown's solution of the problem is to lay the strokes patiently side by side in one direction throughout, a steady slanting rain. It is curious that an artist should recognize that the strokes need direction, and yet have never a suspicion that the solution might lie in drawing, in allowing the hand which holds the point to be guided by, to follow a little, the shapes of things; it is curious that this pronounced and ordered sweeping across all form should suggest itself in the employment of a medium which is so little made for patience.

An Exception.

The drollest product of this determination to use a stick, and yet not draw with it, was a landscape by Mr. Livens, every one of whose short thick strokes could have been exactly copied in stitches of wool—and I am not sure that this technique would not be elementary and restricted even for the worker in wool. Wherever one looks one finds a forward party engaged in using their medium as if it were somewhere lower down in the scale of fineness—so there were contributors to the exhibition of the Painter-Etchers who sought strength in etching by imitating the thick parallel lines found by old German wood engravers cutting a wooden block, perhaps for common printing on a broadsheet. And at the cost of five or six hundred pictures the Institute endeavoured to prove that water colour is as much misused (though certainly not, in that place, by a forward party) as any other medium. But it is not true. The national art appears to bear more perfect flowers than any other. The tradition has never been broken, and, whatever the fact may signify, its home is at present with the New English Art Club. Bigness of feeling, large and still truths, come to Mr. Hugh Carter's drawing, slipping in unasked, one would say, to a hand balancing surely between a wash that is watery and a touch that does not flow. Mr. Brabazon's delighted brush is making ever fresh discoveries in colour. Nor are the later comers here at a loss to find their various ways within the beautiful limits of the medium.

The Ideal Contemporary Painting.

In an age that knows no feeling for quality in oil paint Mr. Sargent is naturally given a high, the first, place, for he manages to keep some sort of an upright position where others tumble on this side and that. He makes this fine figure of a painter because he is himself upright (almost puritanical), because he is honest, because he is without illusions. His is, in fact, the ideal contemporary painting. In order to stand free in a time of anarchy a man has need of a very decided purpose to be courageous and honest about, and by the side of Mr. Sargent his contemporaries are slack or faltering—Mr. Solomon's man in armour had no *raison d'être*, there is never an urgent purpose directing Mr. Lavery's "strong" painting, Mr. J. J. Shannon is an artist going his way somewhat ungirt and ready to lapse on temptation. Mr. Sargent never lapses, doing what he does do, good or bad, with a will. He can become amazingly brutal; but his most outrageous streaks of paint are not a surrender, nor are they ever a flourish—he leaves the flourish to Mr. Brough and others who have paint to waste. For Mr. Sargent has nothing to waste, not paint, not time, not affection. One imagines him holding his breath and attacking the problem, always a problem, while to keep him up his time-keeper stands behind him with a watch, calling the minutes. Mr. Sargent is very clear-sighted in his purpose, therefore he wastes no sympathy over the nature of the things, faces, stuffs, hands, which he is to paint. The unkindness is remarked by everyone who sees Mr. Sargent's work; but it is unreasonable to quarrel with him on this score. If he were to care he would only trouble his painting where it is now free, weaken and lame it without gain. The quarrel must lie with a technique which does not allow of kindness.

Mr. Sargent and Millais.

And one has, I think, to travel back as far as Millais' portrait of the three sisters playing cards, to find a painter in the Academy who could afford to care. There is nothing in Mr. Sargent's picture to equal the three skirts beneath that card table. Millais with his handsome painting could care much for this handsome gathering of silk, take a deep hold, where Mr. Sargent's brush skims over the surface, leaving a soft cloud in its track, grasping nothing till it meets a fold and flashes in a streak of light. Millais' surface is rich and handsome to look at, Mr. Sargent's surface is hardly bearable. There is, on the other hand, a point where Mr. Sargent has the advantage in the comparison, an

advantage which the contemporary eye is not likely to underrate. The picture of Lady Elcho and her sisters is one thing to the eye in its harmony of colour, while the Millais picture is distracting. Mr. Sargent's green and white harmony is a fine and moving invention, a downright discovery, which lifts him clear away, not only from the majority of his fellow exhibitors, who attempt no harmony at all, but also from the few who make an easy certainty of it by having good taste. He is as unlikely to affect an easy scheme as he is to cultivate a purposeless clumsiness of touch. He is preserved from the first weakness by the best of all supports, a genial sense for colour; he fails, in so far as he does fail, because he has no equally sound and beautiful safeguard against the second.

A Master.

If no question was raised by a consideration of any other picture in the Academy against the ultimate value of the problem which Mr. Sargent solves, it was inevitable that one should pay him, and our time, the compliment of remembering his portraits, for a moment, among the Romneys which were collected in the Grafton Galleries last summer. Mr. Sargent's art leaves out of account what is the constant guide, nay the very existence, of Romney's. To the contemporary, paint is so much colouring matter on a palette, an enemy, an unfit and backward servant, which has to be whipped as smartly as may be and dragged through its business of reproducing the appearance of things. That problem did not present itself to Romney. He had in his paint the closest friend, a second self, a guide to Nature. He does not sally out upon life, dragging after him so much brute matter for its conquest, he stays in his place, playing upon an instrument, accomplishing all the while where the other fights—to leave behind rawness and scars and a creation of questionable stability. When Mr. Sargent paints a hand his object is to give you, at a certain distance, an illusion; that aim is the sole guide his brush knows, and he achieves it in using a strict economy of means. At no distance does such painting satisfy, and on a nearer approach the gallant achievement tumbles headlong, for the hand is distressing streaks of dumb unused paint. It would be impossible for Mr. Sargent to keep his paint untroubled if he did not clear the way by a furious simplification, so that when his process is at its highest, when his hand is not stiff with streaks, it is the perfectly flat silhouette of the hand in the Guildhall portrait of Miss Astor. An artist does not go very far so.

Technique.

And the rapid manner is not dash, not the leisured and secure dash of Romney, it is the quick and spare motion of a man who has to go out on his ventures with an enemy at his side, making a raid with the support of a disaffected companion. If this is no technique, it is a determined sort of tactics which Mr. Sargent has set himself to cultivate and which in such an engagement as the portrait of Miss Astor he has brought to perfection. You may search into a Romney until you see the grain of the canvas, and the painting upon it never becomes paint, it is always a beautiful creation with a life of its own, justified of itself, as baffling and as natural as a well-produced voice, and with intonations which are truth itself, for the hand of Romney's Mrs. Carwardine holding her child is all the beautiful thing a hand is. Indeed we, for all our long and immediate intercourse with Nature, our freedom from convention, our direct appeal to her, are kept stiffly at arm's length, where Romney moved close in her confidence. For he held a corresponding nature in his hand, the nature of oil paint. He is more like Nature than the contemporary can be, his operations are nearer to hers.

Tradition.

Something of this respect for paint remained, however enfeebled, so long as there was a tradition of painting. Indications of it were to be found even at the Guildhall, and, significantly enough, only in pictures which have no attraction for our eyes. The two clever paintings by living artists were Mr. Frith's and Mr. Sidney Cooper's. There was a goat in the background of Mr. Sidney Cooper's picture which was charming in quality, elegantly drawn with gracious buttery strokes; so there were minor passages in Mr. Frith's "Accused of Witchcraft in the Middle Ages," which were pretty handling of a friendly material. One might not regret deeply the loss of this little thread of tradition if that were all; but it is not, for there are all the rest. One might not have welcomed the sight of Mr. Eyre Crowe's "In the Pillory" if one had no Mr. Abbey. The thread of tradition runs fine, it is hard to know where to see it in this year's Academy—perhaps in the warm and luminous space behind Mr. Orchardson's royal portraits, possibly in the fat crease of a top boot and the cords of a drum by Mr. Seymour Lucas. I doubt whether there were many other painters shewn there who feel that oil paint, the substance, spread baldly upon canvas, is an ugly thing to look at. But if a visitor to the galleries, missing the message which his own contemporaries surely have to tell him, may look back wistfully at

days when there was a tradition and a language, it is doubtful whether such regrets for the past could be of any direct and practical service to the painter himself, for it is hardly open to him to make a backward leap with the prayer that he may be born again. Can so completely a *novus homo* as the contemporary painter must be really hope to find himself in ancestry? And at what point will he take up tradition? And if he make a choice, a rather wilful piece of guesswork, will his study give him what he wants, which is not the appearance of the master but the method of the craftsman? I judge from the New English Art Club that any such hopes are held to be inconsiderable.

The New English Art Club.

The New English Art Club is a body that has experienced, and with a healthy impunity, the passage of more than one school. The square brush was there until its error became sufficiently clear to call for academic approval; the Glasgow school looked in for a moment with those schemy arrangements which were necessarily to be run to death in the sad field of decoration. More important than either, Mr. Sargent has sent there his triumphant essays in contemporary painting. Meanwhile, of those who remained in their own place, Mr. Steer himself changed often, though within limits which it is, I think, his privilege to feel, and this spring he shewed, not for the first time, a picture which might fairly defy the regret that every man must find out a way for himself. For the freedom which elsewhere means some ugliness meant here the fresh vision and the unprejudiced hand. Mr. Steer's painting has varied widely, more widely than one would expect from a painter of his genius in steadier times; his moves indeed have been so rapid as to leave admiration somewhat breathless behind. His variations, however, have not been wilful and ephemeral experiments, but rather achievements, of varying weight, no doubt, as he felt his way, and a retrospect of his work leaves an impression which is the best comment upon the beauty of this year's little landscape, namely, that oil paint is a big thing to him.

Mr. Steer.

Mr. Wilson Steer's position is indeed an exceptional one, for he has the exceptional gift, an instinctive feeling for paint; so through all his changes he has found a singular harmony between the handling of paint and the spirit of his very different subjects. He has, in his course, borrowed a support for himself from his older contemporaries, from Mr.

Whistler, from Monet, from Manet—"A Summer Afternoon" shews no signs of parentage except that the artist could hardly before have read with this fluency a scene so full and lively. For it is much that his brush has found to say, it has brought the clouds from far and set them sailing in the summer sky above the low range of hill that almost moves in the distance with their motion, it has found the clustering trees which stud the wide prospect of the valley under the capricious light, it has disposed the fluttering figures on the near height of open ground in their idle school girl attitudes, and set up their solemn playmate of the long afternoon, a great St. Bernard, beside them. Paint is here a language that catches up in its run all the factors of this open scene, from the sailing clouds to the bend of the girl's figure over her dog, and presents them in one breath. And the harmony of colour is as frank as the handling of a responsive medium—the purple, white and blue of the heavens dominating the green and browns of the valley, answered by the white dresses with their thick shadows and the happy point of black sashes.

Mr. Charles Shannon.

It was quite certain even to those who knew Mr. Charles Shannon only by his lithographs, and perhaps by the reputation which came to him as an artist standing somewhat apart and unhurried, that if he painted he would not commit the contemporary blunders. But how would he make himself an exception? Would he, perhaps, in a very conscious determination to ensure dignity, strain back to an unreachable past, or limit his view, to the exclusion of all frankness, helped by no sounder motive than a dislike of much ugliness around him? His lithographs would not have proved such hesitation unreasonable, because they often seemed, not so much inspired, as limited by the certain sentiment which hung over them. For there is an imagination, a general hang of sentiment (such was the undramatic sentiment of Burne-Jones), which, so far from making the world a larger place by its action, narrows the outlook, rather imposing a restriction upon life than uncovering a beauty. It was at least possible that Mr. Shannon's oil painting, exceptional as it certainly would be, might contain some such drawback at the very root of its distinction. If the portraits of men which Mr. Shannon has exhibited at the New English Art Club during the last two years were reassuring, there still was need of Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall's portrait (shewn at the Portrait Painters in the early spring of this year) to dismiss suspicion, to shew beyond dispute that the artist

possessed, in the sympathy with his medium, in a sensitive respect for its quality, something of the real rarity, the one guide, that sound and sane power which makes vague and oppressive meanings not worth while, being in itself the revealer of secrets. Some delight in the paint itself, that is the clean gift, the cool superiority. Mr. Shannon was fortunate, I fancy, in this his latest subject, which allowed of no temptation, as his portraits of men did, to bring in from outside a limiting nobility, but rather inspired him to follow out with gracious paint the fine gratefulness which his hand can command, and, for the rest, left him free to arrive, in the course of this sensitive following, at a sentiment, a something *intrigant*, which stands, like the achievement of no conscious effort, square to all the world with its charm. The happy understanding with his paint has allowed him the wellnigh unheard of right to linger upon his drawing, so that the sleeve of the lady's grey satin coat was what no other among all the many satins of the year could be—it was cherished.

Colour and the Material.

If Mr. Steer, in the unbiassed freshness of vision, has made what advantage could be made from the absence of rules, he has sometimes, on the other hand, to pay for his freedom. For with the admirable absence of prejudice there was also a lack of repose in his large portrait of the mother and her children. That the picture should seem to have failed of repose by very little—needing only, perhaps, the passage of years over its surface to give the painting a final settlement—this is a delusion which shews how far out in its conclusions the contemporary eye can be. Looking always to colour for an explanation, and seeing that Mr. Steer does not go wrong there, one is forced to conclude that dignity will come when the whites have warmed a little and the green softened. The disquiet is more radical, it lies at the beginning and is not to be removed at the end. It is not the fresh colours that are crude, but the paint which is not all digested. Romney might put together colours that refused to make truce, but the disturbance would be only superficial, with firm peace beneath, since the material itself would lie content and smiling under his perfect treatment. Mr. Steer would not compromise even to the extent of returning upon himself, for though the life-size figures of the "Jonquil" period had a finality of their own, that manner of painting did not hold what is here his vision, the white frocks, the vivid baby actions, and the laughing faces of incomparable fairness. But in losing nothing of all this, the paint has outrun control,

ON MODERN PAINTING.

and lies, to a great extent, just paint upon the canvas. He has retained marvellously what delighted him: from the flash of their fair curls to the restless little feet in their red shoes, his babies make one laugh for pleasure in sympathy. For it is to be remarked that Mr. Steer is too much of a painter to be unsympathetic even when his paint does not answer his call, which was, in this case, too little sustained or extended to claim entire obedience over so large a surface. His medium has not been persuaded; but he is unused to such signs of unfriendliness, he has not set himself to work as if an enmity were inherent in the art, and cultivated his power to that end. So the problem that was before him has been left still something of an open question.

Modern painters are so confirmed in the habit of going at once, and always, and anyhow, to Nature, as if she were the sole factor in their art, that they must often be unfortunately at her mercy, without a defence, with no language ready in which to frame an answer. And yet the pictures of the year shew that those who cease to look with devotion retire into their various corners for no better purpose than to cultivate some little solecism.

O. SICKERT.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

THE PRELUDE.

On green Blencathara's naked ridge
I rested in the blue of noon,
While memory reared a golden bridge
Across the azure gulf of June.

My heart, with solitude alone,
Remembered not the daily strife,
Save as an ancient rumour blown
From some forgotten sea of life.

And, gazing over fell and mere,
I saw the old heroic North;
The flying shaft; the hurtling spear;
The quest of love; the deed of wrath:

I saw the storm of battle surge
And break about the lonely pele;
The foe-encompassed raider urge
His horse against the serried steel;

The bloody foam of early wars
That stained the bent and bracken red;
The lonely quest beneath the stars
That burn above the Vale of Dread.

I saw King Arthur ride again
To battle with the heathen horde,
And warriors in a glittering train
Who fared to triumph with their lord:

Sir Launcelot, the lovers' knight,
Who rode upon the King's right hand,—
His blade and buckler in the fight;
Sir Ywain, lord of Cumberland;

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

Sir Gawain of the harper's tale;
Sir Balin and Sir Balan bold;
Sir Mordred of the deed of bale;
Sir Gareth of the heart of gold;

Sir Galahad, the brand of God,
To wither up the powers of hell;
Sir Percival, the righteous rod,
Christ fashioned, heathen hearts to quell:

And all the knights whose valiant names
Beget a thousand deeds of might,
When suddenly the beacon flames
Across the perilous Northern night.

A glancing stream of shining mail,
I saw them through the valley throng;
And many a silence-haunted dale
Re-echoed with their battle song:

Till riding down the western ways
They passed by Derwentwater's shore,
And vanished in a golden haze
Beyond my ken for evermore.

And now no sound nor motion stirred
Blencathara's ancient silence lone,
Save where a solitary bird
Croaked on a pinnacle of stone.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

From
London



Town.

October, 1900.

The Difference between Liking Books and Admiring Books—"Robert Orange"*—*Private Embroideries*—*The Value of Feeling*—*When Mrs. Craigie was John Oliver Hobbes*—"The Master-Christian"†—*Miss Corelli's Equipment*—*The New Imitation of Christ*—"The Wallet of Kai Lung"‡—*A Handful of Chinese Wisdom*.

**"For to Admire and
for to Like."**

New books are now coming at the rate of scores every day; but there are still certain products of the summer to be dealt with. Chief among these, at any rate in workmanship and conscientious pains, is "Robert Orange." "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes—or, as most people have it, Mrs. Craigie, for this most interesting of recent pseudonyms seems to have had its day—is the continuation of "The School for Saints," and is one of those books (we all have some on our lists) which one finds it possible to admire more than like. As it is of course the stories which one likes that really count in one's reading experiences, to say this is to convey depreciation.

**Old Plots and New
Psychology.**

Mrs. Craigie, even in the old days, was never strong at plots, but she now snubs them more than ever. Psychology will serve. The plot of "Robert Orange" is venerable, and so simple and trite that the author might have taken it from a "Bow Bells" novelette and translated it into Belgravian. Old plots being always revered and lords being still dearly loved, half the battle is over for

* "Robert Orange" (6/-, Fisher Unwin). † "The Master-Christian" (6/-, Methuen).

‡ "The Wallet of Kai Lung" (6/-, Grant Richards).

a book when this happens. In a new environment of strawberry leaves and coronets, Park Lane, the Embassies, and gilt edged politics, the old plot proceeds; a handsome lover marries a beautiful girl, the beautiful girl is found to have a husband still living, a duel is fought between the lover and one who dares to admire his nominal wife, the nominal wife goes on the stage, and the lover having killed his man, seeks the anodyne of the Roman Catholic Church and becomes Monsignor Orange. By making the lover private secretary to Mr. Disraeli, a touch of actuality is imparted, and the way is made clear for the picturesque figure of the author of "Lothair" to flit through the book.

The Usefulness of Hesitants.

Dumas asked for a passion and a couple of boards; Mrs. Craigie asks only for a few superior persons who don't quite know their own minds. In explaining their positions, in weighing for them the pros and cons, in half-melancholy, half-cynical stories of their past, in half wistful, half pessimistic speculations as to their future, she is happy. My misfortune is that in reading the book I have not been happy too. "Robert Orange" has failed to move me, failed to do more than excite a languid interest in its personages. In my ordinary anonymous humble capacity I should be disposed to think that the fault was mine, but here—occupying the position of critic—I am bound to consider the fault Mrs. Craigie's.

Private Embroidery Fiction.

I used just now the phrase "private embroideries," and it is under that heading, I think, that "Robert Orange" belongs. Mrs. Craigie seems to me to have invented a world for her own purpose, wherein move and think and talk certain persons of congenial intellect. She does not give the impression that it is real life of which she writes, or that one need be seriously concerned in the least whether or not these figures get what they desire. In the ordinary way one is sorry if the central characters of a story are crossed in love, but the misfortunes of Robert Orange are immaterial. I seemed to be conscious while reading the book of some barrier between me and the drama, as if the gauze curtain which was used by the French company that played "Maeterlinck" a year or so ago had been again dropped, or as if I witnessed the performance in a reflector. Robert de Hausée Orange, Beauclerk Reckage, Pensée Fitz-Rewes, Sara de Treverell, The Earl of Yarrow, Brigit Parflete, Mudara, Secret Agent of the Alberian Government, all seem to me (an effect assisted maybe by the intense artificiality of their names) unreal; and when people are unreal they ought to be fascinatingly interesting to make up for their unreality. The novelist's luxury of departing from the facts of life

must be paid for by unusual attractiveness. It is not so, however, in "Robert Orange": there is brilliant if monotonously capable talk; there is intensely intelligent analysis of emotions and motives; there is a West End glamour that never fades; but one is never taken in. One feels all the while that Mrs. Craigie is merely moving her puppets about as she likes, more because the game amuses her than because art dictates. Never for an instant is the pen snatched from her hand by one of the Fates—as it is now and again in great and sincerely-felt fiction.

**The Value of Deep
Feeling.**

"You might do a great deal if you would forget yourself," says one character to another in this book, and it is a remark that one is tempted to make to Mrs. Craigie.

She is all the time too conscious, too much pleased, she knows so much about her power, and, being herself interested in her creations, is so confident that her readers must be interested too. Of course there is no doubt that self-confidence is one of the roads to success, but humility is a road too and sometimes the shortest cut. The chief fault of "Robert Orange" is, I think, want of feeling. Feeling has its faults, but its virtues are many and precious. A novelist who does not feel will never make his readers feel; he will at most regale their intellects. Mrs. Craigie might very naturally point out that, her characters having themselves few excesses of feeling, the history of them necessarily has few excesses of feeling also. Yet with more effort to let them develop themselves, rather than to exploit them herself, the author would, I believe, have made a fine thing. The book is witty, shrewd and extremely alert; it has all the machinery of a very capable novel; but the breath of life is lacking.

Personally I much prefer the writings of John Oliver Hobbes' earlier days, when a place had yet to be won. With assured fame so often comes a state of mind that impairs freshness: it may be confidence, it may be over-scrupulousness. Swift is not the only author who could exclaim of a youthful effort, "What a genius I had when I wrote that book!" From John Oliver Hobbes the joyous art of indiscretion has apparently departed. Laying aside the self-conscious rectitudes of "Robert Orange" one sighs for the careless, irresponsible, satirical days of "Some Emotions and a Moral" and "A Bundle of Life." At least I do.

Hard upon the heels of "Robert Orange,"

**Miss Marie Corelli as
Tractarian.**

advocate of Rome, comes "The Master-Christian," vilifier of Rome; a curious contrast. Mrs. Craigie has always herself in

hand, is always critical and cold and nervously intelligent and faithful

to good form. Miss Corelli cares nothing for good form, is not nervously intelligent and is never cold. She rushes into her subject, flings accusations or eulogies right and left, abandons herself to the task; and, with more readers than not, conquers by sheer force of energy and real, or very successfully simulated sincerity. She has no half tones; hence, no doubt in great part, her popularity.

"The Master-Christian" is less a novel than a pamphlet, a tract, a polemic. Miss Corelli, it seems, disapproves of the Church of Rome, and this colossal production—there are a quarter of a million words to it—formulates her objections. Miss Corelli is welcome to her opinions of the Vatican, but it is doubtful if she has any right to crowd them into a book and flavour the mass with just enough dramatic incident to justify the use of the term "novel"; more than "novel" indeed—"romance," for I notice that her publisher dares to give it that noble name. To produce a polemic in the guise of fiction being, however, one of those offences which carry their punishment with them, the critic need say no more.

Never having read anything of Miss **A Retiring Champion**. Corelli's until this volume, I have always had the feeling that the acidulated treatment which some reviewers reserved for her writing was extreme and unfair, and such championship as ignorance dictated Miss Corelli has had from me. But (although I dislike the backward movement) I must retire from the lists forthwith. As a novelist Miss Corelli has lost what poor and ill founded support I used to give her, although as a determined and uncompromising assailant of what she does not like she retains it. There is so much half-hearted disapproval about, that the heat of this preposterously unfair book is almost welcome.

The story is slender and very naive: a **Joshua Davidson Again**. good Cardinal, good principally because he is simple and in no possible way by virtue of his Hat, is troubled by doubts as to the integrity of the Roman Catholic Church, and indeed of all churches. In the midst of his perplexity he comes upon a waif in the streets, a boy, comely and eloquent, who giving only the name of Manuel, attaches himself permanently to the Cardinal and to a large extent supplies his thoughts. It gradually breaks upon the reader that this boy is intended to represent Jesus Christ in a new incarnation; but it is impossible to congratulate Miss Corelli upon her success with the gigantic task she has set herself. To make a character talk as Christ would have talked is to possess larger capacity than a popular novelist needs. Were Miss Corelli able to achieve such an undertaking she would hardly be writing these stories

of hers at all. As a matter of fact the boy is captious, querulous, stilted, and of very ordinary ability. The Cardinal also is simply a mild questioner—he never suggests intellectual power. The twain, however, remain together for the rest of the book, united in mutual admiration and fortifying each other's disapproval of everything of which Miss Corelli also disapproves. After an interview with the Pope, whom Miss Corelli describes with merciless realism (or what stands for realism to me, who have not seen his Holiness), as though the accident of being a very old man were among the unpardonable offences; after an interview with the Pope, in which the boy delivers a tremendous philippic against Rome, the Cardinal and his associate take refuge in England, driven there by fear of Papal thunder (although to have died for the cause would have been nobler). And there, one night, the boy leads the Cardinal to the altar steps of a church, where, the next morning, his body is found. Meanwhile the Boy, blossoming forth into capital letters, vanishes from Earth.

To be done with any good effect this sort of fable must come from a very earnest simple mind. Miss Corelli has strength of feeling, but her anger is too much like annoyance, her rage too much like rancour, for her to succeed in so great a labour. Indeed, one's impression often is that not the destruction of the Roman Catholic faith and consequent purification of the race, but the desire to out distance some rival author, has been the origin of this book.

Even such a reputation as Miss Corelli

Glimpses of Hectic has won could not stand if only hostile

Life. criticism of the Church of Rome were issued

in her name, and melodrama has therefore

been added; but it is a half-hearted business. We have a beautiful Italian girl who paints satirical pictures with overwhelming genius—a useful figure to embody Miss Corelli's belief in the power of woman; we have her lover, an Italian painter, who, to the reader's intense surprise and dismay, on discovering how well his betrothed can paint, stabs her in the back. This he does with the intention of himself claiming the authorship of her picture—a lie in which the Church of Rome is prepared to support him to the last gasp: why, I am not Jesuit enough to understand. We have also an impassioned French Christian Democrat, Gys Grandit, the natural son of the wittiest Abbé in France. Gys Grandit is one of those men encountered only in feminine fiction—strong men, whose oratorical eloquence is like a divine torrent, whose written words run through a country like wild-fire. We also have his Anglo-Saxon counterpart, Aubrey Leigh, who has done for England with his speeches and books very much what Gys Grandit has done for

France. Gys marries Angela, the Italian genius, who recovers from her wound, and Aubrey Leigh marries Sylvie, Countess von Hermenstein, one of Miss Corelli's frivolous and beautiful puppets, who (like the witty Abbé) after seeing the evil of Rome becomes as a little child. Lastly, in addition to various unscrupulous priests, there are the wicked Marquis de Fontenelle and the equally wicked actor, Miraudin, both paragons of "libertinage," who, after dealing each other fatal wounds in a duel in the Campagna, have just time to discover that they are long lost brothers. Of such is the "human interest" that leavens this amazing polemic, one hundred thousand copies of which were printed before the day of publication.

**An Anglo-Chinese
Humorist.**

So much for the West and its feverish troubles. "The Wallet of Kai Lung," a book of Chinese stories, takes us at a bound to the complacent East. "The Wallet of Kai Lung" is not new in the way that "Robert Orange" and "The Master-Christian" are new; but the trouble in China at any rate makes it topical, and to be topical is to be better than new. Mr. Bramah (a style which I understand covers the author's real name) is a humourist, but China, having for the time being ceased to be a subject for humour, this is I fear against him. It is not, however, Mr. Bramah's fault that the Boxers arose, and he ought not to be made to suffer for it. Miss Corelli might learn something from Mr. Bramah, for his temper is superb. Chinese corruption is not less worthy of attack than the alleged unscrupulousness of Rome, and Mr. Bramah exposes it with as much thoroughness as Miss Corelli lays bare the nefarious schemes of the Sacred College; but whereas Miss Corelli performs her task with shrillness and acerbity, Mr. Bramah preserves perfect urbanity. Mr. Bramah, also, in the prosecution of his task, removes gravity; and for that, in a gloomy age, one can be very grateful. His work reminds me a little of Dr. Garnett's "Twilight of the Gods," that very entertaining exercise in sardonic humour and stealthy irony. There is a suggestion also of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's peculiar whimsicality, particularly in the story of the Transmutation of Ling, the narrative of a needy young man who, having hit upon a potion that turns his body to gold, sells himself to a syndicate, and endures—and subsequently evades—many tribulations. Kai Lung himself is a wandering story-teller of ready wit and cynical shrewdness, a past master in the art of flowery compliment.

To extract humour from the excesses of
Six Wise Aphorisms. Chinese conversational politeness is within most persons' capacity, although few, if any, could carry off the feat with Mr. Bramah's dexterity and fun. But to

devise proverbs as ingenious and whimsical as some of Kai Lung's is a considerable achievement. I pick out a few from these diverting pages :

"When struck by a thunderbolt it is unnecessary to consult the Book of Dates as to the precise meaning of the omen."

"It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class teashops."

"When marked out by destiny, a person will assuredly be drowned, even though he passes the whole of his existence among the highest branches of a date tree."

"Should a person on returning from the city discover his house to be in flames, let him examine well the change which he has received from the chair-carrier before it is too late; for evil never travels alone."

"The road to eminence lies through the cheap and exceedingly uninviting eating-houses."

"He is a wise and enlightened suppliant who seeks to discover an honourable Mandarin, but he is a fool who cries out, 'I have found one.'"

E. V. LUCAS.



The above tail-piece is a facsimile of a woodcut illustrating the "London Post" newspaper for January, 1647, showing the manner in which the mail was then conveyed from London to Edinburgh, which, at the time, occupied ten days.

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.



THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION.

"Lord Grey, the Bishop of Chester, the Bishop of Rochester, and others of the nobility gentry, and clergy, request the magistrates to give them public house licenses."—*The Times*, September 15th, 1900.

[Many of our readers will doubtless remember that Earl Grey, having been granted a public-house licence for Broomhill, has decided to dedicate all the profits to the good of the neighbourhood. He now wishes, in conjunction with Sir Andrew Noble, Dr. R. Spence Watson, Sir Benjamin Browne, and others, to carry on other public-houses on this principle in the county, and a movement to that effect is being organised, this being practically the Gothenburg system. On the 15th September, a notice appeared (as to the National Movement) in the *Times*, which produced from Sir Wilfred Lawson the poem we print below.—
ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]

Wearied with Kensit's noisy strife,
The Bishops seek a holier life ;
All thought of Incense, Vestments, Cross,
Aside with thankfulness they toss,
And start upon a new career,—
The hallowed one of selling beer.
The prospect is indeed sublime,
Perhaps the noblest of our time,

Too long has Bung his liquors doled,
 And this "distilled damnation" sold.
 Now things indeed are different far,—
 A Bishop stands behind the Bar.
 Pot boys and "Chuckers out" stand round,
 On what's now reckoned holy ground,
 Fit for their work, and well arrayed,
 Fair samples of the Church Brigade,
 All on their useful business bent,
 All working up their five per cent.
 Oh! with what pride the holy man,
 Is able all the work to scan;
 This seems unto his reverend mind,
 The way to benefit mankind;
 How sadly have been led astray,
 Teetotallers of an earlier day,
 "Please," cries the Bishop, "liquor take;
 And take it for your stomach's sake,
 If you feel sinking, weak and faint,
 That is the 'Timothy complaint,'
 For that, dear brother, take some wine,
 Trust me the precept is divine,
 And when you've drunk it, please bethink,
 That you must pay for what you drink,
 Because this sacred place is meant
 To pay its owners five per cent.
 And so throughout the livelong day
 Just pay and drink, and drink and pay."
 "A statement once Lord Randolph made,
 On what he called a 'Devilish Trade,'
 But when a Bishop starts to sell,
 Believe me then, that all is well,
 'Tis pleasant to do good by stealth,
 So, Christian brethren, here's your health."
 Then in soft tones he said "Good-bye,"
 And gently winked "the other eye."

WILFRID LAWSON.

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.

"PROUD PRESTON."

Many booklets and pamphlets have been written about the Guilds, Parliamentary Representation, Manners, Customs and Folklore of Preston in Lancashire—"Proud Preston" on the Ribble side, hard by the Irish Sea—terminus of the Old Pretender's fiasco and birthplace of teetotalism. Yet how many, or how few, of us know it as a place with a good old history—a history worth telling, and above all, worth reading if well told?

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran" there were dwellers upon the spot over which the town of Preston has grown. Thirty of their skulls, "of fairly intellectual development," have been unearthed from amid the stumps of primeval forest by the up-to-date "navvy," bending over that most prosaic of modern enterprises—the making of a dock. It may be doubted whether in any other part of the British Isles, outside of caves and tumuli, such palpable evidence of ancestral denizens has ever been discovered. Newcastle-upon-Tyne claims a respectable antiquity. It not only is, but, as a punctilious alderman informed an inquisitive judge, "it always was a very old ancient town." As yet, however, Newcastle has not discovered prehistoric founders in Tyneside drift.

Other evidences of antiquity are abundant. The Romans had a road through Preston; Wilfrid is said to have endowed the early community there with their first church; Henry III. gave the townspeople a charter, with Gild Merchant and Hanse, and other privileges similar to those, which six years earlier, he had conferred upon the men of Newcastle. Stimulated by these concessions Preston became the principal town in the county, with Lancaster second and Liverpool far away behind. Successive sovereigns in their pleasure or their need, bestowed fresh privileges upon the community, and to-day the municipal coffers contain charters granted by a round dozen of English monarchs, along with rolls of guilds and records of industrial life extending over three hundred years. The conservative instinct of civic fathers which has preserved to us these invaluable records deserves recognition, and we may heartily adopt the standing toast of Prestonians in the olden time—"Prosperation to the Corporation!"

With considerable judgment and skill, Lieutenant-Colonel Fishwick, historian of Rochdale, of Kirkham, and of Goosenargh, has condensed into a handsome and well illustrated quarto, the somewhat voluminous

* "A History of the Parish of Preston," Lieut.-Col. Fishwick. (Elliot Stock, London.)

archives of this ancient Ribbleside borough. Under the general title of "A History of the Parish of Preston"* the author treats of the town in its general, ecclesiastical, parliamentary and municipal—in every way, in short, save its commercial—development. Among these sections the longest, and in some respects the most interesting, is the genealogical. Covering fully a third of the volume, it comprises a history of the old houses and old families from which the town derives its sobriquet of "Proud Preston," with devolutions of the one, and pedigrees of the other which, if not new in conception, are admirable in scope, method and treatment. So much cannot be said of all the rest. The ecclesiastical part, for example, shows an inadequate sense of proportion, for, while sixty pages or so treat of the Anglican Church, only a dozen are allotted to all other denominations. A hundred years ago, when local historians were mostly drawn from the ranks of the clergy, and nonconformists, like the conies, were but a feeble folk, such preferences and exclusions might pass, but here, on the threshold of the twentieth century ———? In another department, that which treats of early printing and journalism, condensation is carried to an extreme, while, throughout the volume, punctuation is mysterious, not to say maddening. On page 22, for example, we read:—

In 1291, one of those riots took place here of which the details if they had been preserved would have been of interest, as it is, all we know is that on the 14th January in that year, a commission of Oyer and Terminer was issued to Robert Brabazon and John de Byrun, touching the persons who at Preston assaulted Richard Puncharder, so that his life was despaired of. Richard Puncharder was a man of position living at Little Milton, his daughter and heiress, Loretta married Allen de Caterall of Mitton.

A copious index which, although incomplete and not always accurate, is helpful and convenient, accompanies the volume.

W. WELFORD.

DR. PREVOST'S EDITION OF DICKINSON'S CUMBERLAND GLOSSARY*

is much more than its unpretentious title-page suggests. The third edition of a standard book, and no more, might here be inferred; but Dr. Prevost has used the original work as a mere foundation. With its present form we have an amalgamation of all the glossaries of this dialect hitherto published; the series of prefixes include extended lists of local word-forms, place-names, plant-names, and the local names of the fauna. These are prefaced by an important treatise on the phonology and grammar

* "The Cumberland Glossary" (15', Thurnam & Sons, Carlisle).

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.

of the dialect by Mr. S. Dickson Brown. In the vocabulary itself each word has been carefully localized, and copious quotations illustrate the usages throughout. The Cumberland Glossary of Dr. Prevost is, in fact, a new and original work in many respects. Its added features are the result of laborious accumulation, of keen investigation, and of scholarly arrangement. Citations such as "Kinch" indicate how closely Dr. Prevost has worked up his material to date.

The appearance of the third edition of a local glossary is significant of the growing interest manifested in our dialect speech, a complete embodiment of which is rapidly proceeding in the English Dialect Dictionary of Professor Wright. That compendium, so far from superseding, has enhanced the claim of local glossaries; for we turn to the pages of the greater work and return again to seek the local colour and the greater details provided by the County word-book. The new Cumberland Glossary is thus as timely as it is interesting.

There is in the folk-speech of this district a fascination peculiar to itself. No doubt this is a matter of association in which the attractiveness of Cumberland and the character and habits of its kindly people are all in keeping. "The sun shines fair on Carlisle Wall" at this day as it shone in days of old when the burgers stood to arms in "Merrie Carlisle." A traditional gaiety pervades and is reflected in the utterance of the people, with lilt, and trill, and cadence, all combining to give that peculiar charm recognized in the folk-speech of "Canny Oald Cumberland." Dr. Prevost's pages suggest all this and more. Here are primitive cults and country simplicity, and the old-world air of a pastoral. It is a land with its "Cheppel Sundays," its "Oaldfwok's neet," and its "Whittlegate." It has its quaint "toons," like Harriby and Tarriby "and Bys beath far an' weyde." If the idyllic picture is marred by a shadow it may be found in the spirit of self-assertion indicated in the lines which boastfully proclaim:—

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch;
And mony mair *cums* i' the county,
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match.

Or in the chastening touch of the old fighting spirit which lingers in the five pages reserved in Dr. Prevost's book for "Words applied to Beating and Striking."

R. O. HESLOP.

NOTE.

It is our intention shortly to publish a series of articles on the Northern Dialects, which we believe our readers will find to be of great interest, for they, properly speaking, consist not of English mis-spelt, but largely of genuine Old English, Saxon, Norse and Danish words, the study of which is of great help to the student of literature and the lover of antiquity.

To read about the Cumbrian "Cheppel Sunday," and the custom of "Whittlegate" is to be transported back into the past, a hundred years and more ago. Take again the couplet quoted by the late Canon Atkinson,

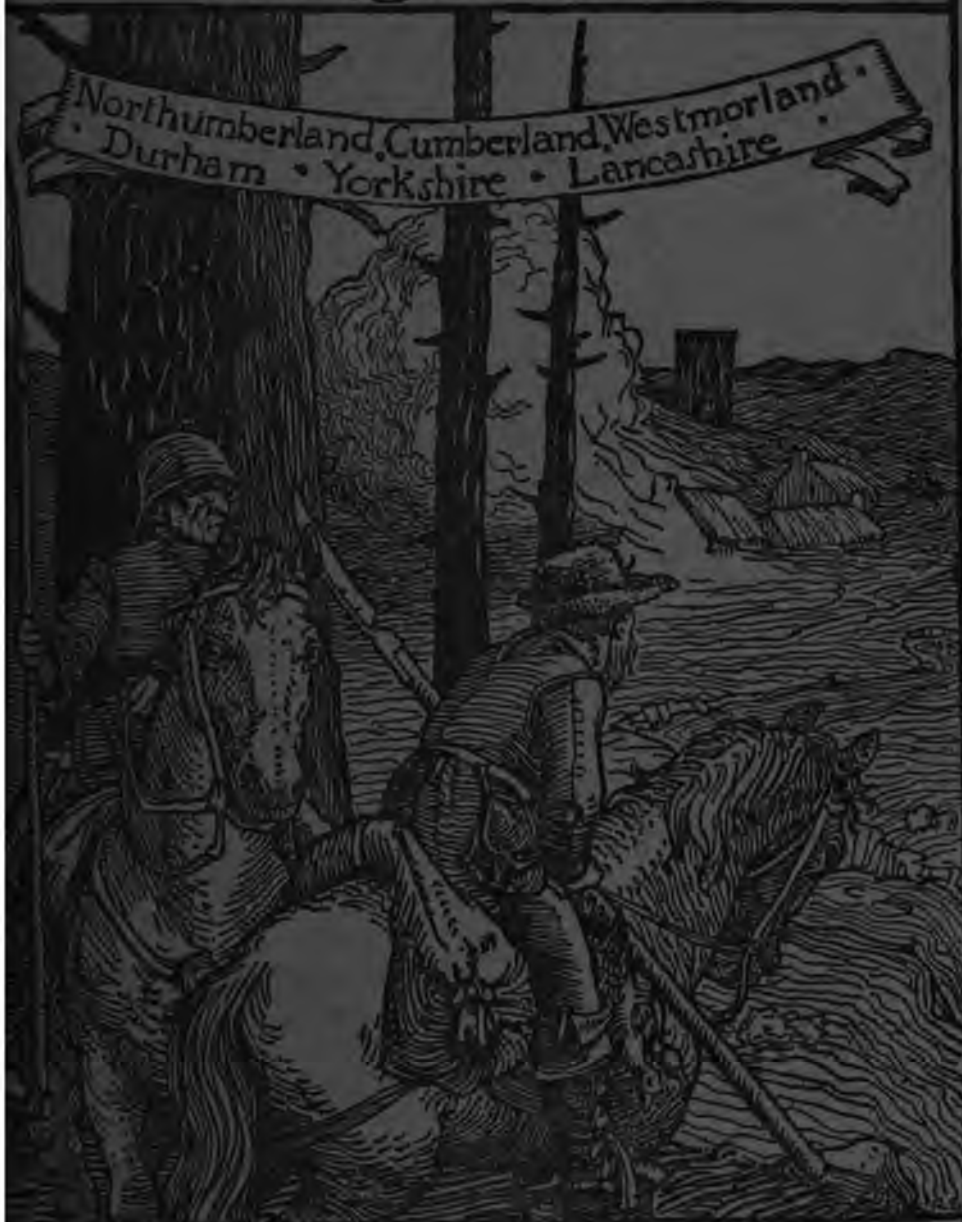
"Gin Rob mun hae nowght but a hardin' hamp,
He'll coom nae mair, nowther to berry nor stamp,"

and you are translated back into the Middle Ages.

As the Marquis of Ripon truly said in his inaugural address to the members of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, which is doing such excellent work for its own county, "The study of the ancient language of any county is of the highest value in understanding the national history and the national character."

"Everything which brings before us the past of our country, what its people were and what they have been, the lives they lived and the tongue they talked—all this is of the deepest interest, especially in days like these, when it has come to be recognised by students of history that the real history of a people does not consist merely in the doings of its sovereigns or statesmen, its great soldiers or sailors, but also in all that concerns the lives, the progress, the speech, and the industry of the people."

The Northern Counties Magazine.



Frontispiece: "Rain, Steam, and Speed,"

Steam and Speed (1800-1800). By "Bryce's."

The British Memorial. By Canon Rawnsley.

The Death of Sir the King. By W. W. Gibson.

Triumph of Donald Sambo. By P. Chatterton.

Medieval French Art. By R. E. Fry.

Contemplative Man in Norway. By J. W. Pease.

A Yorkshire Vignette. By J. W. Barradough.

London Literary Letter. By E. V. Lucas.

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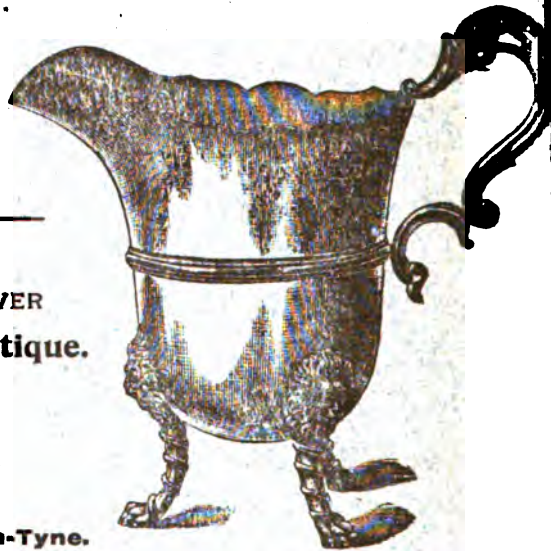
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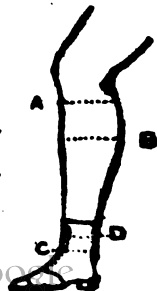
Round Leg for top of

legging.....

Round calf, largest p't.....

Round ankle at D.....

Length down front A to G.





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"RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED."
[Turner.]

[Autotype Co.]

The Northern Counties Magazine.

December, 1900.

STEAM AND SPEED. ✓

1800-1900.

The delight of travelling rapidly in a post-chaise was, as Dr. Johnson observed long ago, one of the pleasantest that life had to give to man.

No doubt the good Doctor's pleasure was to some extent æsthetic and romantic, and doubtless there was always to be looked forward to at the end of the day that "warm welcome at an inn" wherein he "loved to take his ease."

Still, for all that it is evident that it was the exhilaration of quick movement that largely charmed the great man, and had he lived nowadays he would have been the first to admire and enjoy the extraordinary speeds as well as the material comforts of the modern "train de luxe" and corridor express.

Suppose that Boswell, in Ruskinian fashion, had affected to uphold the ancient and more romantic order he would have been summarily disposed of with a, "But, Sir, you are to consider the matter from the practical point of view. Trade is benefitted, the country is opened out, the remotest village is not without its books and newspapers, and *lastly, if you have the misfortune to be born a Scotchman, you can leave Edinburgh at ten in the morning and be in London by 6.15 in the afternoon.*"

Let us compare for a moment the present with the past, lest we forget the wonderful progress of the nineteenth century in the matter of speed alone. Supposing our ancestors in 1706 had been desirous "to pass from York to London" they would have had, according to the old coach

advertisement, "to repair to the 'Black Swan' in Coney Street in York where they might be received in a stage coach every Monday, Wednesday and Friday,"—"which performs the whole journey in four days, (if God permits) and sets forth at five in the morning."

This of course was "express" speed; ordinary passengers by post-chaise would have taken much longer in the then bad condition of the roads, as is evident from the fact that in 1712 a coach was advertised to run from the Canongate in Edinburgh to London, "performing the whole journey in thirteen days;" the fare was £4 10s. 0d.; luggage allowed twenty pounds. All above sixpence per pound.

Or again, let us take the "record," to use the modern phrase, of the

YORK Four Days Stage-Coach.

Begin on Friday the 12th. of April 1706.

ALL that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other Place on that Road; Let them Repair to the *Black Swan in Holborn in London, and to the Black Swan in Coney Street in York.*

At both which Places, they may be received in a Stage Coach every *Monday, Wednesday and Friday,* which performs the whole Journey in *Four Days, (if God permit.)* And sets forth at *Five in the Morning.*

And returns from *York to Stamford* in two days, and from *Stamford by Huntington to London* in two days more. And the like Stages on their return.

Allowing each Passenger 10s. 10 night, and all above get a Round.

Performed By { *Enjamin Kingma,
Henry Harrison,
Walker Bayne.*

Also this gives Notice that *Newcastle Stage Coach,* sets out from *York, every Monday, and Friday,* and from *Newcastle every Monday, and Friday.*

Road in pl. or co. of Mr. Bodington for a pl. for Monday 12th 5 of June 1706

journey from London to York, and from London to Edinburgh and compare them with the "records" of the railway in 1895. Let us read the account given by Sir Robert Carey, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, of his ride from London to Edinburgh to carry the tidings of Queen Elizabeth's death to King James. "I returned and tooke horse betweene nine and ten a clock (Thursday forenoon) and that night rode to Doncaster. The Friday night I came to my owne house at Withrington, and presently tooke order with my deputies to see the Borders kept in quiet, which they had much to doe, and gave order the next morning the King of Scotland

should be proclaimed King of England, and at Morpit and Alnwick. Very early on Saturday I tooke horse for Edenborough, and came to Norham about twelve at noone, so that I might well have been with the King at supper-time, but I got a great fall by the way, and my horse with one of his heels gave me a great blow on the head that made me shed much blood. It made so weak that I was forced to ride a soft pace after, so that the King was new gone to bed by the time that I knocked on the gate" (Saturday evening).

Dick Turpin—again—is said to have ridden from London to York in a day, after having committed a robbery in London just before dawn, and being there recognized.

By sunset, 'tis said—say, fifteen hours later—"he entered York, having ridden the one mare two hundred measured miles." Pelham,



MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.

however, the compiler of the Newgate Calendar, denies that there is any truth in the tale, while Defoe, in his "Tour through Great Britain," recounts that "one Nicks, after robbing a gentleman on Gads Hill, came away on a bay mare, to Gravesend, was stopped by the difficulty of the boat and of the passage near an hour, which was a great discouragement to him, but was a kind of bait to his horse."

"From there he rode across the country to Essex, through Tilbury, Horndon, Biterecay to Chelmsford; here he stopped about half an hour to refresh

his horse and give him some balls; from there to Braintree, Booking, Wethersfield; then over the downs to Cambridge, and from thence keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stanton to Godmanchester and Huntingdon where he baited himself and his mare about an hour.

Then, holding on the North Road, and keeping a full large gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon, put off his boots and riding clothes, and went, dressed as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, and not a traveller, to the bowling-green, where, among other gentlemen, was the Lord Mayor of the City; he, singling out his lordship,

studied to do something particular that the Mayor might remember him by, and accordingly lays some odd bet with him concerning the bowls then running, which should cause the Mayor to remember it the more particularly, and takes occasion to ask his lordship what o'clock it was; who pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before, or a quarter after, eight at night."

This is narrated with so much deft artistic detail that one would like to accept it as genuine, but we shall probably be safer in regarding it as



By permission of the]

TURF HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, circa 1800.

[*Newcastle Chronicle.*

a " tale of an old coaching inn " which an artist like Defoe would at once take up and round off to a perfect finish.

As to the expenses of the journey we can see from Whitehead's Second Newcastle Directory, published in 1782, that they must have been very considerable.

" By the Newcastle and London Post Coach which set out (with a guard) from Mr. Nelson's, the ' Bull and Post Boy Inn,' every day (Sundays excepted) at three o'clock in the morning, each inside passenger had to

STEAM AND SPEED.

pay £2 2s. 0d., while by the daily diligence to Edinburgh each passenger had to pay £1 14s. 0d."

There would be, of course, in addition to above, the traveller's hotel expenses, food, and "vails," or "tips," to ostlers and guards and drivers, which would mount up to a considerable figure. Whitehead also gives a "Table of expenses," occurring in travelling post from Edinburgh to London at 9d. per mile—which mount up, with £1 4s. 10½d. for "chaise-tolls," to £15 8s. 10½d., while he leaves conveniently empty the columns for "personal expenses" and "Hostlers and Drivers."

Another table gives the "Expenses in travelling post with two horses from Edinburgh to London" being at the rate of 1/3 for the horses and 3d. per mile for the saddle-horse ridden by a postilion, amounting with tolls to £30 16s. 7d., without anything for personal expenses and "vails."

By the commencement of this century the coach service seems to have been so greatly improved that it was possible to travel from Newcastle to London in 42 hours, and within the next thirty years further improvements took place till passengers could travel from Edinburgh to London, via Newcastle (sleeping a night probably at the old Turf Hotel there) in 36 hours on the road.

"The fame of the 'Turf' soon became known to all who had to travel between North and South. There was no night coach except 'The Mail;' those, therefore, who came up by the day coach from Edinburgh had perforce to stay the night in Newcastle, and proceed, say at six or eight o'clock next morning, to London by the 'Wellington,' or 'Highflyer,' travelling all night, the former reaching 'The Bull and Mouth,' Aldersgate Street, about four p.m. and the 'Highflyer,' 'The White Horse,' Fetter Lane, about six p.m. the following day.

"Passengers who came from London, York, or Leeds, in like manner halted at the 'Turf Hotel,' and went north by the 'Union' at six a.m. by Alnwick and Berwick to Edinburgh, or by the 'Wellington' at seven, by Wooler, Coldstream, Kelso, etc., each arriving between eight and nine the same evening at the 'Black Bull Inn' situate at the top of Leith Walk, Edinburgh."

From about this time onward to the development of railways the coach service throughout the country was greatly accelerated and improved, due doubtless to increase of trade and consequent demand for increased facilities of travel.

Now, if we count up the expenses of this journey 100 years ago and compare them with those involved to-day, we shall one and all agree, I think, however much we may be *laudatores temporis acti* on other occasions, that in this respect at least the world has progressed for the better.



NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY ENGINE, No. 2006.
Designed by Mr. Wilson Wortoll.

STEAM AND SPEED.

With two or three nights spent on the road, and the cost of provisions and tips, etc., added on to the actual coach fares it is scarcely likely that anyone could have reached London under £7 or £8 at the lowest computation.

If he travelled "like a gentleman"—and the reader in these luxurious days would doubtless prefer to conceive of the traveller posting along the great North Road in a two-horse chaise with a postilion on a saddle horse in front—why, then, as we have seen, his expenses for hire and tolls alone would mount to over £30. That is the old time picture.



PHOTO OF No. 1 ENGINE.

This engine is now inside the Darlington Station, and on the platform there is the following inscription :—"This engine was built by R. Stephenson and Co., and was used at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, Sept. 27, 1825, and continued in use till 1846. Weight of engine in working order, $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons; weight of tender in working order, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons; cylinder, 10 inches diameter, 24 inch stroke: boiler pressure, 25 lbs. per square inch."

* No. 2,006.

"The engines of this type, No. 2,006, are purposely built for working the heavy East Coast Express traffic between York and Edinburgh. They are six-wheeled, coupled, with a four-wheeled bogie in front. The coupled wheels are 6 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. The cylinders are placed outside the frames and are 20 inches in diameter, with a stroke of 26 inches. The barrel of the boiler is 15 feet long, with a grate area of 23 square feet. The working pressure is 200 lbs. per square inch.

The engines are designed to work trains equal to 20 carriages loaded, and to run 124½ miles at 53 miles per hour without a stop. The weight of the train behind the tender will vary from 350 to 375 tons. From the above it will be seen that the work these engines are required to do is of the heaviest and fastest description. Gradients of 1 in 96 for about 5 miles, and others of 1 in 150, 1 in 170 and 1 in 200, are met with on different parts of the line."

What a contrast to this the "Flying Scotchman" presents, tearing along with its heavy train of bogey-cars smoothly following, flecked with white steam like a race-horse champing at his bit, bearing its living freight more smoothly and more safely than the post chaise or stage-coach of old for the paltry sum of 33s. for a third class fare. Think of it, "Ye Gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease," 395½ miles in eight hours and a quarter, passed in comfort and in almost absolute security for the sum of 33s.! Think of it and admire the genius of Stephenson, to whom we owe this perfection of the means of travel, and thinking of it you will realize the meaning of the words of Sophocles, "*οὐδέν ἀνδρὸς σοφώτερον.*"



THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE SHOP IN THE WORLD.
R. STEPHENSON & CO., LD.

Eight and a quarter hours then, as we said above, is the daily rate of travel from Edinbro' to London, but if we turn to the "record" we shall find an even quicker speed attained.

"The railway race in 1895 culminated for the East Coast Service on Wednesday, 21st of August, in the 'record' of 188 miles in 181 minutes from London to York."

"A 'record' to Edinburgh of six hours and nineteen minutes followed, and Aberdeen was reached at 4.40."



"The East Coast run had been at sixty miles an hour throughout, with 3½ minutes to spare!"

It is well to think on such a contrast and on all that it implies. In the first place the genius of Stephenson which, triumphing over every obstacle, turned the locomotive engine—till then a cumbrous experiment—into the most useful labour-and-time-saving machine the world has yet seen; in the next the wonderful practical intelligence of railway engineers and officials that has devised the ways and means of ensuring such a degree of safety to the thousands of daily passengers upon the railways of England that, according to the statistics of the Registrar General, there is a greater probability of a man being hanged than of his ending his life in a railway accident; lastly, and not least, the nerve and alertness of the signal-men, the sleepless courage and watchfulness of the drivers, and the resource and promptitude of the guards.

It is well, I say, to think on these things, for the human being is pre-eminently forgetful of, if not ungrateful for, his benefits, and apparently considers it his duty to find fault if after travelling at an average speed of fifty-three miles an hour his train is a few minutes late at the terminus, or his dinner in the "Diner" is not as well served up as it would be at his club. Mr. Acworth gives an amusing instance of the true "*nil admirari*" attitude of the public in his "English Railways." "A fresh engine had just hooked on to his train, and was blowing up the vacuum, with a sound, it must be confessed, by no means soothing. 'That man ought to get twenty years penal servitude,' he (namely, a passenger standing closely by) fiercely exclaimed, 'all this noise is perfectly unnecessary.'"

Ignorance, indeed, is at the root of half the misunderstandings of life, and he who knows most is not, as some might think, the most cynical, but rather the most sympathetic of mankind, for "At bottom we do not yet know," writes Carlyle of the outlook of all great men as compared with that of the crowd, "we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty, it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our want of insight; it is by not-thinking that 'we cease to wonder. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of tradition, hear-say, mere words.'"

Thus custom has staled "the infinite variety" of railway travelling, and human curiosity, relegating the locomotive to the sphere of the commonplace, now longs for some method of reducing time and space to yet smaller proportions.

The bicyclist (paced) has sped the mile in one minute twenty-three seconds, and has covered twenty-nine miles within the hour; a torpedo destroyer has raced between the measured mile posts at a speed of 36·85



[Gould, Elsieck.

H.M.S. "CONKA," formerly "DESTROYER, A."
(Built by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., and Engine'd by Hon. C. A. Parsons & Co.)

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knots,* or nearly forty-three miles an hour, and electricity, tamed to man's use within the century, flashes through space at the unimaginable speed of 288,000 miles a second.

It is scarcely possible, indeed, adequately to realize the progress of the nineteenth century in the domain of science and mechanical invention, or to appreciate truly the accelerated pace at which the business of life nowadays is carried on, for almost daily one hears of some new extension, or some fresh development which "breaks" a previous "record." In every department the same story is to be told.

We have compared the stage-coach and the locomotive, but the contrast between Nelson's "Foudroyant" and a modern leviathan like the "Terrible" is, if anything, even greater. From truck to keelson inventions cry aloud, "Come, look at us! Are we not wonderful, nay, magicians even? Touch us, and in a moment through the depths of the sea death steals like a bandit; press a spring, and a harpy, big with destruction, screams full flight through mid air."

Again, even in the most sedate and peaceful employments, how swift beats the pulse of modern activity full fed from its heart of steam. Click, click, click, twinkle the fingers of the compositor on the linotype; glowing metal is pressed into lettered lines; swiftly the formes are cast; the wheels of the printing machine whirl round; the sheets are printed, folded and flung forth at the rate of 800 a minute,† and Palace and cottage alike receive each morning fresh news from the circuit of the world.

* It is said that with the new turbine engines greater speeds than this will shortly be attainable, as the following quotation testifies:—

"The 'Turbinia' was 100 feet long by 9 feet beam, displacing 44½ tons, and yet had engines on board of over 2,000 actual horse-power, and had attained a speed of 34 knots, or 39 miles an hour. There was no difficulty in designing ships of large size to run at 50 knots, so long as their coal supply lasted, and in a few years similar vessels would probably be used for the cross Channel services. For longer passages, such as the Atlantic, there was greater difficulty, but it was confidently expected that soon the passage to New York would be considerably reduced."—(Extract from a paper read by Mr. G. Storey, B.E., manager at the Hon. C. A. Parsons' works.)

The Destroyer "Viper" (built by Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie and Co., Limited, engined by Mr. Parsons) has attained a mean speed of 36·85 knots.

† No doubt in London even greater speeds are now attainable.. The *Daily Mail's* latest machine has a phenomenal record.

Mr. Joseph Reed, of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, has kindly contributed the following information:—"About the year 1800, I believe the speed was a few hundreds only per hour, and the work was all done by hand. Our latest machine will print 8-page *Chronicles* at the rate of 800 copies per minute, or 48,000 per hour. The machine prints from four webs, on both sides of the paper, cuts, folds twice, and delivers in packets of 50; it is driven by a special electric motor."

STEAM AND SPEED.

When one reflects upon all this and endeavours to realize all that it means it is perhaps almost impossible to overestimate the importance of the use of steam in the development of civilization, for nothing like it has yet been known in the history of the race. The discovery of printing probably comes nearest to it in its far-reaching consequences, but the effects were slowly felt and but gradually filtered down to the life of the cottage.

Freedom from spiritual bondage was the chief and most immediate benefit received from printing, but steam has affected life throughout the entire world; has altered habits, changed beliefs, effected revolutions, and that moreover within the space of half a century.



[Copyright.]

H.M.S. "VIPER."
(Steaming 37·118 knots an hour.)

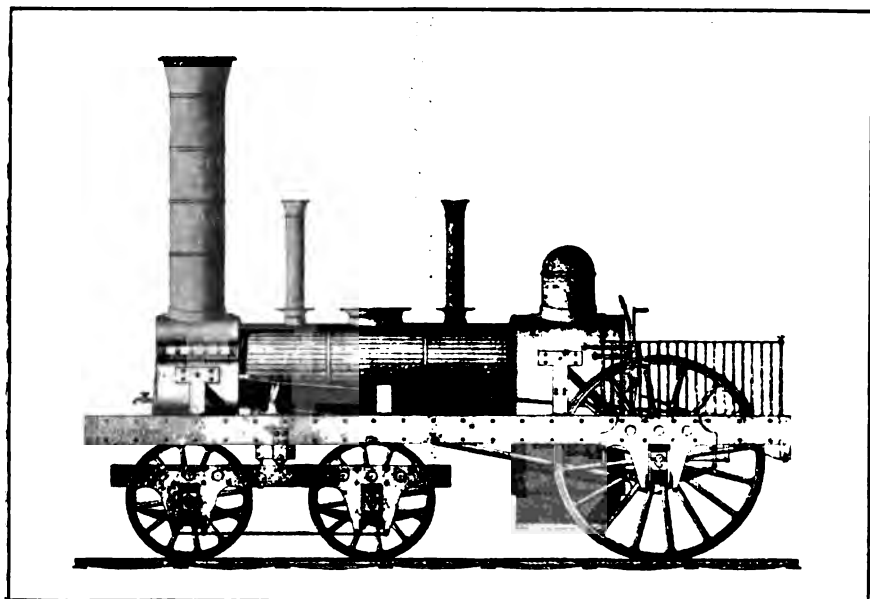
[Parry, South Shields.]

Prometheus stole fire from heaven and inspired hope, the poet tells us, in the breast of man; steam, the white goddess, born of fire and water and enslaved by Watts and Stephenson, has now become the most powerful of the servants of mankind.

And yet men have grown "blasé" as to the wonders of the locomotive, and when railway travelling falls to be the topic of conversation, usually limit themselves to the question of which line "does you best" in the matter of lunch, and dinner, and afternoon tea.

If the reader, however, has ever read Mr. Smiles' "Life of George Stephenson" he will realize how tremendous were the difficulties to be surmounted, and how phenomenal the perseverance required before ever

that famous engine of George Stephenson, "Locomotion," drew its first wagons upon the Stockton and Darlington Railway. And yet again, if he has followed the history of railway enterprise at all he will come to appreciate how unending the effort, how capable the organizing power, how practical the genius must have been that could build up from so small a beginning as the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a line of 27 miles long, the great and far extending system of the present North Eastern Railway with its 1,595 miles of track, its 1,994 locomotives, carrying in one year over fifty millions of passengers (booked), conveying over eleven



FIRST BOHEY ENGINE, 1833.

Built by Robert Stephenson & Co. for the Saratoga and Schenectady Railway.

million tons of goods traffic and thirty-nine million tons of minerals, paying in salaries and wages £2,485,903, with gross receipts of £8,361,444 and nett £3,403,964, and employing 43,767 men for the proper performance of the varied requirements of so great a system.*

* * * * *

It is somewhat sad, however, to reflect that the country which gave birth to the railway system should have of late years fallen far behind many other lands in the matter of railway speeds, but this is only

* These are the figures for 1898.

another instance of what is continually happening in our English industries which, owing to our invincible selfsatisfaction and scorn of the "furrinor" or "ootner"—to quote from the Northumbrian or Cumbrian vernacular—are permitted to run on year after year on precisely the same old lines. We sell our inventions to the foreigners, who eventually still further improve them, and sometimes even finish the process by annexing the entire production. Thus, the first bogey engine was built at R. Stephenson & Co.'s works in Newcastle, and was sent to America, which now claims the honour of the original invention.

As will be seen from the following quotations taken from an article on "The fastest trains in the world" that lately appeared in *The Times*, England is a "bad third" in the matter of modern railway speed.

"The fastest trains in the world are those that are run between Camden and Atlantic City—by two competing lines, the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Reading—which cover the distance of 55 and 59 miles at the rate of 66·6 and 64·3 miles per hour respectively.

"Next to these American trains comes the performance on the Midi of France, which does the last 67 miles before Bordeaux at the rate of 61·6 per hour. The well-known express from Paris to Amiens—81 miles—achieves a speed of 60·5, while 58 and 57 miles in the hour are quite common achievements on the Midi, the Orleans, and the Nord. The only British line that reaches 60 miles an hour is the London and South-Western in one of its runs between Dorchester and Wareham; but that is only a paltry 15 miles. The Caledonian Railway runs a train from Forfar to Perth, 32 miles, at 59·1 miles per hour; but in England the only fairly long run that achieves even 55 miles is the Great Northern from Peterborough to Finsbury Park—a slight downward incline—which marks 55·3 per hour in a run of 73 miles.

"This, however, cannot be compared with the performance of the Empire State express, which covers its 440 miles at the rate of 53·33 an hour."

"BRYNEICH."

THE UNVEILING OF THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL

AT FRIARS CRAG, KESWICK, OCTOBER 6TH, 1900.



Photo by]

FRIARS CRAG.

[A. Pettitt, Keswick.

The weather had for the past fourteen days been alternate shine and shower, but it seemed as if on this particular day the heavens had conspired to do the unveiling without the hand of man ; nothing but careful lashing of the linen cover that hid the medallion from view upon its Borrowdale monolith prevented it being blown into ribands.

The fury of the gale had abated about noon, but the men who drove their sheep and cattle from the quagmire of the October Fair-field near Greta bridge, said, "Cocarse wedder ! It's not ower yit. We'll happen have a bit of wind afore neet."

They were right. At two o'clock the cloud wrack descended upon the hills and shut out Borrowdale from sight. Then with the roar of the equinox the gale swept down the Newlands vale upon the lake and Derwentwater rose like an angry sea and all its white-maned horses came at a gallop to Friars Crag. With great difficulty the boat which was coming from the Island with Mrs. Severn to perform the unveiling ceremony made the Duke of Portland's boathouse, and as we joined the brave disciples of Ruskin who had determined, fair or foul, no weather should

THE UNVEILING OF THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL.

keep them from this act of honour to their teacher and their friend, it seemed as if what with the noise of the wind in the tree tops and the sound of the waves upon the shore, little or nothing would be heard of the addresses that were about to be delivered.

But what a fine sight it was, that sea from the south-west. The hills now looming, now lost in cloud wrack—the ancient fir trees through whose mossy roots Ruskin as a little child had gazed with such joy and awe upon the dark water below, loud with storm.

Somehow or other one felt that the scene had gained even by all this business of the elements a kind of grandeur for the occasion; and as if the very storm-gods themselves, whose work and being Ruskin had painted in such graphic words, were coming together to do the dead man reverence.

Arrived at the spot we found the children and their teachers ready to sing the special hymn that had been written for the Master's funeral, and those who had assembled very willingly came with them from the crag top into shelter on its lee side. There, though the gale blew the words away, they sang that solemn hymn as only children could, and after the hymn, Mrs. Severn very bravely delivered the following short address:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN,

I feel honoured in having been asked by Canon Rawnsley to unveil this memorial to my beloved cousin, John Ruskin.

You all know, I believe, that it was on this spot as a child that there was created in his mind an enthusiasm for nature that lasted to the end of his life. It was a curious coincidence that only a few weeks before he left us I read him aloud Edna Lyall's "Hope the Hermit," which brought back vividly the scenes surrounding us now that he loved so dearly in childhood.

It was also in Keswick that his delight in mineralogy began and the first specimens of his collection were got. In middle life (as he is so well and appropriately represented in this beautiful medallion) he came again here, and wrote letters to his mother and me daily, rapturous in his admiration of Derwentwater. The outlines of trees seen against sky or lake had always a peculiar charm for him.

On my first walk with him on a lovely April day at his Denmark Hill home, he surprised me by saying, "Put your head down and look at those tree branches against the sky." It was a revelation to me.

Later, when recovering from dangerous illness at Matlock Bath, while I was left alone, almost expecting he would never wake, he said, "Open the window wide, and let me see the trees against the sky." It was a few days after he said, "If only I could lie down in Coniston water I should get well." Within a month Brantwood was offered to him, and when he accepted it I showed surprise at his rashness in buying a place without ever seeing it. He said eagerly, "My dear child, any place opposite Coniston Old Man *must* be beautiful," and to the end, thank God, it was so to him, whether he sat at his study chair or looked from his bed, and he now rests in the shadow of it at sunset.

This interesting monument will, I trust, help to keep his memory dear in the hearts of all whom he taught to see what was beautiful in nature, and good in their lives.

The storm seemed almost to grow in sound and fury. The wild wood voices of the firs and oaks drowned human speech. But we could not help saying, even to the wind and the rain as they swept by, some few words of the reason we had met in such a storm to do homage to one who is far beyond all storm, in the haven where he would be. The following, or so much as was audible in that great whirlwind of sound, were the words in which one explained the object of the meeting:—

We meet to-day to honour the memory of the last great poet of the English Lakes. For Ruskin was a poet as well as a prophet, and though he wrote for the most part in prose and not in rhyme, his choice of words and his sense of rhythm and sound, his fine balance of sentences, his inevitable ear, brought it about that his prose was always noblest poetry.

We meet to-day to honour the memory not only of an artist and an art critic, but of an idealist who was also a social reformer. I remember his once saying to me, "Rawnsley, when men have forgotten every word of my 'Modern Painters,' they will think about my 'Crown of Wild Olive' and 'Unto This Last.'" It was for this reason that when loyal hands and loving hearts here in Keswick embroidered the covering of the handspun linen for the Master's coffin, the words "Unto This Last" were written by the needle in the midst of the crown of wild roses upon the pall. It is for this reason that we have taken care to see that the crown of wild olive shall be by the hands of the sculptor and bronze caster set as background to the portrait profile unveiled to-day.

We meet to-day to honour the worker's friend, the man who more than others of his time so believed in the possibilities of a happier life for the working men, that he set himself against traditions and the ordinary accepted theories of capital and labour, and even as he bade the artist know that all great art was prose, he bade the worker know that all true work was joy. If ever our sulphurous-smoke-smothered cities of the plain see blue sky above their heads, if ever our factory-plagued-and-poisoned rivers run clear, if ever plant life, and tree life, and bird life return to cheer the toiler in the towns, we shall owe it largely to the spirit of the man who perceived and taught that all good work might be worship, and was meant for joy, and that no good work was possible until a man had ceased to be a hand, a mere machine, a cog in an iron wheel, and had been allowed to bring his mind and soul to the task, under conditions that admitted of happiness and health.

We meet to-day to honour a man who taught as Dante taught, as Wordsworth taught, the harmony of things, the unity of the Divine purpose, and who did all he could to call us back to Nature and to God.

We meet to-day to think of one who, as he taught others to do, trusted in the living God,—the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in the kindness of His Law; who trusted in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love; who knew the worth of time, and wasted nothing of his working day; who, whatever his hands found to do, did it with all his might, and set upon his seal the word "To-day"; who would not deceive nor injure any living being for gain or pleasure, and ever preached and practised the knightliness of old; who would not kill or harm any living thing needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; who strove to comfort all gentle life and to guard and perfect all natural beauty upon earth; who strove to raise his own body and soul daily unto higher power of duty and happiness, not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help and delight and honour of others and for the joy and peace that comes of service.

This is the man we meet to honour, a man who with all the gladness that came to him from his generosity, all the triumph that was his from excellence in workmanship,

THE UNVEILING OF THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL.

all the peace that love of Nature and perception of beauty gave him, was nevertheless a man of many sorrows and much disappointment.

This is the man we meet to honour, the tireless teacher, the self-sacrificing friend. A man who with desire for life that he might minister to the life of the nation, saw very little of the travail of his soul, but loving not his own life unto the death, wore himself out in the helping of his fellows.

This is the man we meet to honour, a man who yearning for sympathy found it not till the day for sympathy had almost gone by, and whose health was so broken in his latter years that he scarce could realise how much the gospel that he preached was prevailing and would prevail.

This is the man who added to our powers of perception, and sympathy as a nation; who quickened morality in the affairs of men. The man who not only by thought and diction has permanently enriched our English literature, but has bequeathed to us the legacy of a great example of service and the gift of a pure spirit that shall not fail.

One dwelt for a moment on Ruskin's special connexion with Keswick and Derwentwater, and after a word of thanks to Mrs. Severn, to whose affectionate and tender care of her cousin in his declining years all lovers of Ruskin owe so much, one briefly described the monument as follows:—

The monument that we unveil to-day, consists of a simple monolithic block of Borrowdale stone, rough and unhewn as it came from the quarry. It is of the type of the standing stones of Galloway, which are the earliest Christian monuments of the Celtic people now extant. This form has been chosen as linking us here with that land across the Solway, whence Ruskin's fore-elders came. Upon one side is incised a simple Chi-Rho, enclosed in a circle after the fashion of those earliest crosses, with the following inscription beneath from Deucalion, Lecture xii., par. 40:—“*The Spirit of God is around you in the air you breathe—His glory in the light that you see, and in the fruitfulness of the earth and the joy of His creatures, He has written for you day by day His revelation, as He has granted you day by day your daily bread.*”

It may serve to perpetuate to passers by one of the messages of the Teacher, and the cross above it may strike a keynote which, at any rate, I find ringing up from so much that Ruskin wrote, and from all of his daily life I knew or have heard of.

On the other side of the monolith, facing the lake and the scene which Ruskin once described to a friend of mine “as one of the three most beautiful scenes in Europe,” we have a medallion in bronze, the careful work of Signor Lucchesi, representing Ruskin not as the old man and invalid of later days, but as he was in his prime, at the time I knew him best, at Oxford, in the early seventies. The head is in profile; a crown of wild olive is seen in the background of the panel, which is dished or hollowed to give the profile high relief, and Ruskin's favourite motto, “To-day,” is introduced among the olive leaves in the background over the head. Above the portrait is the name “John Ruskin,” beneath are his dates 1819 to 1900. Beneath these again is incised the inscription, “*The first thing that I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars Crag, Derwentwater.*”

The lettering has been designed and drawn by Ruskin's biographer, Mr. Collingwood, and was so designed to indicate that particular dot and dash style of drawing which was a favourite method with the Master. We have to thank Mr. Bromley, the stone cutter, for his care in selecting the block, and his nephew for his cutting of the letters so well.

The monument in its simplicity and sincerity has at any rate the merit of telling its own story, and of being devoid of any unnecessary ornament. It is of the stone of the country, and placed here on this grassy knoll among the trees, seems to be a natural

part of the surroundings, and can in no way, either by colour or by scale, incur the charge of being vulgar or intrusive or a blot upon the scene. It grows out of the ground.

It is erected by leave of the Lord of the Manor here, in the neighbourhood of a scene so dear and memorable to John Ruskin, in entire accordance with his teaching. He has told us that "whenever the conduct or writings of any individual have been directed or inspired by Nature, Nature should be entrusted with their monument"; and again, "that since all monuments to individuals are to a certain extent triumphant, they must not be placed where Nature has no elevation of character."



Photo by]

RUSKIN MEMORIAL.

[A. Pettitt, Keswick.

The elevated nature of this scene will not be called in question. And this simple memorial has been placed by friends and lovers of John Ruskin here to shew our gratitude for that servant of God and of the people whose eyes were opened here first to the wonder of creation and the beauty of God's handiwork; and in the full belief that the scene will lose nothing of natural dignity and power to impress by the memory of how it was able, in the year 1824, to impress and inspire John Ruskin.

THE UNVEILING OF THE RUSKIN MEMORIAL.

A move was now made from our place of shelter to the place where on its grassy knoll among the trees the monolith stood. At a given signal the strings that bound the cloth over the face of the medallion were loosed and Mrs. Severn unveiled it. At the same moment the children broke into a hearty singing of the National Anthem, and the simple but memorable ceremony was at an end. The waves thundered their applause, the very trees of the forest clapped their hands, and we turned away and left, as we hope, to the care of centuries this pillar of remembrance to one who owed so much of his heart's first awe and gladness and reverence to the scene at Friars Crag, who taught so many of his time the wonder of creation and shewed all hearts that could feel and eyes that would observe where true joy was to be found.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

THE DEATH OF UTHUR THE KING

[Tradition tells how the British King Uther, the father of Arthur, was besieged in Pendragon Castle, in the wild Yorkshire vale which bears the sounding name of Mallerstang; and how the enemy failing to take the fortress by force resorted to guile and poisoned the well of the Castle, from which, all other sources having failed, King Uther and his garrison drank, and drinking died. — W. W. G.]

I.

As seas invading storm th' embattled coast,
And faltering break, and fall in flying showers,
Wave after wave, the mighty Saxon host
Surged and was shattered on Pendragon's towers.

Day after day, King Uther, battle-scarred,
And heavy with the sorrow of long years,
The foremost of the famine-weary guard,
Drove back the tempest of assailing spears.

Beneath his sword the white of tumult broke;
And keen the spray of arrows round him sang:
The fierce assault fell back before his stroke,
And reeled and scattered down the Mallerstang.

Day after day, night after furious night,
Until, awhile the Saxon host withdrawn,
Weary of slaughter and the endless fight,
King Uther, sleepless, gazed upon the dawn.

With eyes that earthly dusk might never close,
And heart too full for any sleep but death,
Desolate he stood,—while day star-dreaming rose,
And stirred the slumbering trees with happy breath.

He stood among his sleeping men-at-arms,
The lone defender of a cause forlorn,
Grown old, and shaken midst the world's alarms,
And looked into the heedless eyes of morn:

He saw the dawnlight leaping, flame on flame
From cloud to cloud, and fire to flashing fire;
While back to him his youth triumphant came,
And day-spring stirred in him the old desire:

THE DEATH OF UTHUR THE KING.

He saw the builded glory of his days
Reared, stone on stone, above a glittering world,
A stately tower, about which all men's praise
Upsoaring floated as a flag unfurled.

But age shook through him like a Winter wind;
And, as he gazed upon his trembling hand,
The hills of glory paled and shrank behind,
Before him stretched a bleak and lonely land:

While all the leaping furnace of his might
Smouldered to ash, his splendour ground in dust:
A leafless bough that shivers in the light,
Wracked by the tempest—gust on angry gust,—

Waiting the little wind that shakes it free
To lie at rest among the bedded leaves,
Heedless forever how the parent tree
Burgeons in Spring or with the Autumn grieves:

He stood among his sleeping men-at-arms,
The lone defender of a cause forlorn,
Grown old and shaken midst the world's alarms
And looked into the flashing eyes of morn.

II.

Then one among the sleepers waked and cried:
"Thirst hath me by the throat, his fangs bite deep.
Ah God! that I had in the battle died,
Or perished dreaming by the wells of sleep!"

When all his fellows stirred and called for wine,
With lean grey lips and fever-burning eyes,
That flared like candles in a ruined shrine
Where death among the dust already lies.

But emptied were the flagons of wrought gold
And every silver flagon dull with drouth,
And all the earthen jars, wherein of old
Glad maidens poured the purple of the South.

"I know a well that lies," King Uther spake:
"Darkling and cool beneath the castled steep:
Go fill the jars our burning throats to slake
While still the foemen lie in slumber deep.

"Yea! all the earthen jars and pitchers fill
That we may drink, before the toil and heat
Of battle break about us: clear and still
The waters rise, and find the daylight sweet."

Then twain arose all eager and were gone
The while he spake, to do his bidding fain.
So hot in heaven the sun ascending shone
Their shrivelled bodies pulsed with eager pain.

III.

In chains of fire the waiting moments sped,
When one returned and stood by Uther's throne,
Crying: "O King, thy servant lieth dead
Beside the well, I come again alone!

"Consumed by thirst unquenchable he sank
Low in the grass that skirts the well to drink,
But scarce his withering lips the water drank,
Ere without cry or murmur, by the brink

"He swooned; and even as I looked, O King!
In dull amaze upon him he had died:
The foe hath shaken death above the spring!"
"Then we shall drink with death!" King Uther cried.

"Yea! we shall drain the glittering draught of death,
We who have drunk too deep the wine of life
And find the lees so bitter that our breath
Is choked within us; and the hour of strife

"Finds us forlorn and woman-weak and frail,
And very full of weariness and age:
The shadow darkens on our dinted mail:
Our tower of strength is but a builded cage

THE DEATH OF UTHUR THE KING.

"Wherein we perish hourly—let us rise
And take the cup death offers and drink deep;
As children tired at dusk with happy eyes
We shall lie down and sleep the dreamless sleep.

"Yea! we shall cheat the conquering Saxon hordes
Who strive to break us in our evil days;
Our blood shall never brighten on their swords;
Our names shall never swell their battle praise!

"For we to none but death shall ever yield!
We know no lord victorious saving death!
Not in the forced surrender of the field,
But, looking in his eyes, we yield our breath.

"Brim up the pitchers and the earthen jars;
Fill up the silver flagons and the gold;
Drink to the lord who stays the wandering stars
And gathers worlds and empires in his fold!"

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE TRIUMPH OF DONALD CAMPBELL.

Snow whirled against the window panes, and a bitter blast forced entry through every unguarded crevice, but Donald Campbell, the detective, was quite unconscious of the wintry weather as he sat in his small parlour, gazing deep into the fire, which seemed to respond sympathetically to his mood, for when he smiled and rubbed his hands in ecstasy upon his knees after each fresh bout of pondering, little flames clapped tiny hands at him and leaped into the air rejoicing.

For now at last his chance had come—the chance he had waited for through long years of drudgery, and if he were only successful, as he felt certain he would be that night, his fame was assuredly made, his desire attained, and his transference from Manchester to Bow Street with its greater opportunities was a foregone conclusion.

He was in that mood of triumphant anticipation which perhaps is more joyous than realization itself, and could look back almost joyfully now over his grey pedestrian past.

Brought up in the strait sect of Scottish parochial Presbyterianism, his father an Elder, his grandfather a Minister, he had been taught to look upon laughter as the “crackling of thorns beneath the pot,” and after “the great sorrow” had fallen upon their house, when he was but thirteen years of age, any faculty for youthful frolic and gaiety he might have once possessed soon became completely atrophied.

He was just old enough to remember how the news had come that “Andra,” the pride of them all, the boast of the College tutors, the “future Moderator,” as the Dominie had predicted, was disgraced, and had vanished from their ken into the unholy limbo, it was feared, of the self-destroyed.

Donald could not help bethinking himself that night of the “great sorrow,” for his own career had been the antithesis of his elder brother’s, upon whom the sun had shone as on some show plant, while he himself had had to struggle all his life in the wind and rain before an opportunity of distinction had arisen.

Left all alone in the world, with scarce a “bawbee” remaining after the funeral expenses were paid, his only legacy, “never forget, Donald, ‘at ye were born a Campbell,” he had wandered in the wilderness forty years.

But to-night, in the retrospect, the years seemed even to “blossom like the rose;” in the foretaste of promotion to come and ambitions gratified he could now remember that showers of manna had not been wanting.

THE TRIUMPH OF DONALD CAMPBELL.

He took a huge pinch and "snuffed" vigorously, then slapped himself upon the leg, as he said softly, "Ay, lad, I'm slow, I grant ye that, but I'm gey an' sure. Isn't it so, Pepper, laddie?" he added, as he felt downwards with his hand till it rested upon the faithful crest of his grey and white collie lying at his side, "for ye sud ken me by noo?" and Pepper, "good at need" thumped a threefold affirmative upon the floor with bushy tail.

"Yes, undoubtedly," he reflected aloud, communing with himself and Pepper as with two separate individuals, after the fashion of lonely and introspective people, "pseekology (psychology) is the richt and only method o' proceedin', as I hae always held and maintained, an' though the entirely satisfactory proof o't's been long o' comin', come it has at last, an' ye cannot deny that, Donald. Can he noo, Pepper, laddie?"

"Ye ken weel I aye suspekid the old fiddler body, but I had nae clue; he came an' he disappeared again like a bogle at nicht, but pseekology an' me's been ower muckle for him at the finish, I'm thinking.

"He'd never spend a 'bawbee' or treat a soul to liquor, wouldn't the old fiddler, and him that won't 'part' in that class o' life to which the Deil's called him won't find a single body to help him when caught in a tight place. Ay, Pepper, laddie, we've waited on him as ye might wait on a rotten (rat), a weasel, or a rabbit, and the nicht we'll grip him."

"Five bob when the stomach's whistlin' for whisky i' the early mornin's just immense," was one of Donald's epigrams, and so it had proved that very day, when he caught "Blowsy Bella," one-eyed, sunken nose, plaster-strapped, tottering along outside the kitchen of Mother O'Shaughnessy's lodging.

"What was the row on last night with the old fiddler an' ye?" asked Donald, pulling a crown piece from his pocket and gazing at it in a meditative manner. Bella, consigning the old musician body and soul to Hecate, moved slowly forward.

"Tell us what ye ken o'—'The Hawk,' an'—here's your breakfast," next whispered Donald deliberately.

Bella stopped short, gazing in amaze at her questioner.

"The 'Awk?'—an' what d'ye know o' 'The 'Awk?'" she said astonished. "A gey guid bit, but I'd like five bob's worth more o' knowledge," replied Donald; "come along to 'the Dolphin' over the way an' ye shall have the change," he added persuasively.

Bella halted irresolute, till sudden passion broke within her; she stamped her foot vindictively upon the cobble stones, then, "D—— 'im for good an' for all, but I'll 'put him away' this time, though 'e knives me for it."

Three minutes after in the seclusion of the "snug" Bella was pouring forth vituperation over a "whisky hot."

"Yes, I knowed 'The 'Awk' in the old days. Why, 'e was the ruin o' me at the start when we play-acted together in a pantomine at Droory Lane, for Lunnion was where I was born, an' a cold 'earted devil 'e was then, mean as a limpet, same as 'e is now;—rot 'im, I says, for 'e mocked me last night crool,—called me Love-bird, 'e did, me as 'avn't scarce a feature left on my face, but I'll 'love-bird' 'm this time, s'elp me, I will, an' I'm the only one as could do it, for 'e's crafty as sin, 'e is, an' can make 'isself up so as I've seen the perlice a-touchin' of their 'ats to 'im."

"Not in the town here?" Campbell put in here tentatively.

"Yes, 'ere in this very town,—why,——" and here she stayed a moment, glancing up at her companion derisively, "for a 'thin 'un' I'll give you an address where you can find 'im when 'e's at 'ome."

For five seconds Donald stared irresolute, for ten bob was a long price if this were but a "dummy" story; but no, the woman was passionate, and her words came straight, so the half sovereign changed hands, and the woman whispered in his ear.

"D'ye know Bartlemy? 'im with the specs as keeps the old curiosity shop in King's Street? Well, ax 'im one night when 'e's at 'ome for 'The 'Awk's' address, though ye needn't mention my name," and Bella fell to her whisky again, while Donald gaped with open mouth.

Know Bartlemy, the German Jew, who came over from Antwerp some sixteen months ago? Why, of course he did, and knew him for a shrewd, respectable tradesman, popularly reputed to be a rich miser.

"Well 'e'll be off soon again to Germany—'e's sellin' 'is business, I 'ear, an' if wot 'e's after to-night comes orf 'e'll not be seen again in these parts any more. But I must be orf myself now, for I've kippers to cook this mornin'."

"What's he up to to-night?" enquired the detective, feeling quickly for another half-sovereign, for Bella's passion was growing cold momentarily. "Here, take this, and," he added craftily, "I bet it's mair nor ye ever had of him."

"That's true, too," replied Bella, pocketing the coin; "but I must be orf for all that, only if ye like to hide yourself to-night, somewhere about Smith's shop, the silversmith's in High Street, ye might meet somebody unexpected like. 'E's secret, 'e is, but 'e wanted me to keep 'cave' for him to-night,—'e daren't trust anybody else; but not me, not after 'is love-birdin' of me. By-by," she added over her shoulder, and so saying slunk forth into the street.

Donald had a solid tea that evening, for he knew not how long he might have to wait, or indeed at times, when suspicion shivered, whether

THE TRIUMPH OF DONALD CAMPBELL.

he would not have to wait all night on an idle quest, but even if this were so, he had still obtained information which should prove priceless in the issue.

He "snuffed" copiously, patted himself upon the knees confidentially, while a smile trickled over his rugged capacious mouth and disappeared into the furrow at his lips' edge.

He lifted himself up, pushed his sandy hair back from his broad forehead, looked at himself fixedly in the mirror, and murmured, "Ye winna ken yourself to-morrow, man, maybe, Donald, my fine fellow, for you'll be nigh ten years younger if things gan richt the nicht. Ay, an' a thousand poonds is no to be despised, neither, for there's a muckle spending intill't, no but what I think we'll just invest it, for its fine to be a man o' substance."

It was "pseekology" that had first led him to suspect the personality of the old fiddler who had travelled about through the Northern towns the last eighteen months or so, playing his violin with an extraordinary skill upon the streets, and in and about the slums and thieves' quarters intermittently.

Now "The Hawk," as he was styled by the fraternity, had been notorious at one time throughout London as the crafty master thief whom it had seemed impossible to catch, and a thousand pounds had been offered for his apprehension after he had in the same week deceived the Bank of England by a forged cheque, and robbed a Joint Stock Bank of a large quantity of notes.

Two or three years ago he had disappeared from London, but Donald had never believed in Bow Street's convenient theory of his death, and had opined that he was either operating abroad or else was in hiding somewhere, recruiting his health probably, for in that last Bank adventure of his he had fallen through a skylight and been badly injured, as a distinct track of blood testified.

Now, coincident in point of time with the old fiddler's first arrival in the North had been a fresh outcrop of daring robberies, first in one town, then in another, and as there had been no new-comers, so far as could be ascertained, in the local Alsacias it appeared not unlikely that the tattered musician might be at the bottom of them all, for the local "talent" had never ventured on such high flights as had lately been successfully carried through.

"Pseekology," again, had come to the rescue in pointing out that "The Hawk" had always been reputed to be tight-fisted, and Donald himself had seen the old fiddler raking garbage for a halfpenny.

As he thus reflected he suddenly remembered that only yesterday he had been instructed to warn Bartlemy, amongst others, of the necessity of

taking additional precautions against their shops being broken into, and the quaint humour of the situation, accepting Bella's words as true, was so inimitable that he burst into a guffaw of laughter.

Not for a score of years had he ever more than smiled; now he laughed uncontrollably; youth, like spring sap, rose in his veins:—after the long grey day the sunset light was lapping him round with warmth and colour.

He laughed aloud again, as he rose up, determined to at once call and warn the respectable Bartlemy, alias the old fiddler, alias "The Hawk," against the depredations of burglars.

So far from inciting Bartlemy's suspicions it would even serve to induce a greater feeling of security, and as his shop was on the way to the silversmith's it was but polite to make an acquaintance which would become more intimate a few hours later.

"The proprietor of the old curiosity shop was upstairs at the moment," the lad said, "but he would be down almost immediately. Would Mr. Campbell wait for him in the little office within where he would find a seat?"

Donald assenting, passed within, and was about to take a seat, when a small gold watch lying on the writing table beside him drew his attention.

Something about it seemed so curiously familiar to him that even in that moment of excitement he felt impelled to take it into his hands. Gazing at it in amaze, he opened the outer casing and looked inside. There had been an inscription upon the inner part at some time, but now apparently deliberately effaced; still, as Donald peered upon it, he could recognize, he thought, certain letters beneath the scratchings.—"Presented by his proud Mother to her son Andrew on the occasion of his winning the open scholarship,"—such had been the legend Donald remembered well, and such it still appeared, faintly enough, beneath the harsh treatment to which it had been subjected.

A mist clouded his eyesight; an agony of suspicion fell upon him; the strong man swayed in a strange revulsion of feeling, for he too had worshipped the "bright particular star" of the family in the far off days, and then to come upon him—thus!—and with the thought all his own revived ambitions fell from him as a dry leaf from a frosted twig, leaving him bare and naked to the breeze.

A step sounded without, and Bartlemy stood before him, bland, deprecatory, enquiring.

The other looked at him with an extraordinary intensity of gaze, but without speaking, and the supposed Jew broke the silence with voluble, idle words. "What would the shentleman like to look at? Was it Shippendale, or shina, or —"

THE TRIUMPH OF DONALD CAMPBELL.

"Oh, Andra, laddie, say it's not yourself?" broke in the other, for in imagination Donald was back again in the manse, and the brother, once beloved, was standing by him.

"The shentleman is mad," Bartlemy replied coolly, with a careless shrug of shoulders.

"Mad?" echoed Donald bitterly, "I wish I were, but voice and watch together tell their tale, and now I've found ye, Andrew Campbell, once o' Glenochilty Manse and exhibitioner at Glasgow University, an' noo, noo, forger, thief, swindler, alias 'The Hawk,' the old fiddler, and Bartlemy, the German Jew."

* * * * *

Early passers-by along the Docks next morning might have seen a near-sighted, respectable looking German ascending the gangway of the steamer bound for Antwerp, whilst an unshaved, silent Scotchman, who had accompanied him, received at his hands, perhaps in payment for some service rendered, a small gold watch.

Then the syren sounded, and the steamer moved slowly away.

P. CHESTERTON.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN IN NORWAY.

There are three kinds of fishermen, and for the matter of that—of men who do not fish.

There are the men who get their pleasure in this life out of the future, their fishing days are always *to be* blessed.

There are those who, without imagination, take a tiger-like pleasure in the present. For these pseudo-fishermen, the contemplative side of the sport hardly seems to exist.

And there are the men who find their chief delight, and as years come and go are doomed to find it more and more, in the memories of those fishing days which alas! are gone for ever.

It is to the first class, and the last, that these enduring joys of the pursuit particularly belong.

A river in Norway; the getting to it—over that rough North Sea; the hard work when you are there, and the return voyage after the season is ended, may turn these three fishermen into one.

Future pleasures dance before your eyes, as you roll over the breakers on your outward voyage. Your entire devotion to your work during that brief holiday causes you to live in the Present alone. And then the rocking of your gentle ship, on her homeward way, tempts you to dream of your Past.

And you do dream of it all, and continue so to dream for months and months after that voyage is over. How often has the quiet contemplation of former pleasures lulled the disciple of the gentle craft to sleep, and how often are the worries of life dispelled by going over and over again the angling joys of long ago.

So far had I written when, impelled by a dreamy recollection of something I had read in the days of my youth, I turned for inspiration to the pages of old Walton, and discovered, as I had hoped, that the very same analysis of past and present joy in angling, regarded as a contemplative art, and opposed to activity generally, is there to be found. But, alas! with this difference, that "the feather whence his pen was shaped," as Wordsworth tells us, "dropped from an angel's wing," whereas we, in these dull days, have to express our thoughts as best we can by the ponderous aid of a broad pointed big "J" pen.

We learn "that in ancient times a debate hath arisen (and it is not yet resolved) whether Contemplation or Action be the chiefest thing wherein the happiness of a man doth most consist in this world." "It is one of those questions much debated among many great Clerks, and

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some of the Fathers," we are told, "approve the opinion that they prefer Contemplation before Action."

The two, however, "meet together, and do most properly belong to the ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling."

And so just as the Past, Present and Future meet in one, Contemplation and Action join hands in the all-embracing pursuit of which we write.

Let the question so quaintly debated by Walton remain unsolved. Action will assert itself, but for the moment let us give ourselves up to contemplation of the past. And in this frame of mind my thoughts go back to a glorious afternoon in the Italian summer of Norway.

* * * * *

The tossing of the North Sea was over. The twenty hours of quick Fjord steaming from Bergen had come to an end. The river was full, but not quite in flood. The boxes and portmanteaux had arrived, quickly brought up by two of the smartest little horses in Norway. "Velkommen" and "Vel-kommen" again had come from the servants at the landing stage and at the lodge. The sun would soon be behind the high tops of the hills. There seemed hardly time to unpack. A few minutes for a very late luncheon, and a fierce wish for action, and a determination now, at any rate, to make the most of the Present. It was difficult to fight a way down to the things most wanted at the very bottom of the boxes. But at length the side of the river was reached. It was only a few hundred yards from the house.

One of the best pools—the Drosseldam—is immediately below, but it was to a long run lower down that the writer felt drawn, as he and his old friend Peters, the guardian angel of the place, went forth for their first afternoon's experience of the year.

The state of the water was discussed. The extent of the snow on the mountains above, the changes caused by the fast melting ice, and the chances of sport which must now be very near.

These matters, and many more, occupied us for the next quarter of an hour, until the long and rapid pool was before us, and the beautiful opal of the ice-fed Jüngen was flashed upon our eyes.

The river was full, but it was not like the full rivers of England. The only sign of the freely melting ice at the head of the valley, twenty miles away, was a tinge of rather deeper blue. There was no thickness, and no doubt as to the fly being visible.

Straight out of the ice-caverns of the largest glacier in Norway; forth from 500 square miles of snow and ice flows the river at our feet.

"From ice-built arches, radiant as heaven's bow,
Go seek the birthplace of that native stream."

A hot sun and the stir of a southerly wind bring it down with a soft milky tint into a long and filtering lake. A saunter through this lake, and then a cleansing canter of half a dozen miles causes the last lingering traces of the moraine of the glacier to disappear, and over the fess, a couple of miles away, tumbles a vast mass of blue water, pure and bright and sparkling, a wonderful contrast to the dull and peaty streams of the other side of the sea.

Oh! that clear blue rush of the Jüngen. How often have I thought, as I stood waist deep in its crystal current that the thick treacly streams of my own country could never tempt me again.

I have never seen that clear blue water on this side of the North Sea, except sometimes on the Cornish coast, or when a hot sun shines through the thick trees in a certain Surrey pool near the quiet old town of Guildford, "the most happy looking town," as Cobbett tells us, in England. You must go to Norway if you would view those liquid colours in rapid motion, dancing down from their source to the sea.



THE BIRTH OF THE JÜNGEN.

But we cannot wait much longer. The bright light of the summer's day is slowly coming to an end, and whilst we are turning over our flies and thinking of the depth of the water, a dull cloud seems to come over the valley. A chill is felt in the air, and looking up, we see the sun sinking quickly over the crest of the great mountain range to the North.

This Jüngen is a river of surprises. The fisherman knows even less than usual what is in store for him, but this afternoon he has seen that some of the best pools are too high, and vividly recollecting a certain fish of last year, he has turned his steps to the long stretch of water in which his fly is now working. He recalls a long fight with the sea-trout of that season, which for some time posed as a salmon in the deeper part of the pool, but was in the end proved to be a sea-trout of nineteen pounds, the heaviest, except one, ever killed on the river.

The experience of the past is constantly with him, as wading gently into the river he steers for a rock which stands out boldly in the stream.

On the other side of that rock lies many a good salmon, and in the swirl and the dividing water below the best sea-trout fishing of the river is to be obtained.

And what sport those sea-trout give, if you will only devote your mind to them alone, and forget the very existence of salmon.

Read one of our latest angling books, the most charming surely

since the days of Walton! Turn to the chapter on "Sea-trout fishing," by Sir Edward Grey, our own Statesman-angler, of Northumberland, and rejoice with him, whatever your angling age may be, in that burst of youthful energy and life at the end of a chapter which, if not a poem in itself, is at any rate a true bit of Wordsworth in prose.

And now back to our patient fisherman, standing knee deep under shelter of the rock. He casts towards the opposite bank, and soon feels the first welcome pull of the year, and after the inevitable number of high leaps in the air, and some little pressure and persuasion from the rod, a silvery fish is guided to the bank, and a fresh run three-pounder lies gasping on the grass.

In five minutes the fisherman is again in his place, somewhat lower down and a little deeper, but still in the shelter of the friendly rock his rod is bent once more, and quickly at the end of a longer line ensue a variety of capers and a series of short rushes both down stream and up, which soon exhaust the strength of a fish of almost exactly the same size.

The best water has not been reached. The two fish on the bank are good in their way, but they have not dimmed the memory of that nineteen pound fish of last year. Further and further into the strong current the fisherman presses, longer and longer is the line shot out before him, and just when he feels that the fly must be swinging round in its most enticing manner to where the depths of the pool are reached, suddenly there comes the sharp tug and the movement of the wrist, the tight line and the bent rod, which bring the message that a heavier fish is to be fought than before.

For some time the line cannot be shortened. For several minutes the tendency is quite the other way. The fish, whatever it is, is off for the north side of the river, and all that can be done is to wait and see whether he can be brought back to the south. And then comes a sudden spring into the air, and as the water closes over his silver sides, a good fish, but not *the* fish dives deep into the stream, and a fight of a few minutes begins. Once more a sea-trout lies on the grass; a beautiful fish of seven pounds is ours.

It is all quite delightful. A good commencement of our new year; but this is not what we most desire.

Again and again does our fisherman begin his work under the familiar rock in the current, and five times within the next hour and a half does he firmly hook a fish, whenever the line is long enough to reach a certain series of eddies in the stream, and five times does he bring carefully back to the bank on which sits his friend with the net and the gaff, one sea-trout after another, beautiful, fresh from the Fjord,

and in perfect condition; two of them five pounds, two of them six pounds, and one seven pounder.

This is a wonderful pool for sea-trout early in the season. There is only one very long run between it and the Fjord. Salmon are there all through the summer, and a little later in the year in every pool in the river both sea-trout and salmon are to be found. I have often felt ashamed of myself when playing a heavy trout higher up the stream to realise that I could not be perfectly happy because through no fault of its own, I suppose, that fish was not a salmon. But in this particular



"HIS FRIEND WITH THE GAFF.

tidal pool it is best to fish for trout and for trout alone, and to take with great thankfulness anything that presents itself to your fly.

Sometimes, as we all know, the river may be full of fish, and not one can be seen. Then, again, as on a certain day, the fifteenth of August, 1898, everything may be right.

This was our best sea-trout day out of eleven seasons on this river. My brother-in-law and I fished for trout and for nothing else, and not a salmon was seen all day; the result was forty-five fish, weighing one hundred and forty pounds, for two rods.

But this is by the way. The afternoon is not done yet. There is

still an unsatisfied feeling, and a strong and almost superstitious belief that something better is to come. The next trial is made a few yards lower down. It is easier to wade from this point into the very centre of the stream. There is a partly hidden rock nearer the other bank, and up to this time no fly has reached its dark grey side.

In fact, it is not easy to reach it. Wading stockings are quite enough as a rule, but to-day trousers would be a boon.

The sunken rock must be tried, and slowly proceeding on tiptoe, at last, with continual glances at the top of his waders, the fisherman finds himself several yards further from the shore. Then casting, clumsily no doubt, as you do cast when standing a little too deep in a strong stream, the fly goes out with a rocket-like rush, and the very spot so desired is reached. The fly is at last in the very same eddy from out of which came the nineteen pound trout of the year before.

Instantly a heavy pull is felt, a movement in the water is seen, and with a shiver of joy the fisherman feels that his real work has begun.

"Lax, big feesh," shouts his friend on the bank behind. "Come down the stream, sir." "Take care of that rock," "Don't get too deep, sir," are some of the directions vainly given. But it is to the unknown cause of the heavy strain on his rod that the fisherman gives his entire attention. There are great rocks a little ahead. There is a rapid current a few yards below. There are dangers to the right of him, there are dangers to the left of him, and a very long line between the fish and the rod.

For a moment all is still. There is a dull heavy strain, and no hint as to what is to come next, and then with a scream of the reel, and a great rush down the stream, the danger of it all becomes clear, and the one wish is to have a shorter line.

Carefully watching his chance, the fisherman gives the needful pressure. A few yards, and a few more yards are gathered in. A few steps, and a few more steps are taken towards firmer ground. The rapids below seem a very little further away. The fish is slowly led up stream. The tight line dividing the water before us is cutting its way like a knife into deeper depths; all goes well.

"Come out when you can, sir; rather lower down, sir." "Take care of that rock behind, sir; take care, take care." "It is close to you now, sir," and with these words in his ears, and a great pressure of water from below, he takes a couple of steps backward, but the big rock—now hidden six inches under the surface and out of sight even from the shore—suddenly makes its presence felt, and over, backwards over, head downwards, and legs upwards, but with his face and his rod towards the foe, the fisherman, "while men may count a score," disappears from view.

Wet through, shivering, with fingers much cut by the sharp edges of that beastly rock, without hat, without breath, in an agony of suspense, but still grasping an unbroken rod, our contemplative man, with great gasps, endeavours to realize the situation. The river and the rocks spin round and round. There is a dim feeling that there must have been a surgical operation. There almost seems to be a damp smell of chloroform in the evening air. The force of the fall has most fortunately thrown the rod sideways and not backwards, but there must have been an awful pull on the line, on the rod, and on the mouth of the fish. Something must have given way besides the skin of the fisherman's fingers.

Full consciousness comes at last. The rod is raised, the line is tighter, then comes that cruel and most painful doubt so well known to all fishermen—that overwhelming sense that present and future happiness both in this world and the next all depend upon the state of things at the other end of the line. But a big fish is seen in the air; once, twice, thrice, four times in succession he flings himself above the water, and at the last bound, but not before, our fisherman realizes that the link is unbroken.

But these gambols are on the far side of a sharp-edged rock; the rod becomes straight, and the pressure is felt, but the strong current has swept the half-drowned line far away from the direction of the fish, and the reel runs round with a will. The rapids below are nearer than they were, and in an instant away goes the fish towards the sea. By a rapid movement of the rod, and a dangerous heave of the tightening line, the rock is clear at last, and then, regardless of the depth of the river, knowing that he must go too, there is a stumbling, wallowing attempt to follow, until in the end the supporting hands of our friend of the gaff are felt under the angler's arms, and splashing and lurching from side to side over the slippery stones, the still gasping fisherman is run up the bank, and may now follow on the smooth green grass by the river side.

Away goes the fish in the current, the rush of the main stream takes him further and further from shore, the river is deeper below, and it becomes necessary to force him out of the strength of the rapid. A shorter and a shorter line, a careful guiding to the right side of the river, a quieter part of the pool, and, as Stoddart once sung on the banks of the Tweed—

“A birr, a whirr, the Salmon's up,
Give line, give line, and measure,
But now he turns: keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led
And land him at your leisure.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN IN NORWAY.

"Hark to the music of the reel,
Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

"A birr, a whirr, the Salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended,
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.

"Hark to the music of the reel,
It murmurs, and it closes,
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes."

But it is no salmon which lies before us on the grass at our feet. "Why, it's his wife," cries our friend of the gaff. The wife, the year old widow of the fish of last season. The same shape, from the shelter of the same big stone, the same size, and, when the scale is applied, almost the same weight, for the index points to twenty pounds.

The work of the day, of the first day of the season, is at an end. A great feeling of peace comes over us as we rest on the river bank, and with lingering looks gaze at the silver sides of our fish.

We thankfully accept this offering of the Jüngen, and for the only time in our lives rejoice that the first fruits of our year lie before us in the shape of a sea-trout rather than of a salmon. We place our prey at full length, in all its burnished beauty, on the grass.

"How can any reasonable creature," says Froude, "find pleasure in having performed such an exploit?" Well, it may be extraordinary, but we read on and find for our consolation that "the sense of sport is after all strongest in the elaborately educated and civilized man," and we remember that Froude was also a fisherman. And back to the Lodge we wend our way, laden with the weight of our quotation, our education, our civilization, and our fish, as a deeper shade begins to fill the valley. The ridges of the hill tops on our left, and behind us, towering up in an almost perpendicular line 4,000 feet above, begin to show that marvellous metallic tinge of the twilight of Norway. We compare it with the softer tone of purple which we remember used to rest at evening on the more rounded crests of the Grampians, after a fishing day on the Dee had come to a close. The tops of the great rocks cut sharper now into the deep and cloudless blue, and wet through and through, but well contented, we place our fish on the little lawn before the entrance door of the Lodge, and getting quickly into other clothes, wait for our brother fisherman to appear.

At ten o'clock he arrives with a salmon of thirty-seven pounds, a fish which makes ours look rather small, but nothing that evening can

rouse us to envy, or make us forget that this first day's fishing has given us the great sea-trout for which we pined.

More scales were tried at the Lodge, to make sure that no mistake had been made, and a good twenty pounds our fish was seen to weigh.

Next morning we took very accurate measurements, and it was about this time that an ingenious theory of our brother fisherman was trotted out. The sea trout and the bull trout were said sometimes to cross, and the dimensions of this fish were thus accounted for by the jealousy of the salmon-killer of yesterday.

In vain we protested that we had not thrown any doubt on the



' TOWERING UP 4,000 FEET ABOVE.'

purity of the pedigree of the thirty-seven pounder. That we had not suggested any trace of the tar brush, or any blemish in the blue blood of his *Salmo Salar*. Only in self-defence did we feel it right just to allude to a certain fat cod about the same weight as the salmon of the day before, a cod which we had pulled up two days ago from the bottom of the North Sea, during one of those pauses which come to the sea-faring man when the engines of his ship go on strike and cry aloud for a little rest.

We did not too much insist upon a family likeness between the two fish, founded on their similar size, but we confess that very simply, and with much delicacy of feeling, we did allude to the resemblance.

It was at once agreed that our fish had all the true marks of aristocracy which a true *Salmo Trutta* has a right to claim.

Nothing was wanting in its shapely size, its colour, or its lines. The form of gill covers, the arrangement of teeth, the shape and relative position of the tail and of the fins were entirely and absolutely correct.

There was nothing against it but its weight. We turned to our books, and pointed out in triumph the great Tweed fish of twenty-four and a half pounds mentioned in Badminton as having been killed in 1840, and the fish of twenty-one and a half pounds in the Tame, near Drayton Manor. We quoted the big sea-trout of the Northumbrian Coquet, described by Buckland, and mildly suggested that there was nothing impossible in a river of Norway yielding, even in these degenerate days, another fish like those.

But a doubt, an insult, having once been breathed, must be dissipated utterly; the slur must not remain. Our fish was there and then most carefully packed, and sent off by the next steamer to Bergen. A letter was written to the Naturalist at the Museum, with an urgent request that he would give his opinion, and then have the fish carefully preserved and sent on to us in England.

The box was duly delivered. It arrived when the Naturalist was leisurely taking his summer holiday. The letter was no doubt re-directed, but the box and its contents remained. The wife and the children of the man of science thankfully unpacked the fish, and in all its stately beauty it was soon steaming over a Norwegian fire.

Frank Buckland, in 1873, gave it as his opinion that after all it was quite impossible to explain in writing the difference between the "Eriox" and the "Trutta," and considered, he said, that the practical test was only to be found in the boiling pot. This proved to be not merely an insular view.

The Norsk appetite is as powerful as the English, and in that fine air of the country it was perhaps too much to expect an entirely satisfactory solution of our difficulty, founded on the precise effect produced by the firm flesh of that precious fish on the nerves of taste in the Norwegian palate. Far be it from me to mock at the healthy appetite of the North. The present writer has felt it in its fulness himself, and may we all feel it again and again.

And now, as old Isaac Walton says at the end of his discourse on the work of the man of contemplation—

"Let us hope that the blessing of St. Peter's Master may be upon all that hate contention" (even in the classification of their fish) "and love quietness, and virtue, and angling."

MEDIÆVAL FRENCH ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

PART I.

*Art of the 12th Century in France and England—Villars de Honnecourt—Lay Religious Art—
Archaic Forms—Ivories—Tapestries.*

Art of the 12th Century in France and England.

The tension between France and England, which generally underlies the professions of goodwill between the two nations, is more the inheritance of Crecy and Agincourt than of Waterloo, and even the most patriotic Englishman would hardly undertake to defend our wanton aggressions against France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The retrospective exhibition of French art in the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts at the Paris Exhibition is indeed a triumphant proof of the greatness of French civilization at a time when ours could scarcely rise above the practical necessities of mere existence. For the thirteenth century was the greatest period of French civilization. Then the Royal domain of France was beyond all question the focus of the culture and learning of Europe, and the great cathedrals, which are the most imposing remains of that marvellous creative energy, did not arise like ours through the almost unconscious reaction to practical needs, but as self-conscious expressions of national and individual aspirations.

And whereas the student of early English art can but vaguely wonder at the submerged and coral-like growth of our cathedrals, the name of a great patron now and again rising from obscurity, but scarcely ever the name of an artist, the student of French Gothic finds conditions more nearly akin to those of the Italian Renaissance; he can isolate the works and estimate the genius of individual artists. So early as the beginning of the twelfth century we encounter the remarkable personality of the Abbot Suger, who built the church of St. Denis, and who left a record of his architectural venture, which enables us to get some idea of the definite and perfectly realized æsthetic aims of an ecclesiastical builder of that period. Already the French had formed the conception of rivalling the great monument of antiquity: Suger's ambitions soared to a second Palace of Diocletian; and though he could not accomplish this, the Abbot was not a little flattered when travellers told him that the work on which he had spent such ungrudging toil was finer even than Sta Sophia at Constantinople.

But Suger was only the herald of the great period of French art that was dawning. When we come to the reign of St. Louis the conditions are far nearer to those of modern times. St. Louis, who added

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to his professions of Saint and crusader that of being a great patron and amateur of art, gathered round him in his Court the greatest architects, designers and miniature painters of the time. The names of some have survived; we know of Eudes de Montreuil, who accompanied the King of Palestine, and of Peter de Montereau, whose great work of the Sainte Chappelle at Paris enables us to form the conception of a distinct artistic personality.

Villars de Honnecourt.

But it is through the sketch book of Villars de Honnecourt that we can approach most nearly the creative impulses of an artist of the thirteenth century. We can indeed, through this personal document, get the same kind of insight into the mental attitude of an early Gothic artist as we can obtain of some of the Italians of the Renaissance through such works as the sketch book of Jacopo Bellini or the manuscripts of Lionardo de Vinci. And the artist thus revealed to us by his own sketches and his own comments on what he saw in various places, for he travelled much, is far removed from the ideal cathedral builder, whose figure has been evoked by the imagination of pious sentimentalists, a being who, since he lived in an age of Faith of which little is generally known and much is believed, is supposed to have worked by an inspiration even more direct, even less assisted by ordinary intelligence than is postulated by the same enthusiasts for the artists of their own time. On the contrary, Villars de Honnecourt has a profound belief in mathematics and geometry, of which he knew less than he would have liked. The structural problems of architecture occupied him much, and he worked out certain new and difficult examples, such as an octogan springing from a square base, an eight ribbed vault for a square chapter house, and so forth. In his travels he studied and composed the artistic effect of buildings with critical understanding, while he copied from nature and from other works of art whatever seemed likely to be of use. Thus we find a copy of a classical relief, drawings of lions, which he expressly tells us are from nature, and studies of plant forms. Perhaps the most curious of all are his designs of human and animal figures fitted into geometrical outlines, a foretaste of the endless studies in this direction made by the artists of the Renaissance, Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, Lionardo, and Albert Dürer.

In no country but France, in the early part of the thirteenth century, is such a self-conscious artistic activity, so definite an æsthetic ambition conceivable, and the works which resulted from the efforts of

such artists have a completeness, a sureness of touch, and an effectiveness in their command of expression which contradict entirely the usual idea of the dim and inchoate and intellectual activity of the Mediæval mind.

The thirteenth century, then, is the period of the most indubitable supremacy of the French nation, and the French have done well at the present time to collect in the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts so many evidences of that precocious and exquisite efflorescence of their national genius. For at the present time they lay claim to a somewhat similar hegemony of the artistic activity of Europe, a claim which, if it may be disputed as regards the genius of individual artists, is still indubitable, if we consider their power of organized and concerted action towards the expression of national aspirations.

In France, as elsewhere, the plastic arts arrived at perfection long before the graphic arts. The painting of portable pictures was the latest art to mature, growing as it did from more difficult and tedious methods of representation in the flat, such as enamel, stained glass work and tapestry. This apparently paradoxical development of the easier from the more difficult mode of representation is the result of the strictly utilitarian view of art which obtained in the Middle Ages, and which distinguishes it so sharply from the modern conception of art as a superfluous activity, the outcome of leisure and the appurtenance of luxury.

Art in the thirteenth century was exclusively decorative, conditioned that is by some practical necessity; in France especially this decoration was never conceived as separable from the structure it adorned, as something which might or might not be applied to it according to taste, but as an inherent part of the original conception. The practical needs of shelter, warmth and light were never thought of as distinct from the equally imperious needs of the expressive symbolism of religious ideas.

Lay Religious Art.

In the work of the thirteenth century religion was the sole incentive and objective of art, even in France, but it was not an ecclesiastical view of religion that inspired the movement. The new Gothic art was intimately bound up with the social and intellectual emancipation of the laity; the great cathedrals which rose in such an incredibly short time, and by means of the unparalleled enthusiasm of the whole population were built almost in spite of the clergy, and were rather monuments to the glory of the towns that erected them than to the saints under whose protection they were placed.

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Thus it comes about that the art of the thirteenth century is, for all its religious intensity, as free an expression of human feeling, as little cramped by hieratic conventions as the early art of Greece.

Archaic Forms.

The likeness to Greek art is indeed constantly forced upon one in examining the earlier and severer examples at the Petit Palais. A



Photo by]

"SAINT BAUDINE."

[Giraudon, Paris.

bust of St. Baudine, a silver gilt reliquary, is particularly striking in this respect. This head, with its firm, thick-set neck, its low level brow and massive chin, is more like a pagan demigod than a Christian saint; but apart from that, the difficulties of representing a human head in

silver led the unknown French artist to exactly the same interpretative treatment of natural forms that we find in some early Greek bronzes, or still more nearly in Cypriot sculpture. The hair is represented by a number of parallel lines, drawn from the crown over the forehead, and ending just above the eyebrows in a row of regular spirals, as in the early Greek modifications of Assyrian models. The close cropped hair of the beard presented even greater difficulties, and the artist has solved the problem with characteristic vigour and unhesitating decision, for he has treated it simply as a close-fitting cap round the lower jaw, with a sharp line marking it off from the smooth cheeks. Within the area of the beard he has subdued the modelling to suggest the veiling of the form beneath its indefinite covering. This again is precisely the method of interpretation to be found in archaic Greek bronzes. It is only in the germinating period of an art, when the worker is impelled by an imperious desire to express something which surpasses the means of imitative representation at his command, that such brilliant and unexpected solutions of the problems of rendering natural forms in a resistant medium occur.

The massive and powerful traits of this head make it strangely imposing, but its effect is that of the almost insolent self-possession of a proud and masterful character. In the beginning of the thirteenth century this severity rapidly disappears, and the peculiar graciousness of the most perfect expression of the Christian ideal of character which has ever been found emerges from its harsh forms. This is exemplified in the great reliquary of St. Taurin, one of the most splendid pieces of goldsmith's work in the world. Paris was the great centre for the goldsmith's work at this period, and though owing to the nature of their material so few of the products of the Paris workshops have survived, we must from such examples as this reliquary form the highest estimation of their artistic power.

Ivories.

Of the ivories in this exhibition it is almost vain to speak without the aid of reproductions. One, representing Adam and Eve, has a purity of form and a sense of balance and proportion, together with a free lyrical sentiment, which seems to belong rather to the finest period of Greek art than to the ascetic ideals of the Middle Ages. Another large ivory of the Virgin and Child is of interest, because it shows that the peculiar design of the figure, with one hip swung far forward and the body leaning sideways, away from the Child (a design which became common all over Europe during the fourteenth century), had its origin in the necessary limitations of the ivory carver's material. With the

desire to obtain large statuettes in ivory, the carver had to find a design which fitted the curve of the elephant's tusk, and this peculiar swaying movement, with the draperies falling in long folds from the protruding hip, was the result. It is a gesture of great beauty and allows the expression of a charming and playful sentiment. The Virgin's head being thrown far back, the face is turned to look at the Child on her arm with wondering delight. Keats's admission that the rhyme often helped him to an idea is nothing to this instance of the accidental limitations of a medium giving rise to a conception of pose and treatment which extended to all forms of design and held its own for a century. Donatello himself could not for many years break loose from the fascination of this easy and graceful rhythm of which the elephant's dentition was the first cause.

Tapestries.

The walls of the Petit Palais are hung with tapestries collected from the cathedral treasures of France. No more sumptuous backgrounds can be conceived for giving full effect to the gold and silver reliquaries or pale ivories which gleam against their rich subdued harmonies of dull cerise and blue. A few of them are also in themselves of great interest. The first place, both æsthetically and chronologically, belongs to the tapestries of the Apocalypse from the cathedral of Angers.

These were executed by a Parisian weaver for Louis I., Duke of Anjou, in 1378, from designs by Hennequin, one of the chief painters of the Court of Charles V. They afterwards passed into the possession of King René and formed the subject of one of many quarrels with Louis XI. of France.

Even if we did not know Hennequin's work from the portrait of Charles V. in an illuminated Bible, these would reveal the existence of a great artist.

(To be continued.)

R. E. FRX.

A YORKSHIRE VIGNETTE.

JOAH CARVER'S SACRIFICE.

Ezra Micklethwaite sat in the "snug" of "The Chequers'" Inn, comfortably installed by the fireside in an oaken arm-chair—older even than himself—with his feet in the fender, a "quairt" of Sarah Bairstow's ale—famous throughout Craven dale—by his elbow and his long "churchwarden," fresh filled with black "twist" ready to be lighted, before even he would begin his tale for which we were anxiously waiting.

"Aye," said the ancient deliberately, sucking slowly at his pipe which a friendly hand had now lit for him, "A' rec'lect t' lass weel enew. 'N' ta think at her gran'son's off t'u't war. Whah! it sime nobbut a toathree months sin' A' danneld t' bairn's faither in my airms. 'N' that'll be fotty year come Morton Tahd. They called t' babe Angel—Angel Thornton. A' wor present at t' Kursnin'. 'A' chrissen thee,' says curate—'e wor a young pale feller—'A' crissen thee," says he ageean, foilin' wi' t' watter i' t' font; then turnin' to Bessie, 'Is't a lad ur a lass?' says he. It wor Bessie's first, 'n' shoo wor that flayed 'n' nervous 'at shoo cuddn't fahnd her voice. Soa shoo bent dumly forrards 'n' war for turnin' t' babe's cloas up as t' shortest way uv tellin' 'im. T' young man ommost dropped t' bairn, bud 'e fun' aht i' time 'at it wor a lad! Bessie's fowk wor noe-torious for acts i'stead o' words. 'Er faither wor owd Amos Ibbetson of t' Upper Toft. 'E wor once sittin' bi t' fahr abaht teea-tahm of a Setterda' afternoon, n' Martha—that wur Bessie's mother, shoo wur a dowder of Henry Hardaker—Martha wor donnin' 'ersen up a bit i' t' scullery 'n' thowt shoo could dew wi' a drop of teea, 'n' shoo called aht, 'Amos, put some watter on t' fahr, lad!' So Amos temmed t' kettle full on t' fahr. They dew say 'at Martha brake his own ash-stick ovver his back,—'n' sarve him right, silly foofil! All t' same Amos 'n' Martha wor reight sweetat-arts. Martha wor twahs married. Joah Carver wor 'er first man, 'n' 'e deed on t' day 'at 'e gate wed! 'T wor this way;—Joah was a farmer at t' Moor Brah. 'E 'ad a tidy bit o' brass. 'E wor a quaht steddly young man o' strang Methody persuasions. 'E'd bin i' love wi' Martha for long eneeaf, 'n' one Sunda' ev'nin' 'e walked over from t' Moor Brah to propose. Bud as 'e wor turnin' dahn t' loin' 'at led to wheer Martha lived 'e 'eard t' sahd of summat lahk a kiss t'other sahd o' t' 'edge. So 'e pept threw 'n' theer wor Martha cuddlin' cloise up to Amos 'n' Amos wi' 'is airms rahnd 'er waist 'n' kissin' 'n' kissin'. 'Yes, lad! Martha wor

A YORKSHIRE VIGNETTE.

sayin', 'Ah'll wait for tha all mi life if need be.' 'Bless tha, lass! 'n' so will Ah for thee,' ses Amos varry fondly.' That wor eneeaf for Joah. 'E stepped softly back 'n' went 'ooam wi'aght 'em knawin' 'e'd seen 'em. Bud if e' wor religious afoor 'e wor doubly so nah. Fowk noaticed 'at he looked sadly put abaght, bud 'e nivver let on what it wor for. Hahivver, abaght a year after that Amos gate into sad trouble. 'E wor fahnd poachin' on owd Foulkes's preserves, 'n' 'e struggled wi' t' keepers 'n' somehah one on 'em gate shot—noan so varry bad, for 'e wor up 'n' abaght i' less nor a month! Bud Amos made 'isself scarce. 'E ' listed 'n' wrate to Martha fro' wheer 'e wor wi' t' British Army feightin' Boney-party. Upon a day news cam to t' village 'at Amos wor deead—'e'd gotten killed in a big feight. Martha took on rarely. Afoor Amos went away shoo wor as comely a lass as ivver donned petticoits, bud Amos 'adn't been gone a week afoor t' roses 'ad left 'er cheek, 'n' t' sparkle 'ad goan aht of 'er een, 'n' 'er voice 'ad lost its laughter. Nah 'at 'e wor deead shoo wor fain to dee 'ersen. 'Er chakes grew 'oller 'n' 'er een, at allus wor black as midnight—wi' t' star-sheen beyond—wor set i' sunken circles ommost as dark. When t' naybors went in to comfort 'er th'd offens catch 'er greetin' sof'ly till 'ersen i't ingle-nooik. Afterwhiles shoo commenced goin' pratty frequent to t' Methody place—'er grievin' 'ad rahsed t' religious spirit in 'er—yo'll ha' noaticed sorrow taks women that way—'n' after that shoo picked up her crumbs a bit.

"Joah Carver wor varry respec'ful. 'E wor pained for t' lass, bud 'e did'n push issen forrard. Bud in abaght a year's tahm 'e assed Martha, one Sunday neet after t' chapel 'ad loised, wod shoo tak a walk wi' 'im? So shoo did, an' 'e telled 'er how sorry 'e were, 'n' 'at 'e loved 'er beyond spaich, 'n' 'at 'e knew shoo couldn't give 'im t' love shoo'd geen to Amos, but couldn't shoo put up wi' 'im in a quaht companionable sort o' way, 'n' if soa, wod shoo wed 'im? Martha wor varry touched 'n' cried 'n' said 'at shoo still loved Amos bud shoo wor pinin' for comfort 'n' if Joah could tak 'er likin' rather than 'er love,—why then Joah mud 'ev 'er. An' t' upshot on it wor 'at Joah hed 'er, thanking the Lord for 'Is mercy in givin' 'im t' chance. They fixed t' weddin'-day for t' first o' May. It wor a varry quaht weddin' bud all Morton respected t' couple 'n' wished 'em 'appiness 'n' wor glad 'at Martha 'd gotten sich a upstanding chap as Joah. After t' weddin' Martha 'n' Joah 'ed a teea for t' naybors i' ther cottage on t' Moor-side. Yo' can see t' cottage from t' tap-room window, it's bi t' ro-ad sahd, yonder! Bye-'n'-bye when t' teea wor i' full swing, Joah whispered to Martha to follow him into t' parlour a minnit.

"The pair of 'em went into t' parlour. Says Joah wi' tears in 'is

een, 'Martha, lass! A'm that 'appy ah wod lahk us to thank the Lord together.' Martha looked at 'im gently awhile n' put 'er 'ands in 'is, an' they prayed standin', old Methody style. Then Joah oppened t' big Bible onywhewer 'n' said 'Whativver tex' the hand of the Lord guideth us to shall be for my guidance as long as th' art my wife.' 'N' 'e put 'is finger to t' prent and t' tex' wor, 'Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends.' 'N' Joah 'n' Martha went whiter nor t' paper 'at t' bible wor prented on,—t' Scriptor wor a omen.

"An' it wor a omen, for of a sudden there wor a cherry sahd o' whis'lin' from t' rooad ovver t' moor, 'n' when they pept aht o' t' winder there wor a lame soldier marchin' along in a ould uniform all i' bits and patches, 'n' wi' a musket slung 'at 'is back. 'E turned into t' yard and ovver t' cobbles to t' doorway, wahl aht o' t' winder-hoil Martha, like one distraught, wor starin' 'n' starin', wi' 'er een fixed and wide oppen, 'n' 'er lips blanched and dry. 'N' be'ind Martha, pearing ovver 'er showther, wor Joah starin' 'n' starin', a fearsome shine in 'is een, 'is jaws shut tight 'n' t' muscles twitching in 'is cheeks 'n' t' blood runnin' dahn 'is chin fro' 'is bitten lip. For it wor the return of Amos from the deead.

"'E cam into t' rahm wi' a jolly laugh, placing 'is musket in a corner. 'Well, naybors,' says 'e, 'Does Joah Carver still live 'ere, 'n' what's all t' stir abaght? Dunnot yo' know me? Come, give an owd soldier a drink! Dunnot ye know Amos Ibbetson 'at shot t' keeper 'n' listed 'n'——' Then he stopped short, for Martha ran forrards 'n' fell to her knees; shoo stretched aht 'er airms to 'im wi' longing, then clasped 'em ovver 'er bosom 'n' wailed wi' despair 'n' fell wi' 'er forehead to t' grahnd, still wailing mortally, for t' owd true love were beatin' 'neath 'er breast ageean, strivin' to be let aht, an' all to no purpose.

"'Martha, dear lass, Martha!' says Amos, bendin' ovver 'er quickly whal Joah stood by, as one not 'avin' reight to interfere—frozen up—'n' said never a word.

"'Martha! Dunnot be flayed, lass! It's me—noa ghost, lass!—it's thi awn lad come back to thi—loving thee still according to promise—thi awn lad come back wi' 'is pardon i' 'is pocket after one year o' feightin' 'n' three in a French prison."

"Martha pushed 'im away, slackly, as if shoo wor achin' to strain 'im to 'er.

"'Why, Martha,' says Amos, bending ovver 'er, unconcerned abaght t' other fowk theer, 'what does it all mean, sweet lass? Ah've noan forgotten tha, lass! Ah'm cum nah, 'cordin' to promise.' 'E took

A YORKSHIRE VIGNETTE.

'odd of 'er 'and 'n' kissed 'er chake, 'n' Joah stood by as if 'e wor stone.

"Then Amos saw t' wedding ring and dropped 'er 'and sharp and quick 'n' sprang to 'is feet. 'Shoo's married,' says he, 'n' made for t' door.

"Joah strade to t' door. 'Amos,' says he. 'Amos Ibbetson! Hither, lad!"

"Amos ne'er heeded.

"Joah, in mortal agony as he were, ran aght after 'im. 'E saw 'at love for 'er awn lad 'ad sprung to strang, strang life i' 'is wife's 'eart, 'at must mak 'er life 'ell, 'n' 'er man's wahr.

"'Amos!' says he. 'We wor nobbut married this afternoon—we trewly thowt ye wor deead. Come back wi' yo', 'n' 'ev a word wi' t' wife.' 'N' Joah pulled t' lad into t' home—steead ageean 'n' set abaght bein' as jovial as a man sud be on 'is weddin' day. But it wor a fause jollity, as wor plain tuv all.

"Amos, dazed and vacant, sat in a chair bi t' table and Joah put before him a draught of ale 'n' wod 'ev 'im take off 'is knapsack and belt.

"Shoo'll be awreight, sooin,' said Joah pointing varry coolly to t' settee wheer 'is wife lay. 'It's nobbut takken 'er a bit sudden.'

"Amos sat glowering now at 't poor lass, love and despair mingled in his face. 'N' then, well—'e wor allus a lad, wor Amos—soa 'e just put 'is 'eoad on 'is arm 'n' sobbed 'n' sobbed 'n' shook wi' sobbin'.

"'Why! Amos, dunnot tak' on soa, lad, pritha!' says Joah. 'Ah reckon tha'll 'ev accahted for plenty poor fellows wi' this, says he, picking up Amos's musket and pretendin' to crack a joke like. 'Is't loaded?' says 'e, puttin' t' butt to grahnd and looking dahn t' muzzle. 'Why, so it is!' says 'e, and cocks t' musket 'n' then looked dahn t' muzzle ageean, 'n' t' cowl sweeat beginnin' to run dahn 'is chakes.

"'T wor all done in a tick-tack.

"'God forgi' me, says 'e in a whisper, 'For thee, Martha, dear lass, —for thee!' 'Greater love hath——' 'n' 'e pushed t' trigger wi' 'is foot 'n' t' musket cracked short and sharp, 'n' t' women screamed 'n' some fainted, whal Joah slithered in a pool of 'is awn blood to t' floor.

"Martha shrieked wi' t' others, 'n' a second later Joah's 'ed—or what wor left of it—wor on 'er lap. Says 'e, 'Just one kiss, lass, ah nivver dreeamed them triggers wor so tickle.' Martha kissed 'im, 'n' 'e passed. 'N' 'in 'is 'eart 'e knew—for so 'is religion towld 'im—that for his deed 'e was dammed as a suicide thru' all eternity."

JNO. W. BARRACLOUGH.

From

London



Town.

November, 1900.

Mr. Henley's War Poems—The Boer War—Mr. Henley's Two Englands—A Word against John Bull—Lord Roberts Vindicated—Mr. Phillpotts' "Sons of the Morning"†—The Tyranny of Scenery—Simple Country and Latin Phrases—Multiplication of Mr. Hardy a Mistake—Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim"‡—A Great Romance—Mr. Jacobs' "A Master of Craft"§—The Fidelity of some Novelists to a Feminine Type—The Sardonic Thames—Mr. Anstey's "The Brass Bottle"§—An Arabian Jinnee at large in the L.C.C. district—An Hungarian Novelist—"St. Peter's Umbrella."¶*

Poets and War.

Mr. Henley has, of course, always been a fighter, and it is therefore perfectly in keeping that he should issue a little volume of verse—new and collected—in praise of the martial spirit, filled with those forceful, nervous, impatient qualities that his fighting work always shows. But one has to be more impressed by the worthiness of the Boer War than I am to come to Mr. Henley's battle poems with enthusiasm. When a very great people fights with a very little one it is time for the great people's poets to hold their peace, or at any rate to think carefully before they utter song. Mr. Henley seems to me to have thought hardly at all; he seems merely to have rushed in, like the "Man in the Street" in one of these numbers, "dead certain sure that

* "For England's Sake," by W. E. Henley. (1s. net. Nutt.)

† "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts. (6s. Methuen.)

‡ "Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad. (6s. Blackwood.)

§ "A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs. (6s. Methuen.)

§ "The Brass Bottle," by F. Anstey. (6s. Smith, Elder & Co.)

¶ "St. Peter's Umbrella," by Kálmán Mikszáth. (6s. Jarrold.)

LITERARY LETTER.

he's utterly bound to be right" because he has heard the flapping of the Union Jack above him. Well, it is proper enough perhaps for the "Man in the Street" to engage in blows under those circumstances, but it is natural if we look to our poets to have rather more particular grounds.

Mr. Henley's Two Englands.

Poets are always in danger when they encroach upon the field of journalism, and one cannot consider Mr. Henley's essay very fortunate. He has written his verses "for

England's sake," but has not quite made up his mind as to what that England is. On the one hand he speaks—in reprinted pieces—of England's

" calm of pride
That hardy and high serenity
That none may dare abide,"

and of England's

" glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear,"

and on the other hand—in new pieces written for this book—he is loud in praise of the England of the Man in the Street—the England that must be fought for whether rightly or wrongly, but fought for out of sheer love of fighting; the England symbolised by John Bull and adjured by Mr. Henley to "storm along."

A Word against John Bull.

The full refrain is "Storm along, storm along, storm along, John"—John being of course that gross figure by whom, very curiously to me, most English people seem content to be typified. I for one refuse to be represented by this overfeeding, overdrinking, and (if I am anything of a physiognomist) short-tempered and prejudiced farmer. Other nations choose figures of beauty as their symbols, but for us suffices this storming Bull, this ensanguined, choleric product of beef and beer, who at any moment may succumb to an apoplectic seizure. Mr. Henley may, with his splendid literary mastery, arrange beautiful epithets; the wish being father to the thought, he may write of England's "glorious eyes austere" and her "calm and high serenity" and thus satisfy his artistic soul's cravings; but his heart, I believe, is far more with his storming John, his old English "burgher man," not a whit more livable-with (to my mind) than the old burgher man of the Transvaal for whom he finds it difficult to collect enough abuse.

Lord Roberts.

There is, in this book, one particularly thoughtless set of verses: those on Lord Roberts, "our chief of men." Think of the numerical advantages of the English, of their bigger battalions, greater wealth; remember the difference between the spirit animating hired soldiers invading a country and the spirit animating the sons of that country defending their homes; above all think of De Wet; and then read Mr. Henley's boasts:—

"By the dismal fords, the thankless hills, the desolate, half-dead flats
He has shepherded them like silly sheep, and cornered them like rats.

He has driven and headed them strength by strength, as a hunter deals with his deer,
And has filled the place of the heart in their breast with a living devil of fear.

They have seen themselves out-marched, out-fought, out-captained early and late.
They've scarce a decent town to their name, but he's ridden in at the gate."

Is this the way that we, as English, want to see our poets writing? But the verses in question have a graver fault. We look to poets to find the highest in man, not the poorest. Mr. Henley suggests that Lord Roberts has fought the better for having lost a son in the war. My plain prose impression of that gentleman and soldier is that he is not like that. If he were like that, then to call him "chief of men" is to lower the standard of the rest of us.

**England in
Quatorzain.**

Not that Mr. Henley has not added some fine metrical work to his beautiful store. ("England, my England," which is of course not new, does not seem to me his best; it seems to me to lack spontaneity and genuineness, and to be but an echo of Mangan's glorious "Dark Rosaleen." The prologue of this little book is finer far, but that also is not new.) For the best of the new numbers we must go to the Envoy:—

"These to the glory and praise of the green land
That bred my women, and that holds my dead,
England, and with her the strong broods that stand
Wherever her fighting lines are pushed or spread!
They call us proud?—Look at our English Rose!
Shedders of blood?—Where hath our own been spared?
Shopkeepers?—Our account the high God knows.
Close?—In our bounty half the world hath shared.
They hate us, and they envy? Envy and hate
Should drive them to the Pit's edge?—Be it so!
That race is damned which misesteems its fate,
And this, in God's good time, they all shall know,
And know you too, you good green England, then—
Mother of mothering girls and governing men!"

That last line is very haunting: only Mr. Henley could have written it.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new novel, "**Sons of Novelists and Scenery.** the Morning," illustrates the danger of being too fond of your county. It is a Devonshire story injured by Devonshire. The first duty of a novelist is his fable, background coming much later; and Mr. Phillpotts has permitted background to absorb him prematurely. Were the influence of this background so powerful and intimate that it determined to a great extent the character and actions of his men and women, all would be well. But such is not the case: they would have behaved very much the same had they lived in Kent or Northumberland. This being so, so much scenery is an impediment and an excrescence. The fact is, few novelists quite understand how to treat scenery. Some give it too much attention and some too little; but the commonest offence is to give it too much. Of course scenery in a novel is intolerable if it is overdone, because every syllable in excess is so much barrier between the reader and the people in whom he is interested. Suns may rise, and all the pageantry of dawn be portrayed with the choicest and aptest epithets, but if we are meanwhile waiting to know what She replied to His proposal the author has toiled at his task in vain. Mr. Phillpotts describes Devonshire with a rapture that is intense, but he chooses the most luckless times for his outbursts. Compare (in an adjoining county) Mr. Hardy's intensely relevant and natural passages of description in "**The Woodlanders.**" There every word is to the point. We are conscious of no irritation, because the scenery and the drama are closely related.

Mr. Phillpotts seems to me to make another mistake in employing so heavily Latinised a manner in which to communicate the joys of Devonshire. The correspondence between subject and medium should be closer. One should not use such words as "arborescence" and "fulvous" in connection with west country simplicity. Perhaps this is hyper-criticism; but if so, let the blame be with Mr. Blackmore and the sweet homely Saxon in which he extolled the same county.

In reading "**Sons of the Morning**" I have "**Sons of the Morning.**" been continually surprised that it is not better than it is. Mr. Phillpotts has great gifts, but they have not, in this book, worked together. One thing of which he has need of learning is the art of progression. Incident succeeds incident with a jerk; drop scenes painted heavily with Devonshire views are too often lowered while the stage is being changed; the comic element is too sharply separated from the serious—so sharply indeed as to suggest the equally strict divisions of a melodrama. In a serious work of art, unless humorous clowns have some vital bearing upon the story, humorous clowns must go, much as we esteem them.

Mr. Phillpotts' rustics are for the most part outside the picture, just as the ugly episode of the love of Sally and Margaret for Libby is outside the picture. The picture is of Honor and Christopher and Giles, and of no one else, except incidentally, Crampton and Mark. In the search for comic relief (which we would prefer to wait for until Mr. Phillpotts gives us a rustic novel pure and simple) he has overcrowded his stage with irrelevant persons.

Another of the weaknesses of Mr. Phillpotts' story is the dialogue. The peasants read true, and Honor reads true, but Christopher talks like a book (by Mr. le Gallienne) and Mark like a book (by a provincial clerical lecturer) and Myles like a book (by a serious Y.M.C.A. sceptic). There is no spontaneous feeling about their talk. They frame their remarks so capably, so accurately. Now Mr. Phillpotts has performed with distinction that most difficult feat of making schoolboys talk credibly, and a man who can do that can do almost anything.

**One Hardy, One
Phillpotts.**

As for the story itself, it bears upon it the impress of having been invented. Mr. Phillpotts never (to me) suggests that he is narrating because he must, because circumstances have been too much for him and the tragedy must be told: on the contrary, behind every page I seem to see his mind working at the plot, arranging it, getting it into shape, giving it the appearance of credibility. And what seems to me more unfortunate: the story not only suggests deliberate and artificial invention, but invention with the idea of reaping in Mr. Hardy's fields. Honor Endicott, the young, vivacious, impulsive, independent woman farming her own lands; Myles Stapleton, her sombre-minded, lonely, passionate cousin; Christopher Yeoland, idler and nature lover; each might have strayed into Devonshire from Wessex. That in itself is little; the west country may be peopled by such folk; but when the story takes a Hardy turn, and there is an essentially Hardy situation and play of emotion, why then one begins to wonder. One is also a little bit irritated, because Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Hardy have different minds and find different things in life. Why attempt to duplicate Mr. Hardy, whom we know and with whom we are satisfied? Why not add to our slender store of earnest novelists Mr. Phillpotts, of whom we do not know as yet very much, but in whose strength and charm and individuality we believe?

"Lord Jim."

In a number of Blackwood's Magazine, published during 1899, was printed a short story called "Youth"—the story of a sailor's first voyage and what it meant to him, a story with the very spirit of

Romance breathing in it. The author was Mr. Joseph Conrad, speaking in the person of one Marlow, a captain who was also a philosopher and a poet. That story has always seemed to me one of the perfect things in modern English writing; and now Mr. Conrad has provided it with a successor, a further chapter from the recollections of his friend the poet-captain. For though Mr. Conrad introduces "Lord Jim," it is Marlow who takes on the story directly it begins to be dramatic and who steepes it in the same dreamy, wistful, romantic feeling that made "Youth" a thing apart.

To my mind Mr. Conrad's "Lord Jim" is
A Great Romance. the finest achievement of any English novelist these many years. It has temperament in every line: an intense feeling for beauty, a deep and comprehending sympathy for poor humanity, a very extraordinary knowledge of the human heart. A story may of course have these qualities and yet be shapeless and ill written; but Mr. Conrad is a master of form and dramatic progression, and his choice of words is almost impeccable. That a man born a Pole, and a follower of the sea for the best part of his life (as I understand is Mr. Conrad's case), should be able to write English like this is enough to cause a professional English writer to burn his pens.

"Lord Jim" is primarily a case of conscience: the poignant history of a young Englishman who failed at a given moment and afterwards did not fail. His failure pursues him through the book, we never get away from it, such is Mr. Conrad's merciless art; and yet "Lord Jim" is also a treasure house of Eastern spices and Eastern mystery and strange seafarers and old traders and all the wonders of the sea. With one magic key the author has unlocked a human heart and unlocked the East.

Mr. Jacobs sets out to do a smaller thing
"A Master of Craft." than either Mr. Conrad or Mr. Phillpotts. But he does it so well. In "A Master of Craft" he has extended to what is known as "six shilling length" one of those little histories of the amatory embroilments of a skipper with which readers of "Many Cargoes" and "Sea Urchins" are so pleasantly familiar. The experiment might be considered dangerous, but Mr. Jacobs has succeeded. The book is indeed a double triumph: a triumph of close humorous observation of a phase of life well worth study by a pair of whimsical eyes, and a triumph of engrossing narrative. In these days of spiced fiction it is no small achievement to make the adventures of a coasting captain who happens to be plighted to three women at once so interesting that the book cannot be dropped. The story is innocent, amusing, and, I should say, in the main true. Possibly the sardonic retort at Rotherhithe is never quite so prompt or so happy as

in Mr. Jacobs' pages; possibly in real life there would be an element of griminess, both in environment and language, which in the book is permitted to escape. But one is persuaded that for the most part Mr. Jacobs adheres to the fact. The Wheeler family is intensely credible, and probably such duels as that continually in progress between Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Church are as common as blackberries. I fancy too that a skipper in Captain Flower's position would behave very much as Captain Flower does.

Mr. Jacobs' young women are beginning to have that family resemblance one to the other that the young women of novelists often acquire. Mr. Bret Harte, for example, has been faithful to one type for years, and there is a certain measure of capriciousness that can be predicted of any new heroine of Mr. Hardy's. Mr. Jacobs finds that his most congenial material is the pretty, coy and slightly tart daughter of well-to-do river folk.

The humour of the story is incessant and too well mixed to be extricated, but one scrap of conversation occurs to mind again and again: "She's a young lady," says one of the seaman of his skipper's fiancée, "that if she told me to jump overboard, I would do it." His companion assented: "You could swim ashore easily," he said. Mr. Jacobs, it seems to me, is as conscientious and deft a literary artist, in the little way, as we have. His canvas is very small, but he is the master of it.

**Mr. Anstey's New
Arabian Night.**

A second book of humour is Mr. Anstey's new exercise in fantastic romance, "The Brass Bottle." I wish I could commend it with more heartiness, for it is hard not to be able to use superlatives about Mr. Anstey's work. The story is of a young architect of the matter-of-fact type of which Mr. Anstey has the secret, and the embarrassments incident to his temerity in opening a brass bottle containing an Arabian Nights jinnee. The material is promising enough in the hands of the author of "Vice Versâ," and "A Fallen Idol" and "The Tinted Venus"; but I could not laugh as I longed to do. There is, however, one delicious scene with a dancing girl, quite in Mr. Anstey's best manner.

**An Hungarian
Novelist.**

While on the subject of purely pleasant books let me recommend an Hungarian story by a writer new to me—Kálmán Mikszáth—entitled "St. Peter's Umbrella." Hungarian fiction means to most of us Jokai. Here is a tale by one more amusing than that fecund romanticist, and not only more amusing but more styleful and far more human. Jokai is dramatic; he

LITERARY LETTER.

has some of the scene painter's temperament; he likes large effects, plenty of colour, limelight, thunder. But Mikszáth (who is an Hungarian lawyer of middle age) is simpler. All he asks is a few peasants and homely folk, with whom he will so dexterously play that you will share their every emotion and laugh all the time. "St. Peter's Umbrella" is a thread of a story meandering through some perfectly delightful character-sketching and good humour. There is nothing exactly to compare it with. It is rather like Dickens put through a cullender and mixed with sparkling water; and yet it isn't like Dickens at all. It is more like the more natural and racy of Hans Christian Andersen's stories—"What the old Man does is always right," for example. The translation seems to be very well done. I hope to hear that more English versions of Mikszáth are in preparation.

E. V. LUCAS.





NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.

Our readers will doubtless remember the amusing poem by Sir Wilfrid Lawson in our last issue on the adoption of what is practically the Gothenburg system both in Northumberland and in other parts of England. It may be interesting to give some slight account of what this system really means, and how it is supposed to work.

In the first instance, it may be stated that the consumption of alcohol in the United Kingdom is nearly double the amount per head of that in the United States, and the expenditure per family of the working classes in the United Kingdom upon drink is said to amount to nearly one-fifth of the family income.

Now whatever may be said of the moderate use of alcohol, it is quite clear that this amounts to excessive consumption.

All the efforts in various parts of the world to reduce the consumption by legislation have had only a very limited amount of success. In so far as consumption is due to the desire of the individual to drink, it is difficult to suggest anything except absolute Prohibition, and absolute Prohibition so far has not been successful. But, another cause no doubt is, that those who sell liquor, like those who sell everything else, are eager to push their trade, and probably their own pecuniary interest in the business makes them sell more than would be sold if they were absolutely apathetic.

There are more than 126,000 publicans in the United Kingdom, and the object of the Gothenburg system is to take away all private interest

in pushing the trade. The principle therefore is, roughly speaking, to establish houses where liquor can be sold, but no person is to have any interest in the profits on the sale of such liquor. The manager will be paid a salary for dispensing it, which will be neither larger nor smaller whatever the quantity sold may be. Generally speaking, he will be allowed to make what profit he can on the sale of food, tea, coffee, and non-alcoholic drinks, or on billiards, beds, stables, and anything else belonging to the house, but no profit on the sale of liquor.

Of course, the Company, as a whole, will make a profit, because it has no object to gain in selling the liquor cheap, and after a five per cent. interest has been paid on the absolute capital expended, which does not, of course, include anything for the value of the license, but merely that of the land and buildings, the idea is that the balance should be put into the hands of some responsible people, and be expended for purposes of public utility. The responsible people may be either the local authorities, the Imperial Government, or trustees.

The general feeling, based on experience of Sweden and Norway, is that it is not a good plan to put it in the hands of the local authorities—at any rate not so that it can be used in the reduction of rates, directly or indirectly, as if they can improve their budgets by this means, it really gives them a very great interest in encouraging the sale of the liquor. Now the representatives of the people, as everybody knows, whether in the Imperial Parliament, Town Councils, or other local authorities, are always very anxious to spend money on things that will be pleasant to their constituents, while at the same time they are horribly afraid of asking them to pay for these benefits, and therefore if this money were used in reduction of rates, it would be only another way of increasing the sale. This has often been noticed in England where local authorities have succeeded in trading in licenses.

Sweden commenced the system first, and Norway took it up afterwards, and the Norwegians, advised by the Swedish experience, were more anxious to be careful, and as a rule they considered that the money ought to be devoted to objects which the municipality is not by law obliged to support.

Looking over some of the reports from Bergen, we observe that the largest proportion of the profit has been expended on hospitals, and such like, being about one-third of the whole amount. About one-fourth of the whole profit has been spent on museums, libraries, and exhibitions. About one-seventh on tree planting, parks, public baths, and recreation grounds, while the rest of it has gone to various good objects. Of course, there will be a great variety of opinion as to how the money ought to be expended, but there are, at any rate in the

beginning, many objects on which everybody will agree it may be rightly spent. Later may come the proposal, which many people will advocate, that the money should be spent on national rather than on local objects. But it seems to us that this is hardly worth discussing until the matter assumes very much larger proportions than it is likely to do at present.

As most of our readers will be aware, Earl Grey has arranged for starting one such house at Broomhill and measures have been taken to try and arrange for the starting of one in the Elswick or Benwell district, in which Sir Andrew Noble takes so deep an interest, and probably efforts will be made to arrange for two or three more within a very short time.

Of course, all such questions as Sunday closing, sale to children under age, and so on, can be dealt with without any danger of falling foul of the pecuniary interest involved.

A great stress is laid by many of the most earnest advocates of the movement on what they call counteracting agencies, which probably include reading rooms, places of meeting, and amusements generally for which public houses are frequently used by individuals, clubs and societies. Most people, thinking it out carefully, will agree that the value of these counteracting agencies will vary very much indeed in different localities, and that the money must be left in the hands of trustees to decide each question on its own merits. But we need not spend too much time in settling how to spend money which it not yet earned.

We shall be glad to see all thoughtful people taking an interest in this movement, and trust that whether they are hopeful or not, they will be prepared to do what they can to give it a fair trial. It is quite clear that none of the existing efforts to make people sober by legislation, either in England or America, have had any measure of success, and the only thing is, to try something else.

No doubt if in a town or district this Society could get command of the whole liquor traffic, it would be an enormous gain, for it would thus escape competition with the existing houses, which might easily be achieved in small communities, such as villages.

Every effort should also be made to keep the attractions and the sale of drink separate from each other. In Norway and Sweden, one rule is that no credit is to be given for strong drink, and another is that no female is to serve behind bars where liquor is sold.

Probably those who advocate this system, most of whom have studied the question of Temperance very seriously, would not deny for a moment that all legislative and executive action for this purpose can

be only auxiliary, and that, properly speaking, infinitely the most powerful agency for diminishing intemperance is by appealing to the higher feelings of the individual, for it must not be supposed for a moment that because such machinery as this is taken up, that the higher and personal question is lost sight of.

Among many classes of the community, intemperance is now looked upon as a vice and disgrace where in former years it was regarded as very excusable, if not indeed harmless. This is due no doubt to a higher standard of right and wrong having been established, but there is room for all means, and we ourselves believe that the Gothenburg system bids fair to do more than any other auxiliary measure that has yet been suggested.

B. C. BROWNE.

ON THE GROWTH OF ART IN THE NORTH.

In our two previous numbers we have alluded to the recent growth of Art in the North, and we have now to chronicle another satisfactory event, that, namely, of the opening of the first exhibition of modern pictures in the Art Galleries of Hull. On the use of Art in widening the sympathies and enlarging knowledge we need not dwell; let it suffice to quote three lines from Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi"—

"We're made so that we love
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

* * * * *

Mr. Basil Anderton, B.A., chief librarian at the Public Library in Newcastle-on-Tyne, has sent us his Fine Arts Catalogue* arranged according to Dewey's decimal classification. This strikes us as an excellent order of arrangement, for it consists of (1) an author's list arranged alphabetically, (2) a subject list, in which the books are grouped under subjects, (3) a table giving a general view of the classification, and (4) an alphabetical subject index.

Thus an enquirer can discover at once not merely a particular book, but also learn what other books by different authors have been written on the same subject.

Finally, it may be remarked that the reference library is free to all persons whether resident or visitors.

* Price 6d.

OBITUARY.

The pattern life of a public-spirited country gentleman closed when, early in the morning of October 16, James Cropper of Ellergreen, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, entered rest.

Come of an old Viking stock—for his name is found in the Land-nama Bok of Iceland—he had inherited the best traditions of true philanthropy from his grandfather who, with Zachary Macaulay, had worked for the emancipation of the slave. In him too ran something of the spirit of good old Quaker blood. Whole-hearted churchman as he was, he loved, as the Friends love, simplicity in form and directness in religious expression.

In earliest days he had cared for social and industrial problems and the sorrows of the labouring poor entered into his heart. It was his good fortune to be able, by becoming an employer of labour in his paper mills at Burneside, to face these problems and to become as he always wished to become, the father, rather than the master of his workmen.

He lived to see Burneside become, under his fostering care, a model village. He lived to see some of his endeavours, notably his idea of Co-operative Stores for the people, find acceptance far and wide. The guardianship of the poor was a sacred trust to him, as Chairman of the Board of Guardians at Kendal, for twenty-five years, and as Vice-President of the Northern Poor-Law Congress, he both learned and taught wisdom. Almost the last thing he talked with me about was a scheme for caring for that most helpless class of our poorer friends, the pauper imbeciles of Cumberland and Westmorland.

He was in early days a keen politician, and represented his neighbour town of Kendal five years in Parliament. Latterly he had felt that he could not be a partisan, or rather that partisanship dulled sympathies, and though it was a grief to him at the time to leave the House at the redistribution of seats, he found so much more of home politics to hand for him to do that he ceased to regret it.

When the County Council in Westmorland met for its first time in 1888, they unanimously elected James Cropper to be their chairman, and to the day of his death his heart was in the work.

The Queen Anne Bounty Board gave him the chance of helping the Church of his love. The late Bishop of Carlisle, Harvey Goodwin, had no truer friend, and at the last Diocesan Conference the present Bishop Bardsley testified to the constant help to church work in the Diocese that this most earnest layman was always willing to bestow.

But it was the cause of education, elementary, secondary, public-

school, or university, that was nearest to his heart. As one of the Governors of Sedbergh, and Heversham and Kendal Grammar Schools, his counsel was constantly sought. As a believer in women's education, he founded a scholarship at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and a bursary at the Edinburgh Medical School for the training of native Indian women as doctors.

There was not a day but this public benefactor did not do something to help his time. And if one asked oneself why it was he had the power to be a pillar of good in his generation, a kind of beacon and standard for higher and happier life in all classes of society round about him, the answer seemed to be, that he had a heart that was for ever young in a body that seemed as if age could not touch it; that his sympathies were not with the past but with the present and the future; that his enthusiasm for the better time coming never failed him; that he believed that all things work together for good to them that fear God and keep His commandments.

The grace of this abundant hopefulness flowed out in all he did and said. Age could not stale his infinite variety, because he never grew old. To see him with young men, or little children, was to see him at his best. To know him in his home life was a privilege for which to be thankful.

He died in France and his body was borne across the sea and laid to rest in the valley he held most dear. It seemed as if all Westmorland and Cumberland had come to Burnside to do him honour at the home-going. In the unavoidable absence of the Bishop of the Diocese at the church dedication at Holker, the service was taken by the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness.

The coffin, covered with wreaths, was laid upon a simple wheeled bier in front of the doors of Ellergreen, and so taken by hand from the house to the church. It was his wish that no hearse should be used, and that this simpler method of carrying the body to its rest should be employed.

Before the procession moved, many of those present came up to the coffin to see the beautiful photograph taken after death; and side by side of it the picture of his bride taken on her honey-moon. Beneath these two pictures were written the words from Christina Rossetti's poem—

"Think of our joy in Paradise
When we're together there."

and beneath this a little note stating that these were the words which he had begged might be inscribed upon his tombstone.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

Those who knew how ideal had been their wedded life, knew also how, through all the long years of widowerhood and the grief of separation that lent its pathos to his fine face, there had been one sweet music to which he moved—the music of a sure reunion that had surely come with joy at last.

The sunlight faded from the near fells, and sorrow filled the air. A single robin sang a note or two and was silent, and the leaves fell audibly to the ground. But all who gazed out east saw the blue Howgills and the further Pennine hills shine out like burnished silver-gold, and thought of the glory of that far land to which our friend had gone.

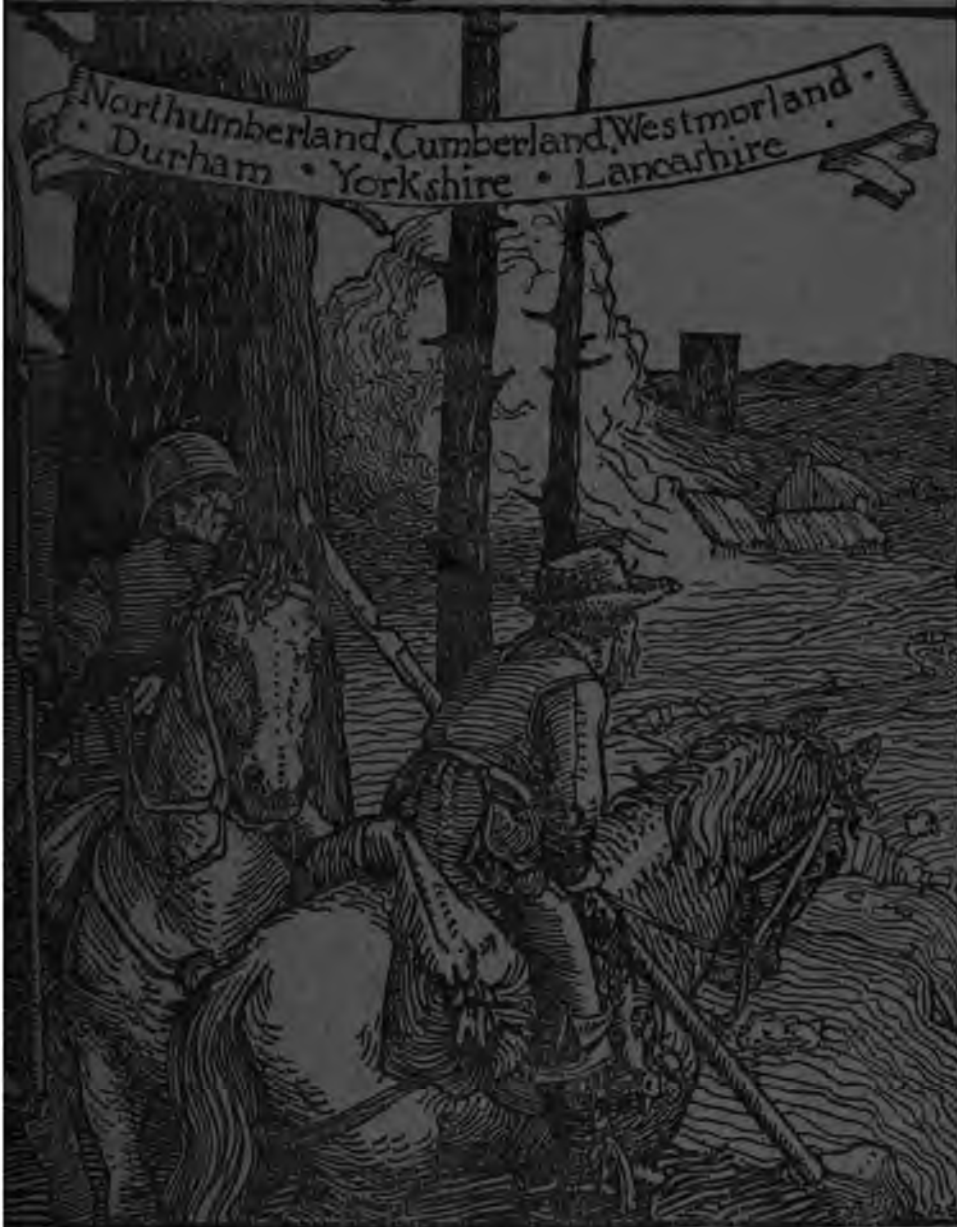
The procession went up the drive and into the lane, and so down into the village, where every head seemed bowed, and every house a house of mourning. The service, simple throughout, included his favourite hymn,

“ Lord it belongs not to my care
Whether I live or die,”

and at the grave-side a third hymn was sung which had been chosen by his daughter as expressive of the continuity of happy life in the world beyond. The Bishop pronounced the benediction, the mourners placed their wreaths at the grave-side, silently the vast crowd melted away, and left to its long rest, the body of one of the most public-spirited servants of the common good that Westmorland has known. He will be as sorely missed, as he will be surely mourned.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

The Northern Counties Magazine.



Famous Northern Regiments. By Walter Wood.
Medieval French Art at the Paris Exhibition. By
H. E. Fry.

A Last Thread. By Mrs. Hugh Bell.

Some Cheviot Burns. By F. Anderson Graham.
Geordie. By Richard Bagot.
Cup of Gold. By W. W. Gibson.
London Literary Letter. By E. V. Lucas.

North Country Chronicle.

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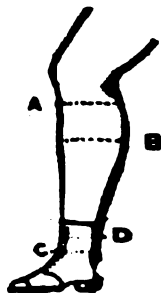
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And stern in thought.”

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



* Under “Northmen” we include in our present series The King’s (Liverpool Regiment), The Northumberland Fusiliers, The West Yorkshire Border, and Yorkshire Regiments, besides The Durham Light Infantry and Lancashire Fusiliers.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

The Northern Counties Magazine.

January, 1901.

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS

I.—THE KING'S (LIVERPOOL REGIMENT).

This famous corps may not, and does not, possess as many battle-honours as some other regiments in the British Army; but there are few regiments of older standing, or possessing greater historical interest. It originated in stirring and important times, and for more than two hundred years has maintained its position as one of Great Britain's oldest fighting bodies. Of the seven regiments territorially associated with Lancashire—The King's Own, The King's, The Lancashire Fusiliers, The East Lancashire, The South Lancashire, The Loyal North Lancashire and The Manchester—The King's has been the most intimately connected with the campaigns of Marlborough. The honours begin with "Blenheim," and go on with "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," and "Malplaquet"—four distinctions as bloodily won as any that are borne on British colours or appointments.

At Blenheim, in Bavaria, on August 13, 1704, Marlborough, with fifty-two thousand men, English and allies, met the French and Bavarians, numbering fifty-six thousand. When the fight was ended not more than sixteen thousand of the enemy remained with the colours, while of Marlborough's troops twelve thousand were killed or wounded. Fourteen thousand of France's finest soldiers were prisoners with Marlborough, and the invincibility of France's veterans became a boast of the past. From this time the name of "Marlbrook" inspired that fear in the breasts of French juveniles which British children were taught to feel in after years when "Bonyparte" was mentioned.

At the village of Ramillies on the 23rd of May, 1706, Marlborough swept upon and crushed the French. In an hour and a half the French had suffered a loss of fifteen thousand men, with a large number of guns and immense quantities of baggage; while the victor had four thousand of his people slain.

At Oudenarde—July 11, 1708—Marlborough inflicted another great defeat on the French, and the quartette of battles was made up at Malplaquet. On September 11, 1709, the opposing forces, each con-



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sisting of some one hundred and twenty thousand men, met and fought. The French soldiers, starving but valiant, threw away their rations so that they would be less encumbered for the fight, and not until Marlborough had lost eighteen thousand men could he claim the victory.

Such are the first of the honours of The King's—distinctions gained while yet the regiment was young. The actual year of origin was 1685, the regiment, like several others, coming into existence as a result of Monmouth's Rebellion. Monmouth—"reputed to be the oldest of the

King's bastards," says Green, "a weak and worthless profligate in temper"—was beaten at Sedgemoor on July 6th, 1685, and on the 15th of the same month was beheaded on Tower Hill. Following that execution was the "Bloody circuit," the hanging of three hundred and fifty rebels, the selling of nearly a thousand into slavery beyond the seas, and the whipping and imprisoning of an even larger number.

By the time The King's had been raised the rebellion, which it was to have helped to crush, was ended. It had been brought into existence rapidly and effectively, and consisted of ten companies, one being raised in Hertfordshire, another at Derby, a third in the neighbourhood of London, and the remaining seven in Derbyshire and the surrounding country. The rendezvous was at Derby.

Following the custom of the time the regiment was made up of musketeers and pikemen. The captains were armed with pikes, the lieutenants with partisans, the ensigns with half-pikes, the sergeants with halberds. Thirty rank and file of each company were pikemen, and seventy-three were musketeers. The whole carried swords. The uniform was striking and picturesque, being scarlet, lined and turned up with yellow; yellow waistcoats and breeches, white stockings, and white cravats, with broad-brimmed hats, having the brim turned up on one side, and ornamented with yellow ribands.

When Monmouth's outbreak had been quelled the companies of The King's were reduced to sixty men each, and soon afterwards were still further lessened. At this time it was known as The Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment of Foot, in honour of the King's second daughter, afterwards Queen Anne, who was married to Prince George of Denmark. This designation was maintained until 1702, when, on Princess Anne coming to the throne, it was altered to The Queen's Regiment, retaining that title until 1716. From that year until 1751, when the regiments of the Line were numbered, the corps was known as The King's Regiment, and subsequently as the 8th Foot. In 1881, when the territorial system was adopted, the title became what it now is—The King's (Liverpool Regiment), with the dépôt at Warrington.

In the year after its formation the regiment marched into Northumberland, where it remained for twelve months. This period was made famous in the annals of the corps, and furnished an interesting chapter in English history. The colonelcy was conferred on James Fitz-James, a natural son of the King, described as "a most gallant and enterprising youth, in the seventeenth year of his age." This tender warrior had just returned from the siege of Buda, where he had served with the Imperialists against the Turks. In 1687 he was created

Duke of Berwick, and in the following year issued an order which had far-reaching consequences.

The Duke, a stubborn Papist, directed that a number of Roman Catholics from Ireland, recruits who had come to England to join another corps for which, as it proved, they were not required, should join The King's. This was a severe blow to the officers, who prided themselves not only on being Protestants but also on the rigidly English character of their troops. Several of them carried their wrath so far as to be guilty of direct defiance of authority, and to declare that they would not be parties to a step which in their judgment would lead to the overthrow of the constitution and laws of their country. They protested, too, against such a serious change in the character of their corps as they conceived would inevitably result from the admission of Catholics.

The Lieutenant-Colonel—John Beaumont, and Captains Simon Packe, Thomas Orme, John Port, William Cook and Thomas Paston, remonstrated with the Duke, alleging that their companies were complete, and not in want of supernumeraries, and that if augmentation were needed, they had still credit enough in the country to obtain Englishmen. They declared that, rather than admit Catholics, they would resign their commissions.

There could be but one result to such behaviour. The young colonel, furious at this defiance of his authority, informed the King, and his Majesty, just as much incensed, despatched an armed force, and had the officers, then quartered in London, whither the regiment had gone from the north, arrested.

The officers were court-martialed and dismissed the service, although one member of the court—Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was in favour of sentencing them to death. The King, however, dared not proceed to an extremity like that, and he went so far to modify the punishment as to tell the officers that they would be repaid the expense they had incurred in raising the regiment and purchasing their commissions. These half-dozen courageous men became known as the "Portsmouth Captains," and their portraits are preserved in the regimental records of The King's to this day.

The King's, although prevented from sharing in the suppression of Monmouth's rising, had much to do in England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Holland before taking part in the campaign under Marlborough. During that campaign the regiment had laid aside its pikes, and every soldier was armed with a musket, bayonet and sword. At about the same time the grenadier companies ceased to carry hand

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grenades. These missiles had been invented a century before. They were small hollow globes, or balls, of iron, or annealed glass, about two inches in diameter, filled with fine powder. On being fired by a fuse at a touchhole the case flew into shatters, to the danger of all who stood near. The weapon was erratic, and at times wrought amongst the ranks of its wielders that mischief which was meant only for the enemy.



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That it did good service is beyond question—Macaulay had more than one occasion in his history to refer to the havoc done in war by grenades. It was not, however, until 1826 that hand-grenades were used for the last time in the British Army. At the battle of Bhurtpore the missiles were supplied to ten grenadiers of the 59th Regiment, but they were not loaded, the general in command believing that a grenade with a burning

fuse was as effectual in frightening the foe as a loaded one, with the great recommendation that the soldier who carried it was in no danger of premature explosion..

Of the grenadier companies it may be said briefly that they were formed only of men of long service, whose courage and discipline were beyond question. In the beginning only a few of these troops belonged to each regiment, but later the number grew and the grenadiers were distinguished by a special headdress—the tall bearskin cap. Only one regiment in the Army now retains the title—The Grenadier Guards.

In 1716 special recognition was made of the work which the regiment, then stationed at Glasgow, had done for the country. It was rewarded by George I. with the title of The King's Regiment, and the White Horse of Hanover as the badge, the badge being accompanied by the motto *Nec aspera terrent*. This distinction was specially appropriate, since in 1700 a medal was struck at Hanover to commemorate the accession to the Electorate of the Duke of Hanover, afterwards George I. The medal bore on one side the head of the Elector, and on the reverse the White Horse, with the circumscription *Nec aspera terrent*. After the accession of the House of Hanover to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain and Ireland the White Horse was introduced as a royal badge in the standards and colours of certain regiments of cavalry and foot to commemorate their services. Amongst these was The King's.

There is one peculiarity in the badge of the regiment which cannot be unmentioned. The regiment wears the Lancaster Rose, but this is distinguished from that of other Lancashire regiments by having inscribed below it, on a little detached gilt scroll, **King's** in Old English. The motto, too, is worn in Old English—*Nec aspera terrent*. The King's being the only regiment in the service which is entitled to use Old English lettering in this way.

The King's in 1742 embarked for Flanders and in the following year took part in the battle of Dettingen—famous largely because of the presence of George II. and his distinguished behaviour. Of his majesty Thackeray wrote, "Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valour. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The King, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said bravely, 'Now I know I shall not run away,' and placed himself at the head of the Foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole of the French Army, and calling out to his men to come on, in bad English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit."

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Three years later—in 1745—The King's shared in the stubborn contest at Fontenoy, the fight in which the Allies, after losing twelve thousand men, were forced to retire, but not until the French had suffered loss as heavy. In the same year the regiment returned to England, and after sharing in the battles of Falkirk and Culloden, returned to Flanders.

The regimental costume in 1715 was scarlet, faced and turned up with blue; scarlet waistcoats, blue breeches and cocked hats. Ten years earlier the uniform consisted of three-cornered hats, bound with white lace, and ornamented with a black cockade; scarlet cuffs with



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blue facings, ornamented with white lace, scarlet waistcoats, blue breeches, and white linen gaiters reaching above the knees.

In 1756 The King's was augmented to twenty companies, and divided into two battalions, both of which were held in readiness to repel a feared invasion by the French. But the tables were turned, and both battalions took part in an expedition designed to swoop on France. Unfavourable weather and other circumstances making the descent impracticable the troops returned to England. The 2nd Battalion was, in 1758, constituted the 63rd Foot, now the 1st Manchester Regiment.

From 1758 to the end of the century there was hard and varied work both at home and abroad. In 1800 The King's joined the expedition

to Egypt, whence it returned in 1803, its services being recognised by the granting of the Sphinx, superscribed "Egypt."

In 1804 another 2nd Battalion, raised from the army of reserve in West Yorkshire and neighbouring parts of Lancashire, was added to the regiment. This was disbanded at Portsmouth, having, amongst other things, had a share in the terrible sufferings and losses of the Walcheren Expedition in 1809.

In 1808 the 1st Battalion embarked for America, and added "Martinique" and "Niagara" to the regimental honours. The 2nd Battalion, too, had shared in this campaigning. Both returned to England in the year of Waterloo. It will be seen that The King's, being busily employed in other quarters of the world, had no chance of taking part in the Peninsular or Waterloo campaigns.

From the time of the American War to the Indian Mutiny The King's, now an ancient fighting body, went here and there on home or foreign service—at one time in Great Britain, at another in Malta, again in the Ionian Islands, Nova Scotia, Jamaica, Guernsey—and so on; everywhere doing its work as thoroughly and courageously as at any period of its history.

"Delhi" and "Lucknow" stand to represent what The King's did in the dark days of the Mutiny. The 1st Battalion was already in India when the outbreak came, having been ordered to embark for that country in 1846. The total strength embarked in five ships was thirty-four officers and eight hundred and seventy-six non-commissioned officers and privates. The destination of these ships was Bombay, and their voyages averaged no less a period than one hundred and three and three-fifth days. One vessel was ninety-four days on the passage, two were ninety-eight, one was one hundred and seven, and one was one hundred and twenty-one days—four months in making a trip which is now done regularly in about a fortnight.

The total losses of the regiment in the Mutiny were two hundred and forty-three officers, non-commissioned officers and men. Of these some were killed in action, some died of wounds, and the rest were victims to disease. "Delhi captured, "Agra defended," "Lucknow relieved"—these phrases tell effectively what The King's did in India. The regiment formed part of the flying column which was sent to reopen communications with Agra and Cawnpore. At Agra, on October 10th, 1857, after a forced march of forty-four miles, the column repulsed an unexpected attack by seven thousand of the mutineers. Of these five hundred were killed, and all the guns were captured.

After this, its first tour of Indian service, the regiment, in 1860,

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returned home. Meanwhile—in 1858—a second battalion had been raised at Buttevant, Ireland. It served at Gibraltar and in Malta for nearly ten years, then came home, and went to India in 1877. In the following year it joined the force of General Roberts, and was present at the storming and capture of the Peiwar Kotal—an honour which follows that of “Lucknow” on the colours. The battalion was employed with the Kurum Valley Force during the operations in Afghanistan in 1878-80, and “Afghanistan, 1878-80” remains as a commemorative honour. Subsequently the battalion served under General Sir Harry Prendergast with the Expeditionary Force in Burma, and added “Burma, 1885-87,” to the regimental distinctions.

We have very briefly seen The King's through two centuries of its existence. Let us see what sacrifices it had made for its country.

The 1st Battalion, during those two centuries, served abroad more than one hundred years, and for the whole or part of thirty-seven years it was in the field against an enemy. It was present at twenty-four battles, sixteen sieges, and nearly fifty minor engagements and skirmishes, and suffered an aggregate loss in killed alone of twenty-three officers and three hundred and twenty non-commissioned officers and men; while in wounded, missing and prisoners its loss was seventy officers and nine hundred and sixteen non-commissioned officers and men. The total known casualties for the two centuries were therefore ninety-five officers and twelve hundred and thirty-six others; but the number was higher than this, inasmuch as some of the losses were never put on record. The 2nd Battalion, too, which has been in existence during three different periods of The King's existence, and which is now just as much a part of the old corps as the 1st became, has seen hard service in the field. Its losses will bring the entire casualties of the regiment for the two centuries to fifteen hundred in round figures—and that aggregate is altogether irrespective of the heavy drains which disease has made from time to time on every British regiment.

Like every other infantry regiment associated with Great Britain and Ireland The King's has had some of its people in South Africa, sharing in the campaign which has just concluded. Like other Lancashire Regiments it has suffered heavily, and, like them, it will be thoroughly entitled to any honours which may be bestowed for the war. On several occasions it has been specially mentioned for its services, and if its casualties have not been as heavy as those of other bodies of the same strength this has not arisen from any want of zeal or wish to fight. Early in February, when the British forces had suffered their severest losses, the casualties of The King's were ten men killed and

twenty-two wounded—not one missing. The Loyal North Lancashire, the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Lancaster Regiment had been far less fortunate, the Lancashire Fusiliers having lost three officers killed, twelve wounded, four missing; fifty-seven men killed, one hundred and sixty-eight wounded, one hundred and fifty-six missing—a total of four hundred. The figures given, however, do not by any means indicate the total losses of The King's in South Africa. Disease alone has made a heavy death-roll, and many other officers and men of the corps have gone to swell the very great total of casualties for the entire period of the war.

As a Royal regiment The King's retains its blue facings. It is one of the regiments which have been augmented of late; and now has four, instead of only two, Line battalions. Its two Militia battalions have their headquarters at Warrington, and of the eight Volunteer battalions six are in Liverpool, one at Southport, and one at Douglas, Isle of Man. There is also a cadet battalion affiliated with The King's.

WALTER WOOD.

[An account of the West Yorkshire Regiment, by Mr. Wood, will appear in our next issue.]

MEDIÆVAL FRENCH ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(Continued from page 179.)

PART II.

*The Scarcity of Mediæval French Painting—Vandalism of Revolution—Mixture of Influences—
Pol de Limbourg—Naturalism—Jean Fouquet—Nicholas Froment and King René
—René as a Romanticist—The "Buisson Ardent"—Pageants and Mystery Plays—
Enguerrand Charenton—Italian Reminiscences—The Court of the Bourbons.*

The history of French painting is still to be written. To most people François Clouet, working under German influence, and the decadent classicists of Fontainebleau, whose inspiration was an expiring effort of the Florentine school, are the ultimate beginnings of French painting. As a matter of fact, the Fontainebleau paintings are the signs of a temporary eclipse of the French genius, conquered for the time by Italy in ironical revenge for Charles VIII.'s filibustering expeditions. They come at the end, not at the beginning, of the first, and perhaps the greatest period of French painting. And yet, great as this school undoubtedly was, it is the most puzzling and least elucidated of any great school of European art.

The Scarcity of Mediæval French Painting.

To those who admired, last winter, at the New Gallery, the magnificent picture from the Glasgow gallery once attributed to Van Eyck and now to Van der Goes, of a Donor kneeling in a green landscape protected by an armed saint, it may be a surprise to learn that it is almost certainly a French and not a Flemish masterpiece, and those who see in the Petit Palais the three works reproduced here will naturally wonder why if we have these we have not many more. Why it is that a school which could produce such masterpieces comparable with the great contemporary productions of Flanders and Italy has not left us, instead of a few scattered fragments whose excellence proclaims the importance of the structure to which they belonged, something which would give us an idea of the extent and magnificence of the structure itself? Indeed so scarce and dissipated are the remains of French fifteenth century painting that some French authorities, in spite of a natural desire to make the most of their own past, have declared the Mediæval French school of painting to be chimerical, have assumed that the artists of the fifteenth century were occupied almost entirely in illumination or in designing for the various crafts, and that they scarcely practised painting at all as a separate and distinct art. But even apart

from the documentary evidence, which is decisive against such a view, the remaining works belie it. When two pictures, the Glasgow picture and the "Buisson Ardent," after having been offered in turn to various Flemish masters, beginning with Van Eyck, have been finally accepted by French painters of the fifteenth century it is impossible to doubt the existence of a great school, or rather of many schools, of painting in France. It is impossible that works like these should be the outcome of sporadic and isolated efforts; only a consistent tradition and the garnered experience of many generations can account for them.

Vandalism of Revolution.

What then has happened to the great mass of early French painting? Many examples no doubt still pass under the names of Flemish or German, perhaps some under the names of Italian, masters, in the private and public galleries of Europe; such for instance is the case of the Nicholas Froment of the Uffizi, which, in spite of its signature, was consigned to the German school. But most of all perhaps must be put down to the destruction effected during the revolution. The great altarpiece of the "Burning Bush" (Fig. 1) at Aix was only saved by the heroic exertions of the Mayor and drawing master of that town, who transported it during the worst days of 1793 to a place of safety in Marseilles. The false classicism which affected alike the taste and politics of Frenchmen at that time must have been a powerful incentive to men's natural love of destruction. When every vagabond fancied himself a Cassius or a Brutus the destruction of anything which savoured of mediæval sanctity must have been peculiarly piquant. For he could regard himself at one and the same time as the saviour of his country and as a superior person in matters of taste. He failed to reflect that the art he was destroying was far more the result of civic freedom than of priestly tyranny.

The destruction of early French painting, from whatever causes it proceeded, was so wide-reaching that it is not to be wondered at if the few remaining works present great difficulties. The fact that two of the most important have been ascribed to Van Eyck shows how nearly some French artists were allied to the neighbouring Flemish school. On the other hand, the altarpiece of Villeneuve lez Avignon (Fig. 2) shows strong Italian affinities.

Mixture of Influences.

It looks therefore almost as though the French, who in sculpture and architecture had set the key to neo-Christian art throughout



[Gerardus, Paris.]

Fig. 1. — *Two of the same* — *Amsterdam*

Photo by

Europe, had by the time that painting became an independent art lost their power of originating a national form and were content to accept and mingle foreign influences. To some extent no doubt this is true. The great age of mediæval painting begins with the middle of the fourteenth century and extends to the year 1500, and the French of the fourteenth century were no longer, thanks to internal dissensions and the predatory habits of our own forefathers, the great and predominating power that they had been in the thirteenth. Also we must bear in mind that their temperament naturally led the French to adopt a mean between the frank realism of the Flemings and the sentiment for style of the Italians. They were too intellectual and too sensitive to ideal perfection to be quite satisfied with the unreflecting imitations of nature of the former and too youthfully ardent in their curiosity about the accidents of contemporary life to rise to the elevated generalizations of the latter.

Pol de Limbourg.

But more than this; it is at least possible, though perhaps at present scarcely susceptible of proof, that the art of Flanders itself is in its origins quite as much French as Flemish. Van Eyck himself may have learnt from Hennequin, the master of the Angers Apocalypse, and he might certainly have learned almost all he knew from his great predecessor, Pol de Limbourg.

And it is perhaps a permissible speculation that would account for the greater sense of beauty, the stronger feeling for design in Van Eyck, as compared with all other Flemish artists, by his connection with the painters of Charles V.'s Court.

Of Pol de Limbourg himself there is no example in the Petit Palais; indeed our knowledge of him is confined to a single book of hours done for Jean, Duc de Berry, now at Chantilly. I will not therefore linger over his excellences, for indeed without reproductions it would be impossible to convince the reader of what an imposing genius still awaits that universal popularity which he deserves. It was necessary, however, to refer to him in order to explain that even in painting the French of the Middle Ages were fertile in new ideas. For before Pol de Limbourg all representation was stylistic, fitted to a typical formula: the artist expressed his own and his time's ideals in traditional types. With Pol de Limbourg appears the spirit of individualism and realism. His scenes are actual scenes, here the Louvre and the willows by the Seine, in front a scarecrow and men ploughing, there the wood of Vincennes, with the towers of the chateau shooting up into the clear sky beyond the dark fringe of trees, and in

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a little glade huntsmen killing a boar. In the pages of the hours of the Duc de Berry all the contemporary life of the time is recorded with intimate sympathy.

Naturalism.

Now this substitution of the individual for the type and of the particular for the general was a new thing in art, if ever there was one, and its cradle was certainly French Flanders, its first great exponent the painter of Charles V.'s Court. Pol de Limbourg, it is true, grafted this intimate and picturesque naturalism on to a formula which borrowed freely from the Italian tradition of Giotto's followers; but the naturalistic idea, once established, spread first to Flanders and finally found its way into Italy in the work of Pisanello. To the Flemings it became the essential motive of their art; the Italians, however, quickly recovered from the shock of delight at its novelty. The wide scope of their imaginative survey of life, and the scientific keenness of their intellect alike demanded a more generalized art; they were never long satisfied with particular truth, they always desired to deduce from it the universal law, and Northern naturalism had but a short life south of the Alps.

Jean Fouquet.

After Charles V.'s reign, French painting again sunk under the stress of political disaster; and it was not till Joan of Arc had again restored the monarchy to self-respect and power that her fellow-countryman, Jean Fouquet, painted for Charles VII. and his Chancellor, Etienne Chevalier, masterpieces which can be compared to those of Pol de Limbourg. Fouquet also came in contact with Italian art, being invited to Rome to paint the portrait of Pope Eugenius IV. at the very time that Pisanello was decorating the Lateran. From Italy he learned a certain suavity of line and a breadth of composition which give his works peculiar charm, but in the matter of perspective and the general verisimilitude of his scenes he was far in advance of his Italian rivals. Fouquet may be considered as, perhaps the greatest, certainly the most typical painter of mediæval France, and in his work we find just that mean between the Flemish and Italian ideals which I have insisted on as the distinguishing characteristic of the French genius. A feeling for pure beauty, a delight in the rhythmic and decorative qualities of line for their own sake, such as the Flemings scarcely ever conceived, combined with an intimate, homely and unscientific naturalism, such as only occurs in Italy in the work of exceptional temperaments, like

Pisanello, or Carpaccio. It must be admitted that splendid as the collection at the Petit Palais is, it can in no way be considered as typical of the vast resources which French mediæval art afforded the authorities, and the absence of even a simple example of Fouquet's works is much to be regretted.

Nicholas Froment and King René.

The work of his contemporary Nicholas Froment is, however, to be seen there in the great altarpiece of the Carmelite church at Aix, the "Buisson Ardent" already alluded to (Fig. 1).

Nicholas Froment occupied the same position in the Court of King René of Provence that Fouquet did in that of the French king. King René was himself a painter, and his personality counts for much in the picture under consideration.

Tradition would indeed have it that René neglected affairs of state to indulge in this favourite pursuit, and that the news of the loss of one of his many kingdoms (it is related of more than one) failed to rouse him from his absorption in a critical piece of handling. René's was a most unfortunate life, ill-luck and want of money dogged his steps from the outset: he only escaped from a cruel and protracted imprisonment at the hands of the Duke of Burgundy to be fleeced by his allies, the Genoese, and impoverished by the greed of his Neapolitan subjects. The same ill-fortune has followed his reputation, and the idea of a dilettante king painting a dead partridge while his dominions were lapsing from him has proved too irresistibly picturesque to be refuted by mere facts. But in fact René was much more of a naturalist than an artist; above all he was a collector, a lover of all that was curious and out of the common in nature or artifice. His celebrated ménagerie, his aviary, his botanical gardens, his collection of Oriental curiosities brought him by the Levantine traders of Marseilles, the dwarfs and Arabs whom he kept in his train all point to a nature in which a half scientific, half child-like curiosity was a dominant characteristic. René was, moreover, a belated mediævalist; in the midst of a world which was rapidly adopting a modern utilitarian view of morals, he upheld the Quixotic ideals and the ceremonial circumstances of chivalry. He lost his Neapolitan kingdom by insisting on a formal challenge of his enemy when an unsuspected attack would have given him the victory. Himself a frequent victor at the tournament, there was nothing that pleased him more than to call out the "ban," and "arrière ban" of Anjou or Provence and institute jousts with every detail of the prescribed ritual, about which he had written a lengthy treatise, scrupulously observed.

René as a Romanticist.

The appearance of the king in the violet of the "Buisson Ardent" is scarcely such as the imagination demands for a "preux chevalier," especially if one adds the spectacles which he was one of the first kings to have worn; but then, neither does the face of Jeanne de Laval on the opposite wing seem likely to inspire the sudden and overwhelming passion which René himself described as having seized him when he first saw her likeness. In his fervent and genuine piety, too, René belonged rather to the previous centuries than to the age of free thought and indifference which had already begun in Italy. Both his religious feelings and his human affections were of that sentimental order which finds a peculiar solace in emblems and allegories. His romances are entirely conceived in this vein. In one, the heart stricken with love, personified as a knight with Desire for his attendant, gets lost in the forest of "Longue-attente" and falls into the dungeon kept by Despair. In another, a devotional romance, Fear of God, Contrition, Hope and Faith are variously personified. But René carried his love of emblems still further. His conjugal love was expressed by the emblem of a brazier with the device, "Ardent désir, Dévot lui suis," which he caused to be painted—according to some authorities painted himself—in many of the rooms of his castles and manors. When he visited Florence, on his return from Naples, Luca della Robbia was commissioned to execute the large medallion with this favourite emblem of René's, which is now at the South Kensington Museum.

When his first wife, Isabel of Lorraine, died he covered the walls with the touching emblem of a broken bow with the motto, "Arca par lentare piaga non sana." When his children died the emblem became that of the golden stump of a tree with one spray of leaves and the words, "Vert meurt."

Such a character as René's, then, was by no means that of a pure artist, nor even of a great patron of art. He was not likely to attract or retain an artist of aspiring genius. He regarded art rather as a means to the furnishing of a complete and well-ordered Court life. The artists had to be there to record the tournaments in which the king had come off victor or to give expression by means of allegorical devices to his quaint and recondite ideas.

This attitude is seen in the correspondence about the painting of a celebrated tournament, the Pas de Saumur. The king had sent to Flanders for two painters, who proceeded to carry out the desired scheme, but having used ill-seasoned wood the picture began to show signs of cracking, and the king sent them back with a request to one

Jehannot of Flanders to send two other good workmen at once, for whom he had many commissions. The fact that in the whole transaction no name of an artist is mentioned and that the artists he employed appear in contemporary writers generally as "the painters of the King of Sicily" shows that René regarded them as workmen who could carry out his designs rather than as independent and creative artists. As regards the mere craftsmanship of painting, René was evidently an expert, his constant insistence on good material and the use of oil instead of tempera show how keen an interest he took in the details of execution.

The "Buisson Ardent."

Tradition has not therefore been altogether wide of the mark in attributing such pictures as the "Buisson Ardent" to the King himself. For this picture betrays throughout the evidences of René's idiosyncrasies. The quaint conceit, of which the central panel is the elaborate exposition, was doubtless the result of the King's pious meditations. It is explained in the inscription, "*Rubum quem viderat Moyses incombustum agnovimus tuam laudabilem Virginitatem Sancta Dei genetrix,*" and by a mixture of the metaphorical significance and the historical event, Moses is represented as addressed by an angel, who calls his attention to the vision of the Virgin with the Child seated on the green carpet of leaves which the clump of small trees spread for her. The burning is symbolized by delicate phosphorescent flames which play round the edge of the mass of foliage. The idea is further carried out by the little emblem at the top of the frame, a huntsman in one corner and on the opposite side a virgin protecting the hunted unicorn. For the side wings René ordained his own portrait and that of Jeanne de Laval, his second and passionately loved wife. Behind the kneeling king are St. Anthony and St. Maurice, the patron saints of Anjou and Provence, and St. Mary Magdalene, the object of his especial devotion. But it is not only in the invention and the general ordering of the figures that René's predilections are evident. The minutely faithful though not altogether successful drawing of the animals, including the King's pet dog, and still more the botanical accuracy with which the plant forms are rendered, show his characteristic tastes. The clump of trees which represent the bush are covered with wild climbing plants of various species, all of which are distinctly recognizable. Nothing short of botanical accuracy in their rendering would have satisfied so great a collector and so ardent a lover of flowers as King René.

Nicolas Froment was clearly not a great or original genius; the long weak figure of the king, the total want of structure and consistent

movement in the figure of St. Maurice, the gaucherie of the action of Moses, the occasional disproportion of heads and hands (in the S.S. Nicholas and Catherine) show this clearly enough, but he was exactly the kind of artist King René required. He was like a practised builder carrying out the ideas of an amateur architect. At all events he was a master of the craft. He could represent with assiduous fidelity any object which was required. The King's own portrait, though it discovers no profound imaginative interpretation of character, is clearly an excellent likeness. The Queen is less sympathetically, one may hope for the sake of the romantic associations of her name, less literally portrayed. But it is in the painting of the bush itself that his power of rendering natural forms with a keen sense of their decorative effect is most strikingly seen. The figure of the angel is both in the invention of the movement and the expression the only quite successful figure, but judging by the slender sense of pose and gesture shown elsewhere, and the fact that this is scarcely the movement that would naturally suggest itself for this subject, one may suspect that it was taken from some Flemish original depicting the Annunciation.

The Flemish character of the whole is very marked; with the exception of some decided Italian reminiscences in the landscape, notably in the clouds, the trees of the middle distance and the winding roads, everything is derived from the Flemish tradition. The Child holding a mirror which reflects the seated Virgin is a reminder of Van Eyck, and the boys of St. Nicolas' pickle tub are curiously like those on a reliquary belonging to M. Somzée ascribed to Gerard David, but it is needless to detail what is so obvious throughout. And here again we may recognize King René's influence. An Italian contemporary, writing of him, says "he himself knew how to paint, but in the Flemish manner," and René's stay in Naples, even his visit to Florence appears never to have opened his eyes to the greater issues of Italian art; Luca della Robbia's emblem was all that he brought back. Curiosity rather than imagination and virtuosity rather than beauty were what he demanded from art. It was natural therefore that he should choose artists who, like Nicholas Froment, had studied Flemish rather than Italian models. But in so doing he was going counter to all the traditions of the Provençal school of painting; for the long stay of the Popes at Avignon had made Provence, at all events as regards art, almost an Italian province, and the works of Simone Martini had left there a lasting impression. It is therefore due to René's personal tastes that we find in a Provençal church so distinctively Flemish a work as the "Buisson Ardent."

Pageants and Mystery Plays.

Like many greater artists of the time, an important part of Froment's duties was the designing of pageants and mystery plays, of which René, with his love of elaborate allegorizing, was particularly fond.

The account of his expenses tendered by Froment for the stage-managing of the representatives at Avignon for the Fête Dieu in 1477 are particularly interesting for the naïf familiarity with the apparatus of revelation which they display. Among other items occur the following: "Item, pour le paradi terrestre une serpente avecques l'arbe: item pour Dieu le père une nuée, barbe, chevelure et diadème et autres choses nécessaires servant à la dite histoire et l'engin pour le St. Espérit."

Enguerrand Charenton.

The "Buisson Ardent" was painted about the year 1475, and shows to what an extent René had succeeded by then in acclimatizing Flemish ideals in Provence. Another Provençal picture in the exhibition, "The Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig 2), painted in 1454, shows what the indigenous art of that country was like before René fixed his Court there. This is by Enguerrand Charenton, an Avignonese artist, of an altogether different and far higher order than Nicolas Froment. The picture is painted on a panel covered with linen cloth, an old-fashioned Siennese process which had long been abandoned in Italy, but which had probably been retained by Provençal artists as a legacy from the Siennese masters. The gesso ground which covers the linen is in many places overlaid with gold, and the painting itself is executed in pure unvarnished tempera, according to Florentine methods.

The colour scheme is of unusual beauty. At the top is the golden sky of heaven, against which flutters the long array of scarlet cherubim. The robes of the Deity are crimson, with pale green borders: over the Virgin's brocaded white vest hangs a robe of the purest blue, with greenish white lining, which defines it from the intense azure of the sky beneath; this melts towards the horizon to a paler light, while below there stretches a sea of chrysoprase green, cut by the gleam of sunlit chalk cliffs. In front again are the grey walls and pink houses of the two cities of Rome and Jerusalem, while the pallid purity of the landscape is intensified by the sombre greys and browns of Purgatory and Hell.

Italian Reminiscences.

It is a scheme which in the predominance of whites, pure blues,

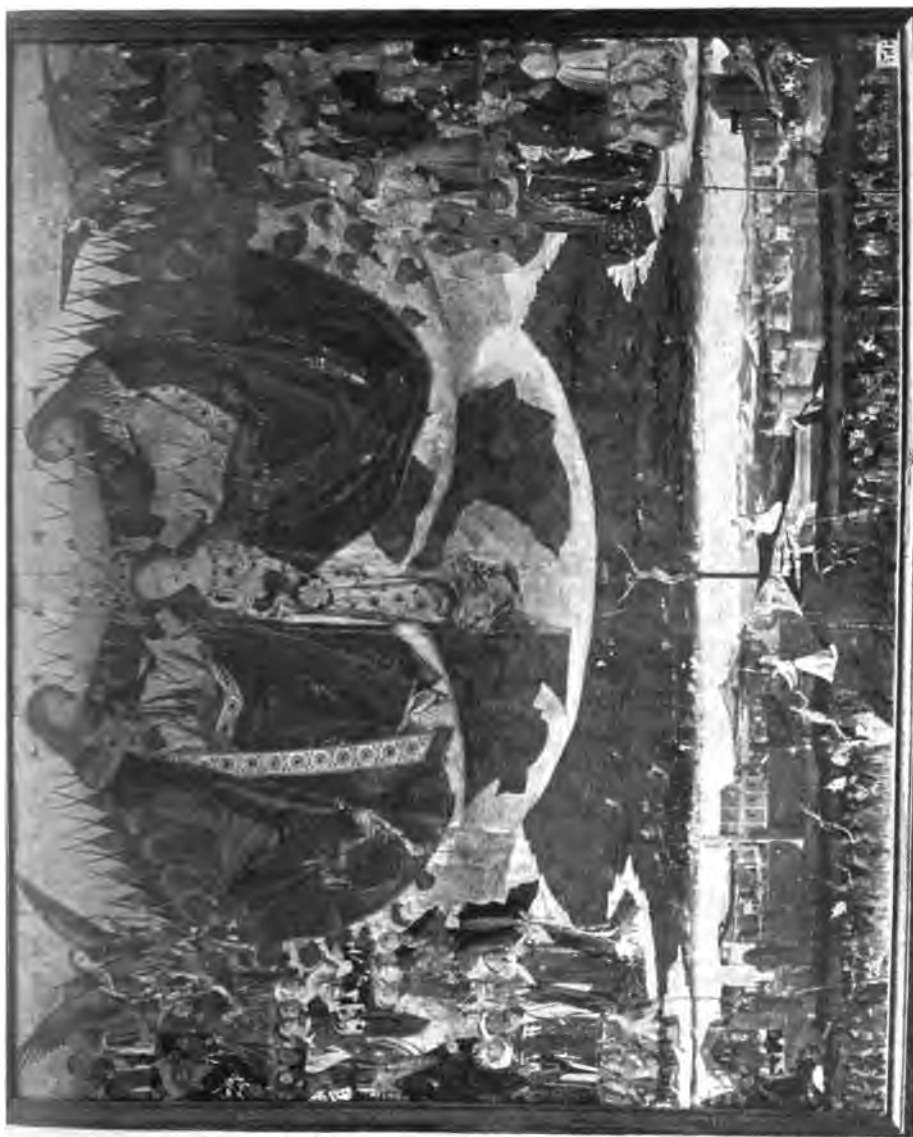


Photo by]

FIG. II.—THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. (Eugène Delacroix.)

[Grosz, Paris]

greys and pinks recalls very strongly the work of Fra Angelico, though Charenton allows himself a wider range and ventures on some stranger and less obvious harmonies than the Italian.

But the likeness to Fra Angelico does not end here. In the left hand corner is seen the story of the miraculous vision of the Pietà which appeared to S.S. Gregory and Hugh when celebrating the Mass at the Church of St. Cross at Jerusalem. Here the church is represented in section, the aisles being seen in perspective exactly as in the rendering of a similar legend in the predella of Angelico's altarpiece in the Louvre. The buildings of the two cities again, some of them grey, some of them bright pink, laid in in flat positive tones, is exactly such as Fra Angelico constantly employed. Among the saints who kneel to the left many faces are recognizable as belonging to Fra Angelico's favourite type, and though with a greater realism, a stronger feeling for individual traits, they even convey something of his ecstatic devotional sentiment. On the right hand side is one face which is almost a copy of one of the faces in Orcagna's fresco of the Blessed in Sta Maria Novella at Florence.

But, striking as the Italian affinities of this work are, Flemish characteristics are not wanting; the heavily jewelled border of the robes of the Father and the Son remind one of Hubert von Eyck; the angels at the top both in movement and facial type and in the treatment of the wings are decidedly Flemish, so too is the angel below helping a soul out of Purgatory, whose robes end in a square abrupt line on the ground, such as an Italian artist would have avoided. But there is much that is neither Flemish nor Italian in this fascinating work, much that is purely French. The type of the Virgin herself, not perhaps of the most elevated or ideal kind, the piquant and attractive expressions of the Innocents who kneel in the lowest rank of saints and martyrs, and the astonishing realism of the nude figures in Hell and Purgatory, which shows neither the gaucherie of Flemish nor the abstraction of Italian figure drawing, but is the result of independent observation, above all the exquisite delicacy and mobility of the hands,—in all these points Charenton reveals the existence of original French characteristics.

Enguerrand Charenton was born at Laon, and there, no doubt, he may have come under the influence of Flemish painters from the Burgundian Court, but it was scarcely likely that at Laon he would acquire so intimate an acquaintance with Florentine art. Where and how did he obtain it? Mons. G. Bayle, to whose "*Contributions à l'histoire de l'Ecole Avignonnaise de Peinture*" I am indebted for much information, has made an ingenious suggestion which may furnish the



clue to his artistic development. He finds that a certain Avignonese banker, Jean Charenton, who originally came from Lucca, was the chief agent for the estates of Enguerrand sire de Coucy, and he suggests that this was the painter's father and that the banker named his son Enguerrand after the distinguished patron he served. This view gains support from the fact that the patrimony of the Sires de Coucy was in the Laonnais, and therefore the agent's presence would often be required there. During one of his sojourns there Enguerrand Charenton may have been born. M. Bayle has, however, omitted to notice in the picture itself a curious confirmation of his theory. In the ideal representation of the city of Jerusalem are two buildings, one a polygonal temple with a portico, the other a minute church with a curiously shaped dome. This latter is strikingly like the domed baptistery at Pisa, while the architecture of the other closely resembles the architecture of the Duomo near it.

Now Pisa is within a walk of Lucca, and if Enguerrand Charenton's father came originally thence there is every probability that the painter himself would on some occasion have visited his relations in that place. A visit to Florence, including perhaps a temporary apprenticeship under Fra Angelico, would in that case be highly probable events in Charenton's life, and we may thus explain the curious mixture of influences which his work displays.

The Court of the Bourbons.

The third masterpiece of the Petit Palais (Fig. 3) shows the high level of accomplishment that was attained somewhat later, about 1503, at the Court of the Bourbons. In the centre is the Virgin seated in glory, with her feet on the crescent moon, in the left wing is seen Pierre II. de Bourbon, and on the right Anne de Beaujeu, his wife, and their daughter, Suzanne. Flemish influence is here paramount in the types, in the draperies, in the treatment of the donors with their patron saints, but the impression made by the picture as a whole is very distinct. The gaiety and freshness of the colour scheme, in which pale yellow, brilliant oranges, greens and crimsons predominate, the strange illumination of the angels who hold the crown—the light cast up on their floating robes and reverted faces giving them a peculiar ethereal quality—a certain studied grace in the expressions, and the slightly rhetorical poses all denote a more self-conscious, less homely, æsthetic ideal than the Flemings aimed at, a striving after the grandiose and heroic which belong to the French temperament. This feeling for breadth and dignity of style expresses itself too in the handling of the

paint laid on with broad flowing brush marks: it is nearer to the technique of the later Florentines, of Andrea del Sarto, for instance, than to that of any Northern master. The artist, however, still proclaims his Northern sympathies in the portraits, where a patient fidelity to nature overrides any preconceived principles of style; especially is this respect for individual idiosyncracies felt in the searching draughtsmanship of the hands.

No artist's name has, so far as I know, ever been suggested in connection with this picture. Jean Perréal, of Lyons, is at least a possible candidate owing to his proximity to Moulins and his considerable reputation, but the suggestion suffers from the disadvantage, or advantage, of our having no single painting that can be attached with any show of probability to his name.

This really magnificent triptych shares with the other two works of the French school a characteristic which suggests that the art of painting never attained to that full independence in France that it did in Italy and Flanders. In all these pictures the composition is not distinctively pictorial. In the tendency to a rigorous symmetry, in the elaborate but obvious pattern the figures make together, in the slight attempt to realize an ideated three-dimensional space: in spite of the complete relief and full modelling of individual figures, these compositions give evidence of the general principles of decorative design such as would be applicable to stained glass or metal reliefs, rather than of that particular notion of design with a more intricate and involved rhythm which is appropriate to the painter's art. This, however, does not hold of the work of the greatest French masters, of Pol de Limbourg or Fouquet, and even these works reveal qualities which prove that the fifteenth century in France was a period of great and noble achievement.

ROGER E. FREY.

A LOST THREAD.

Characters—SIR GEORGE SEYMOUR, LADY SEYMOUR.

SCENE—*Lady Seymour's drawing-room.*

(*Enter LADY SEYMOUR reading letter.*)

LADY SEYMOUR: Mrs. Meredith again! I'm always hearing about that woman! and now my sister Marion says "Do you know about Mrs. Meredith, that pretty woman with the interesting story?" What can that story be? I didn't think Mrs. Meredith so pretty as all that; I met her last night at dinner. Her gown was nice, certainly—what there was of it. I don't care for those languishing women. My husband took her in to dinner. He knows the story, of course, he always does, and I tried to make him tell it to me on the way home in the brougham, for what is the good of a husband unless he keeps you *au courant* of stories of that kind? But George is so tiresome about those things, I never can get at the rights of a story when he tells it. He says it is because I interrupt him, but after all, I am bound to, when I don't understand. He says vaguely "a thing happened there." I say "where?" He says "He" or "She," I say "Who?" After all that's very natural, the whole point of a story is *who*. If I hear of some one running away and hiding, for instance, it makes a great difference to the story whether it is Mr. Kruger or Lord Roberts. But George is so stupid in that way, directly he is asked a question he loses the thread, so in despair I give it up. But now I wish I had had patience to go on to the end, for it seems everyone else knows it. There is nothing makes one feel so ignorant as not knowing a scandal that everyone else has heard of. Well, I'll make George tell it to me when we are alone together next Sunday in our house at Maidenhead—that miserable house that I was foolish enough to take for the summer! and now we've got it on our hands and I would give anything to be rid of it, if we could only find a tenant. I simply took it because Lady Vere has a house at Rockhampton that she is always throwing at me. She goes down there from Saturday to Monday. She says it makes her feel so fresh, and that I ought to do the same—that I look so pale and faded during the season. Pale and faded, indeed!

A LOST THREAD.

my cheeks have not got so much pink colour on them as hers have, I daresay, but I don't think it is altogether the country air gives her that. Dear me, I wish George would come in! Well, I'll go and write to Marion. *(Exit)*.

(Enter SIR GEORGE, calling).

SIR G.: Diana! Diana! I do hope she is not gone out, just when I wanted to tell her about this excellent offer I've had for the house at Maidenhead. If it is not settled now it will be too late. *(Calling again)* Diana!

LADY S. *(from behind)*: George, is that you? I'm coming.

SIR G.: That's all right.

(Enter LADY SEYMOUR).

LADY S.: Ah, George, there you are. I'm so glad, I've got something very particular to say to you, something I must say at once.

SIR G. *(aside)*: Then I'm afraid my chance is a poor one! *(aloud)* Will it keep five minutes?

LADY S. *(dubiously)*: Five minutes—well—perhaps—barely. Why?

SIR G.: I want to tell *you* something very particular, something I must tell you at once, about Mrs. Meredith.

LADY S. *(starting)*: Why, how very odd! What I wanted to ask *you* was about Mrs. Meredith, I wanted to know the story . . . You see she said last night that she would perhaps come and call upon me, and it would be a horrid bore if she came before I knew.

SIR G. *(stopping her)*: Well if you'll just wait one moment and let me speak, I'll tell you what I was going to say.

LADY S.: Let you speak! But, my dear George, I'm longing for you to do so! I've been pining, for the last half hour, ever since I came in and found Marion's letter. Oh, but I forgot, you don't know what's in it—she says in the postscript . . . *(feels in her pocket for letter)*.

SIR G. *(impatiently)*: Now, Diana, do you want to hear what I've got to say or not?

LADY S.: My dear boy, I'm only longing for you to tell me! She says—*(feeling again)*. Where *is* that letter?

SIR G.: It will be too late if I don't begin at once.

LADY S.: Then do go on! You are always such a long time making up your mind.

SIR G.: I've just come from Mrs. Fenshaw's, at the other side of the square, and there I met Mrs. Meredith.

LADY S. (*with a shriek*); What *there*! Why, that woman goes everywhere! How was she dressed?

SIR G. (*impatiently*): Oh I don't know—in green or blue or yellow—it doesn't matter which.

LADY S.: Yellow! Don't tell me it was yellow, with that skin—why, she must have looked like a coffee berry!

SIR G.: Well, it doesn't matter what it was, that is not the point.

LADY S.: Not the point! Mrs. Meredith's clothes not the point!! Why, she thinks of nothing else! Did she say she was coming here?

SIR G.: That is just what I am going to tell you, if only you will let me. She *is* coming here.

LADY S.: She is! When?

SIR G.: At any moment. When I left she was standing up shaking hands, and was just beginning to tell her intimate friends all her private affairs, as women do after they have said goodbye.

LADY S.: Oh, dear me! I cannot have her here till I know what the story is about her. I do wish, if you know it, George, you would make haste and tell me—you really might see how anxious I am!

SIR G.: I can't say I've noticed many signs of it yet.

LADY S.: No signs! when I'm hanging on your words!

SIR G.: If you wouldn't hang on them they might have a better chance.

LADY S.: Never mind. Now go on with the story.

SIR G.: What I was going to say has nothing to do with the story, it is about Maidenhead.

LADY S.: Maidenhead! I knew it! I was sure of it! Of course, that woman wants to stay with us, that she may tell everybody she is one of our intimate friends.

SIR G. (*interrupting*): But, my dear Diana ———

LADY S.: I saw the way she was languishing at you at dinner. I could see she was telling you she was a lonely woman oppressed by London, and so on. I know the kind of thing.

SIR G.: Really ———

LADY S.: Now did she, or did she not, say she was depressed and wanted change of air?

SIR G.: Well, suppose she did?

LADY S. (*exasperated*): Exactly, you see! You admit it!

SIR G.: Admit what! Good heavens! What has all this got to do with it? What I was going to say about Maidenhead was ———

LADY S.: Exactly; and that's just what I won't hear till I know more about her. "What has that got to do with it" indeed! I

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like that! Everything. You don't suppose I can have a woman to stay with me as to whom all kinds of stories are flying about? Why you don't know what might be the end of it! House boats moored outside the window—all sorts of horrors! No, no; I must have that story first.

SIR G. (*trying to speak calmly*): But I tell you, the story has nothing to do with the matter.

LADY S.: You must allow me to judge of that. I won't listen to a word about anything else till I know it.

SIR G.: What is it you want to know? What story is it?

LADY S.: The one that's to her discredit.

SIR G.: To her discredit? Are you sure?

LADY S.: Well, of course I can't be sure. But when one hears there is a story about somebody one takes for granted that it is to her discredit.

SIR G.: That's truly a feminine idea.

LADY S.: Well, my dear George, you don't expect me to be unfeminine, do you? That's not at all in my line. No, you don't find me taking degrees, or seats at County Councils or anything of that sort: or being a doctor, or a lawyer, or a school board manager. Though I must say I don't think I should have made a bad lawyer, I'm so very fluent, I have such command of language.

SIR G. (*with a sigh*): There's no doubt about that at any rate.

LADY S.: I only wish I could say the same for you.

SIR G. (*aside*): I must say that's rather hard!

LADY S. (*speaking rapidly*): I'm sure you could be more fluent if you tried. It's just a question of habit, and of giving oneself the trouble. *Now*, for instance, see how silent you are, how difficult it seems for you to begin! Now if you'd only just make an effort and tell me about Mrs. Meredith. Was it before she was married, or after?

SIR G.: Was what?

LADY S.: The scandal.

SIR G.: The scandal! There wasn't a scandal, I tell you. There never has been a breath against her, before or after her marriage.

LADY S.: When was she married?

SIR G.: Three months before we were.

LADY S.: Oh! How pat you are with her story! George, I'm beginning to see—the fearful truth is beginning to dawn upon me! Your hot defence of that wretched woman, your knowledge of her history, her marriage just before ours! Oh, unhappy woman that I am! I see it all! You were in love with her

- she repulsed you, jilted you, perhaps, and you married me out of pique!
- SIR G.: What nonsense you are talking! I never saw the woman until after she was married.
- LADY S.: Until after she was married! You asked her to run away with you, then! Oh, George! I always believed you to be a man of honour.
- SIR G. (*trying to speak*): My dear Diana, if you'll just listen to me one minute.
- LADY S.: No. no; not a word more. Spare, oh spare me the horrible details!
- SIR G.: Upon my word, Diana, I believe you are mad! I don't care two straws about the woman. I never have, I swear it.
- LADY S.: Then why are you so anxious to ask her to Maidenhead?
- SIR G. (*speaking loud*): Nothing of the sort. I don't want her asked to Maidenhead! all that happened was that she took a fancy to the place, and — —
- LADY S.: Yes, yes, I know; it's all quite obvious. But not a word more about Maidenhead until I know the rest.
- SIR G. (*resigned*): The rest! I don't know what it is you want.
- LADY S. (*deliberately, as though controlling herself*): I want the story about Mrs. Meredith. The one that is not to her discredit.
- SIR G.: Well, I know very little about her. The only story I know about her is— —
- LADY S.: That's right; now this is delightful! *How* interesting it's going to be! Now mind you tell me every word of it!
- SIR G. (*waits with a resigned air till she has done*): Mr. Fleming, the uncle — —
- LADY S.: The uncle? Whose uncle?
- SIR G. (*annoyed*): Mr. Meredith's uncle.
- LADY S.: Mr. Meredith's or Mrs. Meredith's?
- SIR G.: Mr. Meredith's, I told you.
- LADY S.: Yes, but I thought you had made a mistake.
- SIR G. (*angrily*): No, I did *not* make a mistake. (*Collecting his thoughts*) Mr. Fleming then, the uncle, made a will in favour of Mrs. Meredith — —
- LADY S.: Of Mrs. Meredith? Of Mr. Meredith, you mean.
- SIR G.: Why should I mean Mr. Meredith?
- LADY S.: Because I thought you said just now that Mr. Fleming was Mr. Meredith's uncle, not Mrs. Meredith's.
- SIR G.: My dear Diana, that has nothing to do with the story.
- LADY S.: Oh, you should have said so.

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SIR G.: Mr. Meredith is dead, he died a long time ago.

LADY S.: Oh, he is dead, is he? "Who saw him die," I wonder, as they say in Cock Robin? I always thought she had gone away and left him. She looks that kind of woman.

SIR G. (*impatiently*): Well, she didn't. He left her.

LADY S.: Still, you know, that would be nearly as much against her in society. But of course if he died and left her, that's quite different.

SIR G.: As I was saying, then, Mr. Fleming made a will in favour of Mrs. Meredith on condition of her not marrying —

LADY S.: His uncle did that? Horrid old man! What an extraordinary idea! Perhaps he was in love with her. After all, in France uncles are allowed to marry their nieces, you know.

SIR G.: Yes, but I don't see what that has got to do with Mrs. Meredith.

LADY S.: Everything! Because if he had been able to marry her, people would have said it was out of jealousy he made that will.

SIR G.: At any rate, nobody ever did say so that I ever heard.

LADY S. (*aggrieved*): Well, that's what I can't know, if course, until you tell me the story.

SIR G.: If you would just listen to me for two minutes I would tell you.

LADY S.: But my dear George, I am longing to listen to it if you would only tell it to me.

SIR G.: Very well, then, Mr. Fleming, as I have said, having made a will in favour of Mrs. Meredith —

LADY S.: Oh, you needn't begin at the very beginning again!

SIR G.: You do worry me so when you interrupt every minute! It makes it quite impossible for me to keep the thread of what I am saying.

LADY S.: My dear George! in the very first sentence! Surely such a short thread as that can't have got into knots already! Now I'll start you this time, and then you can go on from where I leave off. Mr. Fleming made a will in favour of Mrs. Meredith —no, of Mr. Meredith I mean—no, of Mrs. Meredith—yes, Mrs. Meredith—that's right—

SIR G.: On condition of her not marrying again —

LADY S.: Exactly; the old wretch! Such a shame!

SIR G. (*trying to be patient*): It seems the existence of the will was not known to Sir Walter Grant.

LADY S.: Sir Walter Grant? How frantically interesting!

(SIR GEORGE *puts his hands in his pockets and walks up and down the room*).

LADY S.: Don't you see how interesting it is?

SIR G.: No, I can't say that I do.

LADY S.: Sir Walter Grant; now, what should that remind you of?

SIR G. (*angrily*): Nothing.

LADY S.: Now then I'll give you a clue! Marion! Come, think now.
don't you know?

SIR G. (*doggedly*): No, I don't.

LADY S.: Don't you remember that he had a moment of being madly in
love with Marion?

SIR G.: No, I don't.

LADY S.: Oh, you dear blind old bat! Men never do see anything of
that sort! Now do make haste and tell me what Sir Walter
Grant did. Oh, this *is* exciting!

SIR G.: I don't know where I was.

LADY S.: You were just saying that Sir Walter Grant—ha, ha! it
makes me laugh to think of him!—didn't know about the will.

SIR G.: — when one night about a month after he had met Mrs.
Meredith —

(*A loud knock heard at the street door*).

LADY S.: There's a knock! There she is, and I don't know the story
yet! It's all your fault for dawdling so! See what a position
it puts me in! I shall go and say I am not at home.

(*Rushing to door*).

SIR G. (*desperately*): But Diana, one moment! Just listen—it's about
Maidenhead —

LADY S. (*hurriedly*): Yes, yes. No, no, *no*! I can't have her there,
or here either. One can't be too careful about receiving
pretty women with stories one doesn't know!

(*She rushes out*).

SIR G. (*calling after her*): But Diana, stop one moment! it's about the
house—she wants to take it off our hands for the summer!
(*Listens anxiously, looks out of window*). Too late! She is
driving away! Diana!

(*Hurries out*).

(CURTAIN.)

SOME CHEVIOT BURNS.

That a running brook is a safeguard against warlocks and witches needs no repetition as long as people continue to be interested in the Lay of the Last Minstrel or to laugh at Tam o' Shanter's mare. But over me, running water has always exercised a different kind of spell, a spell akin to that of the "woven paces and of waving hands" that overcame old Merlin. As a child it was almost impossible for me to cross a bridge without descending to investigate the stream flowing beneath it and now when "long in city pent" nothing shines out more alluringly from the North than the gleam and sparkle of the burns, and no sound is more clearly heard in memory than their murmur. But if you ask why, I do not know where to find an answer. It is not a sportsman's mania, for I am no angling enthusiast, though a humble and modest follower of Father Izaak. Probably the force of the spell lies in the memory of many happy ramblings, of whole summer days spent "guddling" trout with the water rippling over one's bare feet and singing all the while an ancient tune that whosoever has heard in childhood shall hear again all the days of his life.

In writing romance it is permissible to improve upon Nature. She is not good at grouping and posing so that one takes a bit from here and a bit from there to build up a scene. To give a concrete example, you may take the brawl of College, the golden sands of Bowmont and the lovely banks of North Tyne and, flinging them together, form an ideal Northumbrian stream. Just in the same way a landscape painter whose object is to produce a beautiful picture is not bound to portray exactly the scene before him—if it needs a rock or a river, a tree or a cottage, he very properly paints it in. But one who claims this license is at a disadvantage when he sets out to play the part of photographer rather than painter, that is, to describe what actually is, and not the ideal blend out of many memories.

Now Father Till, direct or indirect recipient of the waters we are to touch upon, is, to speak truth, a stream of evil character and unpicturesque appearance. Mark you, it is not permissible for any stranger to say so, but I speak as one whose long acquaintance entitles him to freedom of speech. Till is deep and sullen and nowhere more so than when serpentine the haughs and braes that "dark Flodden" overlooks. There indeed, in the sinister language imputed to him by the Scot, he "droons twa" to Tweed's one. This is not to be denied. Within my own recollection he has treacherously slain many, most of

whom were young and some of great promise as a broken pillar in the churchyard testifies. A surly murderous ruffian is the verdict on the facts—and yet! Well you would never think it from looking at him.

Just at this point the Till is possessed of a quiet, and as I think, unequalled beauty. Down by Etal Braes, he has the dashing shallow brilliance of a Scotch river, the transparent obtrusive prettiness being much accentuated by the larch and fir that someone has planted in place of the hazel and hawthorn that delighted Sir Walter Scott, and even above Ford the wandering stream has a touch of commonplace to mar its undeniable loveliness but the delicate beauty of the stretch between these two points grows upon you with familiarity. It should be seen in the month of June when the flush of spring still brightens the grass on the broad level meadows and the belt of flags is growing on either side while millions of blue speedwell line one of the banks. The leaves of old willows that “lie athwart the stream” twinkle to the sun as a gentle breeze stirs them. Etal Castle is almost hidden in foliage amid which rooks and daws keep up a continuous murmur. As background the long flanks of the Cheviots rest behind the Flodden oaks. Duddo Tower stands out bare on the northern view to remind us that the still and peaceful scene has echoed to the Border slogan, tranquil as it is now to the point of solitude. Grass has overgrown paths that used to be kept bare by the pattering of many feet and departed is the throng of population that was here fifty or sixty years ago. If Father Till could but speak what a tale he would have to tell of change even within the last few generations, since for instance “Matthew Paxton”—I wonder if that Tillside story is ever read now—stood at the top of his glebe and dreamed of a time when as he thought, the green haughs must have formed a gigantic lake. Anyone who has seen Till in flood need not exercise his imagination to understand what it must have been like if they did.

There is much to question Till about were he not dumb and unanswering—a bridge, of which the wreckage is still visible, fell into ruin during the sixteenth century and the very road leading to it is now obliterated. The stones are still visible under the clear water, untrodden since the jackmen of Manners and de Musgrave rode up to the castle. But ruin proceeds before our very eyes. I remember that when fishing in these haughs as a boy the sound of the great hammer at Ford Forge appeared to belong to the scene as much as that made by the hooting owls or the wind blowing about the plantations. It was an anachronism that could not continue, machinery driven by water power in an age of steam, and now that it has been given up one would think to look at the place that is speaks of a far distant age and long vanished arts. For-

saken, empty, ruined, the great water mill silent, weeds boring up from the cauld, the place has gone at one step into the charming world of antiquity.

If the brook be considered purely from the utilitarian aspect it is of less consequence now than used to be the case. For consider what a change has occurred. North Northumberland is now a region of great estates and great farms, but at one time there was an abundance of small freeholders and tenants of small holdings. Many, in the fine words of an ancient will, were held by "kindly tenure." In these times it was of course a great advantage to have the homestead close by a brook. The historical little burn that falls into Till at the Sandyfords will illustrate this—it is really Pallinsburn, though it never locally gets that name, which is reserved for Pallinsburn House and the famous gull-pond in front of it.

By-the-bye the origin of the pond as a breeding place of *Larus ridibundus* was due to the vagaries of a brook. The gulls used to breed at Morebattle in Roxburghshire, where, as the name indicates, a lake existed—More Battle, the place by the mere. It was emptied by the water forcing a way to Teviot to which the Kale runs now instead of into Bowmont, and "Askew's Hens," as they used to be called, migrated across the Border. The fickle birds come in small numbers, now, I believe.

Well, on a grassy knoll overlooking the mouth of this burn stood Henlaw House. Not a vestige of it is left, not a crocus or a snowdrop to come up in spring where the garden was. Twenty years ago it was inhabited chiefly by owls and pigeons. Before that it was a small farm, earlier still a yeoman's freehold. Opposite it is Sandyfords—the name is said to have been given by Sir Walter Scott. Here the brook used to be dammed into a large pond (overgrown in summer with green rush and yellow flag) in order that the water might be available for a sluice used to turn the great wheel of an antique thrashing machine. Not so very antique either, since it was as late as 1772 that Mr. Alderton and Mr. Smart, two honest and ingenious gentlemen of Northumberland, invented a mill for separating grain from straw, and not till long after that was the contrivance sufficiently improved to be of practical value. In 1789, according to a report presented to the Board of Agriculture for the county of Northumberland, the first machine, having a circular rake attached and with fanners below to perfect the cleaning of the grain, was erected. Mr. Baily, of Chillingham, added an improvement to it (see Allen Ransome's "The Implements of Agriculture," 1843). On small Northumbrian farms the flail was in use well on in the present century. Where the pond used to be the burn now ripples through agricultural

land, Sandyford having been absorbed by the large farm of Encampment. Its hind row was allowed to tumble down. Pallins Burn joins the Back Burn ere the united stream falls into Till and half a mile or so up the former you come to Oak Hall. It too was the homestead of a small holding in its day, the land eventually falling, I think, into Mount Pleasant. Here lived, once upon a time, "Dick, the keeper," of whom he that will may read in Mr. Neville's "Under a Border Tower." Follow the slender burn further as it sparkles past great cornfields and grass lands and you come to another onstead that is an onstead no more—the Fishes Stead of many a quaint legend. "Ye're like Peg Macfarlane, who had a twenty hundred minds whether to go for the night to Whittingham or to Fishes Stead."

Now let us return to the Sandfords and trace St. Paulinus his stream up by Knox his plantation—a pheasant preserve on Lord Waterford's estate now, Knox having gone the way of Fish, and we arrive at Crookham, once a nest of small holdings with traditions still surviving of its outfield and infield and its great moor with rights of common. Its farm-houses are all gone, the one in which the celebrated Dorothy Foster died, included, and its cottages are reduced in number so that it only serves as a striking illustration of that most regrettable fact, the decay of rural population in Northumberland. Statistics prove but too conclusively that the process which I am describing has been common to the whole country, the splendid English peasantry everywhere dwindling. However, let us follow the burn upward, marking, *en passant*, as they say in chess, that S. Paulinus, if the legend be true, choose a muddy and ditch-like stream for his baptisings. We pass the field where St. Dorothy's well used to be though it is now ploughed over and would see the beautiful Crookham Dene, if the trees were not all cut down, and go past the orchard of Pallinsburn Cottage to the Blue Bell, where the buildings speak of another small holding swallowed up by its larger neighbour. Here they could not get water enough to drive machinery and the thrashing was done by force generated by horsepower in the "gin gaun," as it was termed. A little higher the tiny rivulet trickles past Mardon one of the large farms swollen by swallowing others, Crookham West Field among them. The curious may like to know that the area traversed has been very small indeed, not more than can be walked without over exertion in the course of a summer evening. But were the changes multiplied by the number of similar districts that are in the county, the people of Newcastle and other great towns might begin to understand whence had come the vigour of their fathers and grandfathers and the rapidity with which what should be the nursery ground of those who are to man our commerce is being emptied.

SOME CHEVIOT BURNS.

All this has perhaps little to do with the true Cheviot burns; the rills that flow past ruins that once were homesteads and glide in and out among the clover and the wheat, are more akin to the brook of Tennyson than the burn of Scottish song. Indeed but for the blue mountains ever gazing down as with human eyes a great deal of this county might have been snipped out of Lincolnshire. Here as there Merlin's eyes might have been greeted with

Silent river.
Silvery willow.
Pasture and Plowland.
Innocent maidens.
Garrulous children.
Homestead and harvest.
Reaper and gleaner.
And rough ruddy faces.
Of lowly labour.

If it be desired to explore the wilder and more romantic beauty of the mountain rivulets two ways are open, one up the "Sandy Lonnon," by the side of what was a lovely dene set with noble beeches forming a rookery till the trees were felled—a malison on their destroyer!—past Blink Bonny, across Flodden Hill and so to the "babbling" Bowmont. But the more orderly method is to go past Ford facing Flodden with the valley between, past the Linthaughs, woody and green, past Milfield and historic Milfield Plain, past the Red Scar where my dear countrymen with that æsthetic taste characteristic of county councils, have replaced the picturesque old bridge with a Cockneyism in iron. Its beauty is not altogether destroyed because the trees still are left and the blue hills and the winding river. So is the characteristic cottage that was the old toll-bar. When it is pulled down and replaced by a little brick villa with slates on the roof and geraniums in the front garden, it will be in keeping with the bridge; so, grumbling and happy, do we get on to the Glen—pronounced Gleen by such of the ancient natives as have not yet been schoolmastered out of local patois. To call the Glen a burn would be to insult a lovely dancing little river, and therefrom we push on to Kirknewton where the brawling College meets the sweeter and more silvery Bowmont.

This is the land of free (very free) fishing, that is to say, the Bowmont is open. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a note to the Border edition of the "Monastery," asserts that "snigging" has replaced the old "leistering" but one doubts if that be true of Yetholm. A lady whose girlhood was spent up one of the Tweed Glens told me that her father's gamekeeper once—I believe it was before a Royal Commission—on being asked if many of those in the neighbourhood were poachers, replied "Ou aye, a' but me and the Meenister," and that very evening his assistant was

taken in the act. "Stickin' troot" is a pleasing diversion for autumn nights wherever a village adjoins a choice stream. Yetholm is vastly more civilised than it was in days when, at the appearance of a stranger in Gypsies Row, it was "Oot aik stick and bull-whalp," but there is enough of the lawless blood left to keep up the observance of "burning the water." As to the remains of the true Gypsy muggers there are only one or two frail rheumatic relics generally found consoling themselves with religious tracts and pathetically trusting to patent medicine. For a "skiff" of whisky you may obtain any quantity of romance from them such as it is.

It is no wonder that Yetholm has become a health resort as there is not a sweeter place on the Borders, particularly in spring, when the Cheviots shield it from all the wilder winds and the gardens are gay with blossom. Above it the Bowmont, the nearer you get to its head in the Cocklawfoot, becomes a real burn and the characteristics of the Cheviot Glen become more marked. The hill scenery is matched by the pleasant hill sounds, the murmur of falling water, the bleating of sheep, the sighing of the wind. It is not entirely free from cheap trippers and the shepherd is not such an unsophisticated mortal as he was before the opening of the Alnwick and Cornhill line, but it is easy to exaggerate the tripper. He cannot approach by train nearer than Mindrum and only a zeal for angling or an equally strong motive could induce him to make the journey on foot, while the traps to hire can be counted on less than the fingers of one hand. Of those who come a vast majority are exiles who, after trying to push their fortune, some in great towns, others at the very ends of the earth, "turn again home." In the course of a few summer weeks I have met there many from Newcastle, one or two from London, some from various parts in Scotland, a New Zealand dairyman, a Canadian farmer and a dealer in curios, who had pursued his vocation as far as Peking. Warm be their welcome and distant the day when the sturdy Borderer will cease to believe that under the canopy of Heaven there is no place to compare to the land of the burn and the leister.

"The sun shines fair in France,
And fair sets he
But he has tint the blythe glint he had
In my ain countree."

They bring fishing rods with them and, while many are expert enough, there's a kind of pathos in the diligence with which some practise a craft they have forgotten or never knew. One summer I stayed next door to an individual of this kind. He was a lean, quiet, elderly, clean-shaven man, evidently in comfortable circumstances, since every

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday a waggonette was engaged to carry him, his lunch, his tackle, his wading gear and water-proof up the stream. He started at six in the morning and dined at six every night as punctual as clockwork. Probably for about eight solid hours he assiduously thrashed the water. Whether the take was on or off made no difference. Myself lying among the purpling heather reading a novel or watching the white-edged clouds floating down the valley accompanied by their flying shadows I have from time to time noted the curious little human figure whipping away mechanically at stream and pool. So far up, then down again for lunch at one p.m., always at the same place and at the same time. Lunch done he resumed his whip, whip, whip—the funniest cast ever made by an angler. Then he got into his waggonette once more about five, jolted softly back to his lodging and disappeared for the night. He was a very civil old gentleman and whenever I expressed a hope that sport was good he replied “Just ground!” with an “r” that spoke to his place of origin. Once only did he vary this formula and that was when he came to shake hands and say “Good-bye” his waggonette this time piled with bags labelled King’s Cross. “It’s been fair splendid,” he said. I learned afterwards that this was his annual programme. He took a lodging for four weeks on the Border, it might be at Chirnside, Cornhill, Wooler, or Yetholm and there be many who knew him by sight yet never was he seen to catch a fish and only once at Yetholm did he bring home three small trout. His visits long have ceased but it is not without a certain pathos that I recall those brilliant days up the Bowmont, the purple heather, the skimming swallows, the sheep plashing across the stream and the sedate old man who might have been a figure from the shades doomed for ever to cast a phantom line for phantom fish.

I have said the Bowmont is a sweeter stream than College, but the rough water is the one I like best. Nominally it is preserved as is Cheviot Hill itself and Flodden Hill too, for the matter of that (all for love of “the sacred birds”) but “leave” is very willingly granted to explore them. As we are not on fishing bent the restriction does not much matter especially as there is a track up the burnside and moreover there is scarcely anybody to be met. It is a place for those who love solitude and wild life and who for companions are content with the creatures that are the most ancient inhabitants of these glens. The heron, shiest of wild fowl in the valley of the Thames, stands here in his pool till you are nearly within range of a camera and then with a slow beat of his wide wings, departs to another feeding ground. In a dry summer hundreds of sea gulls beat up and down the water-course, their white wings shining in the sunlight as they wheel. Hawks are not so plenti-

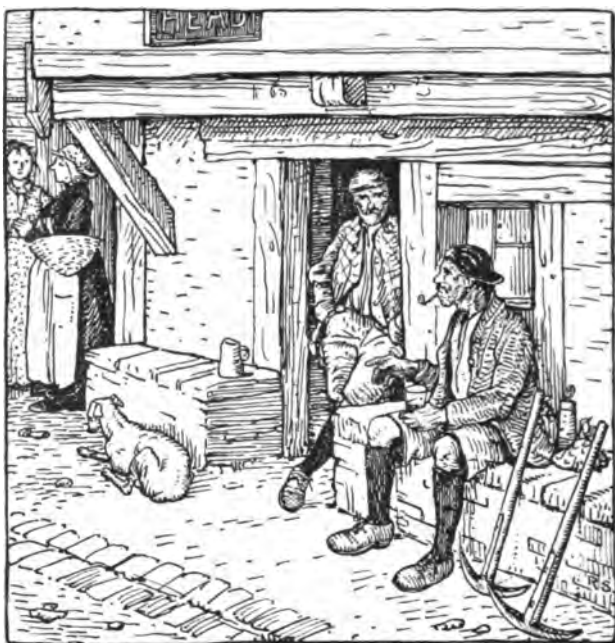
ful as they used to be—they say that the merlin, smallest and prettiest of our falcons, is dying out, and the hen-harrier and the peregrine are looked for in vain, but the kestrel still “climbs the air” and hovers above the moorland, and the sparrowhawk is not extinct. The raven, a scarce bird now in all the southern shires, still breeds here and there under protection among the Cheviots and the corbie or carrion crow looks out for dead or dying sheep. These are all occasional visitors to the burnside, but the familiars of the angler are the dipper flying from one wet stone to another moving his head and tail incessantly, the swallow gracefully skimming heath and water and the noisy sandpipers running and screaming in early summer when the curlew is even more vociferous if you can approach the nest it builds in upland marshes. At that season too the cuckoo is common on the sunny Cheviot slopes. Would you hear and see them all to perfection rise by dawn of a fair morning in early June—the best time it is to go a-fishing. The yellow gold of whin and broom has not yet faded and the hawthorns are white and odorous. There is a lustre on the hay fields (I assume you approach from the low country) and the young corn is fresh and green. Rabbits are out on the dewy grass and a babblement of singing birds in the air, “cuckoo cuckoo” shouts the wandering voice, and look at that pool, shining cool and clear in the early light, it is dimpled with rising fish. Get your tackle ready and never mind “the little red rover” whose tawny skin shows again and again as he dodges among the bracken or heath. It all works into the back of your head as you fish, the din of College water, cry of alarm, of love-song, colour and form and outline. They will mix and mingle in your brain henceforth to return in lovely pictures whenever you think of Heathpool Lynn.

No wonder that those who formed such impressions in childhood are brought back as certainly as if they were at an end of an elastic band. Of all the sport I ever enjoyed I am free to confess the best day was spent in the homely pastime of “guddling trout” in College burn. It was about harvest of a very hot, dry summer, and College had shrunk into a mere thread of white silvery water, chattering down the centre of the wide stony passage worn out by the winter torrents of aeons. The water sops its way to right and left in this broad channel, and appears here as a shining pool, there as a subsidiary rivulet that has wandered forth from the main stream. Unfortunate trout swimming hither and thither when the water was full had got marooned in their various holes and corners, and the fun consisted in catching them. Not such an easy matter as you may think. Many of the stones are too large to move, and among the smaller one hiding place seemed only to act as the entrance to another. But easy or difficult made no difference. From

SOME CHEVIOT BURNS.

the grey of morning till red sunset clouds began to float over the glen, alone, with my coat off, I hunted the creatures in the burning sunshine. Many another day was like it, but somehow this one fixed itself in memory and comes back whenever I think of Cheviot Burns. A red letter day in the Calendar! A tramp—one of those who abuse the hospitality of the shepherds—sat down on the boulder and watched me ever so long smoking the while a short cutty pipe. At the end he suggested we should make a little fire and boil some of the fish, I thought he said broil, but from somewhere he produced a tin that once had held American beef and he proved to be an excellent cook, or then my appetite was more than excellent. That meal with the tramp forms a lively part of my recollection of that day. I wish I had it to live over again!

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



GEORDIE.—A NORTH COUNTRY SKETCH.

He was simply—Geordie.

A little crowd of men and women stood waiting in silence, grouped around the shaft of a Northumbrian coal-pit.

Overhead, the sky hung low like a leaden coloured pall, while here and there, from the tall chimney-stacks of the neighbouring collieries, flickering streams of flame shot up with a ruddy glare, like gigantic funeral torches standing over Nature's bier.

It was Christmas Eve, and softly and quickly the whirling snowflakes fell, their silvery whiteness vanishing as they touched the grimy earth. Only the roofs of the buildings stood out in vivid contrast to the all surrounding blackness.

The men and women at the pit-mouth waited stolidly. Sometimes a woman would shiver, and draw her woollen shawl closer round her head and shoulders, as a fiercer blast of the keen north wind swept whistling and moaning through the scaffolding supporting the great wheels working the cage by which the miners descended and ascended the deep shaft of the colliery.

The faces of all wore an expression of strained expectancy, as though awaiting the presence in their midst of some momentous messenger.

Yet it was only for Geordie that they were waiting, a mere lad of some eighteen years, who owned no other name; a waif and stray from the busy city of Newcastle away down the Tyne.

He had come to the pit a ragged little urchin of twelve years old, an outcast from society begging for employment, and when they had asked him his name he had answered: "Geordie."

He had none other to give.

The men and women gathered round the shaft had seen him two days before. He had gone down the pit with a careless laugh and a happy look in his blue eyes, for he had not long been promoted from the post of "putter" to work the coal in the deeper seams of the mine.

He and his particular friend and companion, a young fellow of three or four and twenty, were working together in the same seam. His friend had returned alone, and now the little crowd was waiting silently for Geordie.

Suddenly, the sharp stroke of a signal gong clanged from the adjacent engine-room, and almost simultaneously the great wheels above the shaft began to revolve.

A subdued murmur rustled through the crowd, and a woman began to sob. Then the men pressed forward closer to the pit's mouth, and in a few seconds the gong again sounded and the wheels slackened and stopped.

The crowd round the shaft fell back and left a narrow lane in its centre for Geordie to pass through. It was the first time that men had ever made way for him.

Something lay on the ground at the opening of the shaft, and the snow fell softly and lovingly upon it. Four miners stepped forward from the cage bearing a burden between them, and then, tenderly and gently, they laid it down on the white stretcher, and, raising it again, carried it slowly through the throng, past the engine-house, towards the manager's offices.

Suddenly a man's voice rose loud and clear above the smothered sobbing of the woman—a cry of protest and despair with tones of love ringing through it.

"Geordie—ah, Geordie, lad!"

But the still form on the stretcher never stirred, and the white face gazed upwards with a calm smile of victory.

Those bearing the stretcher paused irresolute, as a stalwart young collier thrust his way through the crowd.

"Set doon!" he said shortly, and they obeyed him.

Then he threw himself down by the dead lad.

"Geordie!" he exclaimed again, and the crowd shrunk back as if to leave the two alone together.

GEORDIE—A NORTH COUNTRY SKETCH.

"Geordie, wey did ye do 't, laddie? couldn't ye leave the bloody gas to kill us both?"

But Geordie only smiled.

Then the living man stood up and slowly turned himself to the silent group around him.

"He gie'd his own life t' save the like o' mine"—he said simply, looking at his listeners with wild, wondering eyes. "Ay, an' I say it wesn't worth it, and ye'll agree mevvies, but Geordie, d'ye see, he thought diff'rent. We wor working together. He wes my marrow (mate), and we was proper marrows elwis everywhere, Geordie an' us. Hoo did it happen, d'ye say? Wey, when the choke gets ye, it divvn't leave a chep much time t' think. But Geordie *thought* whiles I—I was dazed-like by the flash an' the roar, an' somethin' seemed t' strike me on the head. The last thing I can tell t' mind wes Geordie's voice, an' him dragging me tiv a hole where a chink o' light an' fresh air came int' the working. He forced my mouth down tiv it . . . an' then I thought I felt him fall on me. They found me alive and Geordie—that!" and he pointed to the dead boy at his feet and his voice broke suddenly.

The manager of the pit came up to him and laid his hand gently on his shoulder. The manager was an elderly, hard-featured man, but he cleared his throat before he spoke, and there was a trace of moisture in his eyes.

"Come, lad," he said gruffly, "we must get him under shelter."

The young fellow looked at him dully.

"Ay?" he said.

But all the same he stooped over the dead boy, and, drawing a handkerchief from his woollen jersey, wiped the snow flakes tenderly from Geordie's face and dark, curling hair.

It was a dirty handkerchief, very oily and begrimed with coal dust—but it served.

And so they bore Geordie away, and the following day they buried him.

There was no name and inscription to place over his tomb but that of Geordie, and the snow covered the rough mound with a pall of spotless white.

RICHARD BAGOT.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

Several legends of King Arthur still linger in Northumberland. Tradition more especially connects him with the wild and romantic moorland stretching north of the Roman Wall. Sewinshields Crag is said to have derived its name from the Castle of the Seven Shields which stood at its base. A shepherd once told the present writer that the towers of this castle were so high that they could be seen above the top of the crag by people passing down the slack to the south of the Roman Wall. Anyone who knows the country will realize from this that Arthur lived in no ordinary border pele! The tale here turned into verse is a memory of the days when the king was in the height of his fame and glory. The legend runs thus: Cumming, a northern chief, hearing of the splendour of Arthur's Court, one day paid the king a visit, and was kindly received. When he set out on his homeward journey Arthur presented him with a golden cup as a token of his friendship. The king's sons coming in, and hearing how the stranger had ridden forth with one of the great treasures of their house, set off after him and demanded the return of the cup. Cumming refused to give up the king's token of his friendship, and was slain whilst defending it. A monolith, known, locally, to this day, as Cumming's Cross, is said to mark the place where he fell, some two miles north of Seven Shields. At one time, no doubt, it stood erect, but now it lies full length among the bents on a hillock, looking down on the little grey Hallypike Lough.] W.W.G.

I.

THE COMING OF THE STRANGER.

The soaring lark at noonday fair
To earth his song of rapture flung:
In the sheer height of gleaming air
Above the bents the kestrel hung.

By Broomlea Lake King Arthur walked,
Queen Guenevere was by his side:
Full merrily the maidens talked,
And scattered song and laughter wide:

Like curlews calling down the wind
Their singing floated o'er the fells:
And soaring where no shadows bind,
Their laughter shook like little bells.

By Broomlea Lake King Arthur stood
And gazed into the desolate North;
When suddenly from out a wood
A horse and rider sallied forth.

The laughter of the maidens failed,
And died above the yellow gorse :
With blue eyes wide and red cheeks paled,
They watched the rider and the horse.

Across the greening bent he came
As one who never rode with dread ;
Behind his hair streamed out like flame,
A red-gold glory round his head.

Clean-limbed and mighty thewed was he ;
His raiment was the grey wolf's hide.
The maidens stood amazed to see
As he drew rein by Arthur's side.

" O who art thou with hair like flame
That rides from out the desolate North ? "
" One hearing of thy far-flung fame
To see thy splendour travelled forth. "

Then " Welcome ! Welcome ! " Arthur cried,
" O Chieftain of the Northern lands,
Within my Country to abide,
While yet my fair white Castle stands !

" Yea, Welcome ! Welcome ! " Arthur cried,
" While yet my hand the sceptre wields,
Unto the stranger opens wide
The Castle of the Seven Shields ! "

The stranger leapt from off his horse :
" O King ! " he cried, " thy fame is blown
Like April fragrance of the gorse
Through Northern wilds and wastes unknown.

" No wind in all the heaven but bears
Thy tale of glory o'er the earth ;
O'er sea and land the wonder fares,
To quicken mighty deeds to birth.

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

“Not all the singers’ flashing words,
Nor all the merry harps of gold,
That sang like Spring-awakened birds,
The quarter of the marvel told!”

They stood together side by side.
And gazed into each others eyes:
The Chieftain in his grey wolf’s hide;
The King in cloth of purple dyes.

They stood awhile like gods of old
Beneath the gleam of early stars;
King Arthur with his crown of gold;
The Chieftain with his battle scars.

At length with happy eyes they turned
Their shining faces towards the South;
The maidens’ lips for singing burned,
The music burst from every mouth.

A flashing drift of singing flowers,
They crossed the green of girding fields;
And entered in, through fair white towers,
The Castle of the Seven Shields.

II.

THE FEASTING AND THE FARING OF THE STRANGER.

O swift the glittering feast was spread
All radiant on the snowy board!
And yellow wine and wine of red
Were set before the Stranger Lord.

O merry through the Golden Hall,
Throughout the golden afternoon,
Arose the melodies that fall
To minstrels dazzled by the moon:

Arose the wonder-songs that 'light
In hearts that wander from their birth,
Their pathway strewed with moonbeams white,
The perilous places of the earth :

Arose the chant of battle-lords,
And warriors slain in wars of old ;
The clashing of the striving swords ;
The clanging of the shields of gold :

Arose the triumph Song of Love,
Victorious Love arrayed and crowned !
(Almost the roof-tree woke above
To forest greenness at the sound,

And dreamed as in the ancient days
The birds among its branches sang :
So loud the lover minstrel's praise,
Through all the echoing rafters rang !)

O merry was the feasting made
From noon of day to even fall !
When he in hide of wolf arrayed
Arose within the Golden Hall :

Crying : " O King too long I bide
Within thy Golden Hall of Song :
The sun that floods to eventide
Will ebb to midnight mirk ere long ! "

Then Arthur rose with eyes of love,
And spake " O Chieftain of the North
While yet my rooftree spreads above,
At night no stranger fareth forth. "

And Guenevere arose and spake
" With samite is the chamber spread
Where thou this night thy rest shalt take
With golden curtains round thy head. "

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

"O King of Love! O Queen of Light!

No longer here may I abide:

For I must win to home, ere Night

Has loosed the flood of morningtide."

Then Arthur brimmed his cup of gold

With mingled red and yellow wine;

And cried: "We two, as Gods of old,

Shall drain a parting draught divine!

"Yea! we, who stride our several ways

Across the quaking earth as Kings,

Shall drink to joy of unborn days,

And bliss of unbegotten things.

"For we, whom Fate together caught

Within the golden web of noon,

Shall meet again, when earth is naught.

In the white places of the moon!"

The golden harps were laid to rest;

And hushed the silence-breaking song.

With kingly brows together pressed,

They drank together, lingering long.

With lips upon the golden brim,

And gazing in each others eyes,

They dallied till the Hall was dim

And sunset flamed the Western skies.

They lingered, till the Eastern light

Of seagreen glass had gloomed to grey:

Then cried the Stranger "King! the night

Fast follows in the wake of day!"

Then spake the King: "This Cup of gold

Take with thee when thou ridest forth,

Forever in thy House to hold

For my remembrance in the North!"

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

The Stranger to his saddle swung,
And spurred along the way he came ;
The sun's last glory Northward flung
Turned all his hair to streaming flame.

IV.

THE ENDING OF THE CHASE.

Across the moon-enchanted fells
The stranger rode with slackened rein :
And, merry as a peal of bells,
He raised the Song of Love again.

Then, gazing in the golden cup,
He dreamed of loves that none may part ;
And old regrets came welling up
Through the deep rapture of his heart.

He pondered o'er the tale of man ;
The solitude of splendid things ;
How loneliness, since time began,
Has waited on the pride of Kings.

Then Arthur's words of parting brought
Glad memories of the golden noon :
" We two shall meet, when earth is naught,
In the white places of the moon ! "

When suddenly, behind he heard
The thunder of pursuing horse ;
And, turning swifter than a bird,
He peered across the glimmering gorse,

And where the moonshine flooded white
He saw the seven brothers ride :
He heard their voices through the night ;
And loud and fierce on him they cried :

TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

“Hold ! hold ! thou Northern robber, hold
Ere we shall bring thy cunning low !
We come to take the cup of gold
That dangles at thy saddle-bow !”

Then leaping from his towering steed,
He drew his sword from out its sheath ;
And bright with many a battle deed
It flashed across the moonlit heath.

The brothers saw its sudden flame ;
And cried “O grey wolf, overbold,
We come thy thieving heart to tame !
And bear away the cup of gold !”

The stranger flung them back their scorn :
“To yelping fox does grey wolf yield ?
Ride warily, or the morrow morn
Will find you broken in the field !

“To none who rides ’twixt earth and heaven
My living hand shall yield this cup :
Not lightly are a King’s gifts given,
Nor lightly to be yielded up !

“Though I be in a stranger land ;
Though but one life to seven lives ;
Think ye the warrior’s sworded hand
Shall quake before your hunting knives ? ”

Out swept his sword and not in vain ;
Two fleeting lives had stained it red,
Ere, with a steely, falling rain
Of driven blades they struck him dead.

* * * * *

O wearily their slain they bore
Across the dusky girding fields !
And joyance entered never more
The Castle of the Seven Shields.

And who for feast would fill the cup
With yellow wine or wine of red,
Would see the live blood welling up
As if the lifeless metal bled !

King Arthur mourned through all his days,
The Stranger Guest who never came
From out the desolate Northern ways,
With streaming hair that shone like flame.

And oft he cried when April brought
Her glittering days to golden noon,
" Shall we not meet, when earth is naught,
In the white places of the moon ? "

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

From

London



Town.

December, 1900.

"Eleanor" *—*The Perfect Serial*—Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Austen—*Literary Men as Heroes*—"Tommy and Grizel" †—*The Danger of Broken Promises*—Mr. Barrie's *Liberties*—"The Isle of Unrest" ‡—*Old Lawlessness in New Localities*—Mr. Seton Merriman's *Gift*—*The Nature of the Boy*—*A Sunday School Scene*.

It seems very natural to consider at the same time Mrs. Humphry Ward's **The Perfect Serial.** "Eleanor" and Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel"; for both are notable, they are published at the same time, they each have a literary man as hero, and both were printed first in magazines with a large circulation in America and England. Mrs. Ward wrote for "Harper's," and Mr. Barrie for "Scribner's." Mr. Barrie's story will endure the longer, I think, but Mrs. Ward's story is incomparably the better serial. Indeed, had she asked herself, before sitting down to "Eleanor," what were the requirements of the readers of "Harper's Magazine," and devoted herself systematically to the task of supplying them, she could hardly have been more successful. "Good society they like, and refined talk, and religion—particularly they are interested in Rome, not necessarily to become converts, but the wistful gaze Romewards pleases them. And Italy—Italy is the refuge of cultured persons on both sides of the Atlantic: let us then have sunsets in the Campagna and picnics to Nemi. And if the hero is an English author and aristocrat, and the heroine an American girl, both sides of

* "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (6s. Smith, Elder & Co.)

† "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie. (6s. Cassell & Co.)

‡ "The Isle of Unrest," by H. S. Merriman. (6s. Smith, Elder & Co.)

§ "Whilomville Stories," by Stephen Crane. (6s. Harper & Brothers.)

the Atlantic can again feel satisfaction. And, let me see, who chiefly read novels in magazines? Why, women of course. Then we will have clothes and maids, and a hair-dressing scene:—in short soul and body shall be discreetly blended." I would not say that Mrs. Ward takes her art so lightly as to have prepared herself for her labours in this way; but "Eleanor" is an astonishingly perfect example of the kind of serial that the editor of a family magazine of high reputation in England and America likes best to secure.

**Mrs. Ward and
Miss Austen.**

As it happens, however,—with the possible exception of the episode of the mad woman and the knife, which cannot have been absolutely necessary,—"Eleanor" not only is an ideal serial, but also a very reasonable and persuasive transcript of life. One can believe in all of it, except perhaps Mrs. Burgoyne's avowal to Lucy Foster in the twelfth chapter. Mrs. Ward has not convinced one reader at any rate, that Eleanor would have behaved like that. (Nor, coming to more trifling matters, is he satisfied that Mrs. Burgoyne would, in her diary, have called her cousin anything but by his christian name—Edward. Surely not Manisty at all. And the conversation of the young diplomatist is also a little hard to realise). But "Eleanor" remains a very soothing, reposeful narrative of modern lives and modern temperaments, done with a great deal of verisimilitude. And it keeps one interested. That Lucy Foster could possibly escape marrying Manisty never crosses the mind, and yet Mrs. Ward so arranges it that one must read on for the actual record of that consummation. Indeed, Mrs. Ward in "Eleanor" reminds one more than a little of Miss Austen. She is, of course, too ethical; too much above the fascination of everyday little things; too pontifical, perhaps; and her hand has not the Steventon lightness. But her marshalling of events approximates to Miss Austen's, and now and then in "Eleanor" one feels the same kind of interest that one has in the progress of Elizabeth Bennet's courtship. What however, one never can feel, is that the story has been all-in-all to its author; whereas Miss Austen can always persuade one that it has been all-in-all to her, thus bringing it about, by a natural transition, that it becomes all-in-all to us. "Eleanor" never absorbs.

**Literary Men as
Heroes.**

Of late years perhaps there have been far too many literary men as the heroes of novels. I doubt if it is quite fair to readers, and I know beyond all question that it is a sign of self-indulgence on the part of the novelists. If a novelist had the entertainment of the reader, and that alone, at heart, he could not

spend so much time on researches into the writing temperament. My own impression is that whenever novelists put authors into their books they are doing it to please themselves. It is a kind of dram-drinking. Just as the great Tartarin had to talk in order to think—in order to get ideas—so I suspect Mr. Barrie of having written “Tommy and Grizel” in order to tell himself more about mankind, and his own variety of mankind in particular. I believe that every person that pays six shillings (or four and sixpence net) for “Tommy and Grizel” is paying Mr. Barrie for a performance which, before a word of it was printed, was already a little more than its own reward. Writing the book had both pleased him (as an artist) and had told him something of what he wanted to know,—and upon that to come fees from editors and publishers! Happy author, to be able by a piece of private entertainment to interest and delight so many people, and to so improve the balance at the bank! Mr. Barrie’s Tommy was much more thoroughly a literary man than was Mrs. Humphry Ward’s Manisty. Tommy was a writer before everything, seeking and finding copy everywhere, dramatising incidents to the bitter end, and standing aside to admire himself in moments of stress. Self-conscious always. Manisty was more a man of action, an intolerant critic of men, who wrote not for writing’s sake but to make a point, redress a wrong. Though self-conscious too, Manisty could forget as Tommy could not; more, he could want a thing with his whole soul as Tommy could not. Manisty prized possession, where Tommy prized the knowledge that possession could be his. Tommy is the fuller portrait, the more profound and durable study, I think; but Manisty is very good, and is no less a man of our time. A few more analyses such as these and there will be no glory left to literary men at all. The mystery will be dissipated, the woof and texture known—and despised. In the interests of drawing rooms, there must be a close time for authors.

That very wise and witty man, Mr. “Tommy and Grizel.” Dooley, has been defining realistic fiction. “Reelism” he explained to Mr. Hennessy, “is where a modest sewin’ machine marries a rayspictable grocery store an’ they talk th’ r-rest iv th’ book about who shall wind th’ clock.” One must not say that the middle portion of “Tommy and Grizel” is like this; but it is too nigh it for our pleasure. The episode of the ankle, which I do not rightly understand, is quite long enough, and in the Continental passages—with Grizel’s mysterious journey, and so on, to the lamentable close—we seem to lose touch with the author. It comes back to this, that Mr. Barrie is more interested in Tommy than we are. In one place, in apologising to Elspeth (who is never more than a lay figure) for ignoring her for so long, he pleads as his excuse Tommy’s

fascination. But the fascination—for us—evaporates and diminishes too soon. It goes, I think, at that point where the force of circumstances slays Tommy's sense of humour. Both he and his creator must be humourists to hold us; and they lose it—curiously—at about the same time.

**The Danger of
Broken Promises.**

Perhaps some of the monotony of the middle and latter part of the book is due to a sense of disappointment in the reader consequent upon the author's failure to fulfil a promise—or what is tantamount to a promise. For the opening chapters give one the right to imagine that a humorous delineation of the writing life is to follow (especially as Mr. Barrie has already shown his affection for such a subject in "When a Man's Single"). Instead—enter the writing temperament and much clock-winding. Against the truth of Mr. Barrie's analysis it is impossible to say a word, but his researches have not the entertainment that we hoped from them. That is all. "More Pym!" is the reader's cry, "More Pym!"

Mr. Barrie is the kind of author to whom great liberties are permitted. He belongs to the gentleman class—he never suggests the writing that must be done for bread—his writing seems to be his pleasure, and, being his pleasure, is nearly always ours too (though less so in the middle chapters of "Tommy and Grizel" than—in my experience—ever before). This kind of author can play tricks where another—and more professional—brother would not be allowed to misplace a comma. But I think Mr. Barrie overdoes his license a little. His invocations to the reader, his "Now then, Tommy" monitions to his hero, can, when one is trying to sink resignedly into the illusion of a novel, be very exasperating. But worst of all is the reiteration (begun by Dickens) of a physical peculiarity. Carker's teeth in "Dombey and Sons" are not more insistently remarked upon than, in "Tommy and Grizel," is Grizel's habit of rocking her arms. What does rocking one's arms mean? How is it done? There ought to be a picture on the moveable toy-hook principle.

Mr. Seton Merriman is one of those writers who can always be counted upon.

He has no troublesome moods. He may desire social regenerations, but we are confident that he will never let us down by employing his pen to promote them. He will never write a novel to dissuade people from joining the Roman Catholic Church, nor will he ever devise a story to send converts thither. We are as sure of this as we are sure that a White Star boat will leave on the day that is

announced. Mr. Merriman's latest story "The Isle of Unrest" fulfils all the conditions: It is well invented and well told: you begin it and you want to know the rest. You are never quite carried away, never persuaded that this is life; but the plot and the personages keep you sufficiently interested to the last page. Writers who do more than this have to pay for their achievement by receiving more exacting criticisms than fall to Mr. Merriman's lot.

**Old Lawlessness in
New Localities.**

One very useful and attractive gift Mr. Merriman possesses—the knack of grafting upon our own times romantic lawlessness.

He can lay his stories quite credibly enough in the present day without foregoing any of the advantages of homicide and intrigue that belong usually to the historical novelist. This is very ingenious. A sentence such as this, from "The Isle of Unrest," has an hypnotic effect on the reader, compelling him to read on:—"To this day, [1900] if one meets a man, even in the streets of Corte or Ajaccio, who carries no gun, it may be presumed that it is only because he pins greater faith on a revolver." That is a masterly stroke, because although we do not insist on a story of vendettas being true, we are vastly better pleased with it if it tells us of a country, to which Cook could transport us at small cost in three or four days, where such conditions prevail. Mr. Merriman has some of Mr. Kipling's skill in dropping *obiter dicta* that suggest profound experience of the adventurous life. Such as "When you have nothing to say, say nothing," "If you wish to answer no questions, ask none," and—more circumstantial—"There are, however two excellent knife-shops in the Boulevard du Palais, where every description of stiletto may be purchased, where, indeed, the enterprising may buy a knife which will not only go shrewdly into a foe, but come right out on the other side—in front, that is to say, for no true Corsican is so foolish as to stab anywhere but in the back—an^d, protruding thus, will display some pleasing legend, such as 'Vendetta,' or 'I serve my master,' or 'Viva Corsica,' roughly engraved on the long blade." Mr. Merriman, in short, can get all the effect of the costume novel without the tedium of going back into the past for it. Give him an atlas and he will find a thousand places for picturesque lawlessness still; near home too.

A new book of rather a new kind is
The Nature of the Boy. "Whilomville Stories" by the late Stephen

Crane. These tales of little-boy life—or, rather, not tales so much as photographs of little-boy life—were among the last things that their brilliant author wrote; and his heart was in them even more than in his other work (or so I understand): earnest

artist as he always was. Americans have a particular fancy for the exploitation of the child mind, specially the mind of small boys. Mark Twain, I fancy, began it,—with “Tom Sawyer,” and Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Habberton (of “Helen’s Babies”), the late Dudley Warner, all made experiments. English writers have gone into the great matter too, but less patiently, less in the interests of truth. In Mr. Phillpotts’ “Human Boy,” in “Vice Versa,” in “Stalky & Co.,” in “Tom Brown’s School Days,” the main interest is the story and not the character. But in “Tom Sawyer” the mind of Tom comes first, before the adventure, and in the “Whilomville Stories,” where the incidents are of the most trivial and ordinary, the mind is practically everything. Perhaps the best English examples of what might be called the Junior Psychology are Mr. Barrie’s “Sentimental Tommy” and Richard Jefferies’ “Bevis.” “Bevis” is a study of boy nature that is too little known. Indeed, I believe that no edition is now to be obtained except one in an abridged form—no notice of the abridgment (an unpardonable offence) being given to the reader.

The analysis of Jimmy Trescott, Mr. **A Sunday School Scene.** Crane’s hero, or more correctly speaking, protagonist—for there is little heroism about these imps—is exquisitely done. Mr. Crane has remembered everything. There is also a realism of little-boy speech which I never have seen before. It is American of course, and perhaps a little difficult; but one feels it to be true. As a specimen of Mr. Crane’s quiet and humorous gift of accuracy, take this short description of a Sunday School. No one, in either hemisphere, in whose life a Sunday School has played any part, can fail to recognise the fidelity of the little touches—the little touches of which Mr. Crane was a master.

In due time they entered the Sunday-school room, where a man with benevolent whiskers stood on a platform and said, “We will now sing No. 33—‘Pull for the Shore, Sailor, Pull for the Shore.’” And as the obedient throng burst into melody, the man on the platform indicated the time with a fat, white, and graceful hand. He was an ideal Sunday-school superintendent, one who had never felt hunger or thirst or the wound of the challenge of dishonour. . . .

Jimmie, walking carefully on his toes, followed Homer Phelps. He felt that the kingly superintendent might cry out and blast him to ashes before he could reach a chair. It was a desperate journey. But at last he heard Homer muttering to a young lady, who looked at him through glasses, which greatly magnified her eyes. “A new boy,” she said, in an oily and deeply religious voice.

“Yes’m,” said Jimmie, trembling. The five other boys of the class scanned him keenly, and derided his condition.

“We will proceed to the lesson,” said the young lady. Then she cried sternly, like a sergeant, “The seventh chapter of Jeremiah.”

There was a swift fluttering of leaflets. Then the name of Jeremiah, a wise man, towered over the feelings of those boys. Homer Phelps was doomed to read the fourth verse. He took a deep breath, he puffed out his lips, he gathered his strength for a great effort. His beginning was childishly explosive. He hurriedly said :

LITERARY LETTER.

"Trust ye not in lying words, saying the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these."

"Now," said the teacher, "Johnnie Scanlan, tell us what these words mean." The Scanlan boy shamefacedly muttered that he did not know. The teacher's countenance saddened. Her heart was in her work; she wanted to make a success of this Sunday-school class. "Perhaps Homer Phelps can tell us," she remarked.

Homer gulped; he looked at Jimmie. Through the great room hummed a steady hum. A little circle, very near, was being told about Daniel in the lion's den. They were deeply moved. At the moment they liked Sunday-school.

"Why—now—it means," said Homer with a grand pomposity born of a sense of hopeless ignorance—"it means—why it means that they were in the wrong place."

"No," said the teacher profoundly; "it means that we should be good, very good indeed. That is what it means. It means that we should love the Lord, and be good. Love the Lord and be good. That is what it means."

The little boys suddenly had a sense of black wickedness as their teacher looked austere upon them. They gazed at her with the wide-open eyes of simplicity. They were stirred again. This thing of being good—this great business of life—apparently it was always successful. They knew from the fairy tales. But it was difficult, wasn't it? It was said to be the most heart-breaking task to be generous, wasn't it? One had to pay the price of one's eyes in order to be pacific, didn't one? As for patience, it was tortured martyrdom to be patient, wasn't it? Sin was simple, wasn't it? But virtue was so difficult that it could only be practised by heavenly beings, wasn't it?

And the angels, the Sunday-school superintendent, and the teacher swam in the high visions of the little boys as being so good that if a boy scratched his shin in the same room he was a profane and sentenced devil.

E. V. LUCAS.

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.

Two gentlemen, the one from Kendal, the other from London having written to us concerning the locality of Mallerstang, we referred the matter to Mr. Gibson direct, who forwards with commendable promptitude his *apologia* in the note we print below.

An apology is due to readers of THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE for the slip—a land-slip from Westmorland into Yorkshire—which occurred in the note to my verses on “The Death of Uther the King” in the December issue.

The two Westmerians who have kindly pointed out the error seem to suppose that it was due to the desire of some perfidious Yorkshire author to rob them of the romantic Mallerstang—but the writer of the poem, who must bear all the blame for the unconscious theft, had not the good fortune to be born in either Westmorland or Yorkshire.—W. W. G.

We might add perhaps that difficulties as to boundaries have ever been a characteristic feature of North Country life, and within the last thirty years, so we have been informed, the Ordnance Survey Department itself was unable to discover the exact boundary between England and Scotland in the far north-west part of Northumberland.

The first of our two correspondents neatly quotes against us the verse which we made use of in the Editorial to the first number (being the inscription, by the way, on the Plough Inn at Alnwick, formerly the old house of the Forsters):

“That which your fathers old
Hath purchased and left you to possess,
Do you dearly hold
To show his worthiness.”

We are glad to note the readiness with which he has acted upon the injunction, whilst still professing for our part that we are devoted to the interests of all the six Northern Counties alike.

ART AND HANDICRAFTS.

It is encouraging to know that the general public took a lively interest in the recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition recently held in the Leeds City Art Gallery. The West Riding, however, is famous for its actual achievement in the arts and their application to handicrafts, and the exhibition proved how, in the widening of the public conception of art and in the reduction of the noble and beautiful to the requirements of common day, the example and precept of Morris and Ashbee have not been in vain.

But we might wish with Mr. Wedmore that with the increased sensibility to beautiful colour and light there was a corresponding increase in our appreciation of the subtleties of literary effort and effect. Yet we are slowly progressing, as events have recently shown—and we may even look forward perhaps to a time when the popular intelligence shall instinctively recognize and appreciate not the smart and cheap and superficial, but that individuality of conception, that precision of execution, and that ordered refinement of method, by which, as that well-known art critic pointed out, “literature is allied to fine art.”

THE NORTH AND FRENCH ART.

It is interesting to note now that we are publishing Mr. Roger Fry's articles on Mediæval French Art,* that a north country gentleman, recognizing the poverty of examples of modern French sculpture in England and anticipating the movement for obtaining by public subscription a replica of one of Auguste Rodin's masterpieces recently offered to present to the nation a life size replica in bronze of any one of Rodin's single works. The Committee appointed to deal with the matter, which includes both Mr. J. S. Sargent and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, has since then selected the “St. John the Baptist”—now in the Luxembourg—one of the best examples of Rodin's rugged, virile style, but Mr. Ernest Beckett has not withdrawn his generous offer on this account: He has, we understand, himself joined the Committee, and will present the nation with another replica of a Rodin masterpiece.

A York correspondent wishes us to enter a protest against the proposal to erect near York Minster a memorial to the soldiers who have fallen in South Africa. He fears that the new structure would interfere with the view of the cathedral and depreciate its architectural beauty, and insists that the Minster should stand severely alone. We venture to think, however, that the danger is exaggerated. An elegant “Eleanor Cross” such as we believe it is proposed to erect, would harmonise with the delicate detail of the glorious pile and might even help the stranger to appreciate the general proportion.

TWO NEW YORKSHIRE NOVELS.†

The authors of “The Goblin” have given the reviewer an agreeable surprise and an exceptionally pleasant task. So frequently in the fiction

* The illustrations in Mr. Fry's article, by the way, are from photographs specially taken in Paris for THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE. Figs. 1 and 2 were reproduced in the official catalogue, but the Coronation, we understand, has not been reproduced before.

† “The Goblin,” by Catherine and Florence Foster. (Gos. Wells, Garden, Darton & Co., London.) “The Flick of Fortune,” by Thomas Parkes. (F. V. White & Co., London.)

of the kail-yard are topographical descriptions, savoured with a few unintelligible words of bastard dialect, considered sufficient excuse for poverty of plot and absence of originality and literary skill that the most enthusiastic and long-suffering of critics opens another novel of this class with distrust and aversion. In reading "The Goblin," however, the feeling of suspicion and boredom quickly gives way to genuine pleasure and interest and before the second chapter is finished the book is being read for its own sake. Indeed, there lurks a temptation to raid a stock of jealously guarded adjectives and to slip into extravagant metaphor, which must be subdued by the brief remark that East Yorkshire is fortunate in its latest novelist.

The novel is as fresh as the salt-wind that blows over the wolds; it is as charming and healthy as the littoral of rest the authors describe. From the days of his neglected, undisciplined childhood we like Archie Luttrell ("The Goblin"), though that healthy country gentleman, with his absurdly severe and chivalrous code of honour would probably scorn our sympathy. We admire him the more because he knows nothing about Art with a capital A or Cult or the Superfluous Woman, and prefers the moors and the sea, his horses and dogs, and the trying temper of the insane "Henwife" to the erotic nonsense of smart society and an idly-busy life in London. His reply to the question "What kind of books do you like?" casually asked by Ruth Woodhouse (the least satisfactory of the principal characters who move through the pages of "The Goblin") contains the opinions of most of us, though we may not have the courage to confess it at Book Teas and the other high-places of the literary dilettante:—

"'Oh, I don't know,'" he says, "but I know the kind of books I don't like. I hate books that sparkle with epigram, where the people talk like a lot of Christy Minstrels, and everyone goes one better than the last in smart sayings. Now *I* have only said one *really* clever thing in my life, and I said that by accident, and no one even noticed it, much less said 'How specially brilliant you are this evening!' Oh, and I hate books about artists and actors, and I hate books that are full of such words as 'muckle' and 'hoots,' and I hate books with an 'I' in them; I never know whether the hero's a man or a woman until they make some allusion to her abundant tresses or the cut of his trousers, and I hate those present day adventurous books about "Sieurs."

No more natural boys have romped in fiction lately than Miss Woodhouse's brothers the Great Twin Brethren, whose unaffected admiration of the great cricketer, the evangelical proseletising Lord Caillard, affords relief to the feeling of ultimate disaster wrought by the complicated weaving of fate which suffuses the book with the atmosphere of

a Greek tragedy. The characterization of the novel is stronger and more definite than many writers of more pretensions can attain.

While in their descriptions the authors do not forget their story, they paint their scenery lightly and clearly, like a delicate water-colour and so clearly and lovingly do they show us the beauty of Holderness that we desire to spend a long summer holiday among the mud-flats of Hornsea and Withernsea, which can be so picturesquely fascinating, and dream of the lost cities of the Humber. But is it necessary to alternate real names and real places with fictitious localities, which, though presumably in the same neighbourhood, cannot be identified? And we hope that the Misses Foster's next novel will be more redolent of the soil. They know their Holderness so well that a story of its common folk could not possibly be commonplace. Perhaps they will one day substantiate the wisdom of "The Goblin's remark, "People who read are generally stupider than people who don't—because they cannot think. If you want to hear real sound sense talked, moral, clever and witty, go into Hull in a third-class carriage on a market-day and listen to Yorkshire people, who very likely can neither read nor write. The fact is people are so much educated now-a-days that there's no originality left in them."

Mr. Parkes evidently knows his North-west Yorkshire dales so well that we regret he has not written a more characteristic story than "The Flick of Fortune." He fails to trace the subtle influence of their environment and descent upon the characters of his people. It was not necessary to give them Craven for a stage for them to act as they do; they would have been as real to us if they had played their little drama in the smoky atmosphere of Leeds. Their figures are neither great nor heroic nor distinct; if they breathe the dales' air they are not of the dales, they happen to be among the hills because Mr. Parkes has chosen to place them there. Where he ventures into dialect he is happiest, and as I believe this is his first book we may yet see Craven folk act and speak in fiction in a recognisable manner.

W. G. K.

Mr. Kirkby, in his two excellent books,* introduces us to the Lake-lander rather than to the Lakeland. This is perhaps the more desir-

* "*Lakeland Words*," by B. Kirkby, 1893, 8vo., pp. xiv.-168. (2s. 6d.) "*Granite Chips and Clints: or, Westmorland in Words*," by B. Kirkby, 1900, 8vo., pp. xii.-130. 2s. 6d. Kendal: T. Wilson.)

[Mr. B. Kirkby is a railwayman, for twenty-six years an employee of the London and North-Western Railway Company; he has done good work for the *English Dialect Dictionary*, besides having written the above two books dealing with Cumberland and his own native county of Westmorland.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]

able way, since the two counties of Cumberland and Westmorland are already familiar in their general features of dale and mountain and lake; whilst of the manners and customs, the character and habits of the people themselves, little may be really known. Here, however, we have what is well described as "an inside view"; and from this time forth we cannot dispense with these manuals if our purpose is to understand the human problem as it appears centred in Cumberland and Westmorland.

The superficial observer of this district usually includes in his reminiscences the sound of abundance of rain and a characteristic indifference to the fact on the part of the native born. A casual reference in Mr. Kirkby's *Chips* would indicate that this attitude is the result of early training: "My father used to say as long as it did not rain cats and dogs and pitchforks we must go to school. We did sometimes look for the pitchforks, but they never came; 'sooa we hed ta gang.'" Thus it is that the maturer person is so inured that, on expostulation, he merely buttons his coat and explains: "If it rain we mun de as they de under Skiddaw"; that is, let it come down. But this trait has its limit; for the old Langdale "statesman" when asked "How can you live in this incessant rain?" replied, "Why, badly enough sometimes; but we're thinking of having a lid."

It appears that there are even some rash enough to affirm that the dialect is dead. But every line in Mr. Kirkby's books is a testimony that it is as "whick" as ever. "Seea," (to quote our author) "neest time he teak his cauf noper in antres," let the caviller beware! for Victor Hugo's *Wittenagemot*, with his great iron Wapentake, is not more formidable than Mr. Kirkby in his native accoutrement.

The earlier of these volumes is a glossary. That it represents the accumulated observation and the digest of laborious years will be apparent when it is seen to contain no less than three thousand three hundred and thirty word-entries. The originality of the book, too, is as striking as its comprehensiveness; for it is specially addressed to Lakelanders themselves. The entry "Hinderends, Kaff an' seek at comes oot through t' deetin' machine," for instance, is quite self-interpreting to those to whom the work is dedicated. A stricter alphabetical arrangement would facilitate reference; but, with this reservation, every student of his mother tongue is under obligation to Mr. Kirkby.

As the first volume exhibits the dialect in alphabetical form so the second volume shows the words in actual use. In the stories, "Jacky" is a character who will be remembered for his own sake, as well as for his kindly surroundings. And here are many good "breaks" besides.

A "break," be it remembered, is, in Cumberland parlance, neither a break-off nor a break-down; it is "a real good story."

"Chips and Clints" are scattered fragments of primitive formations, uncouth to unkindly eyes, but abounding in crevices, where tender and graceful plants flourish in their fostering nooks. Under this simile Mr. Kirkby shows us, beneath the home-spun, and behind the dialect, the exuberant life, the tender graces of hearth and home, and the sturdy independence, withal, of the "folk" whose daily talk he interprets with the affection of a dalesman born and bred.

R. OLIVER HESLOP.

To those who are preparing for a mid-winter migration to the East we cordially recommend the Rev. Alexander A. Boddy's narrative of "Days in Galilee."* Although this handsome volume is a decidedly non-specialist contribution to the literature of Palestine, it is an interesting and informing addition to the already numerous books of travel written by the indefatigable author, who gives a picturesque and popular account of his travels in the Holy Land. To many readers the most novel portion of the book will be the section on "Cycling in Syria." The description of the solitary bicycle ride through Sharon to Jerusalem suggests a new and unspoiled route for a holiday tour, and some capital photographs give some idea how interesting such a ride must be.

W. G. K.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M.A., FIELD PREACHER.†

"Every one has his proper gift,
Fiel'-preaching is my plan;
In this I am carried as on eagles' wings;
God makes way for me everywhere."

So said Whitefield with a note of triumph, which is also on his seal, *Astra petamus*, "Let us seek the stars." In preaching out of doors, he was doing what was then unusual and against the opinion of many; but it was what Jesus did. He aimed at "the good of souls," and strongly held that the Holy Ghost renewed men. He was marvellously successful as a fisher of men. The book before us recounts the story, from his birth in Bell Inn, Gloucester, in 1714, through his Oxford course and

* *Days in Galilee and Scenes in Judea*, by the Rev. A. A. Boddy, F.R.G.S., (7s. 6d., post free. London: Gay & Bird; Newcastle: Maeson, Swan & Morgan.)

† Published by Hodder & Stoughton, London. (7s. 6d.)

his religious experiences, of his evangelistic adventures in Britain and America. A born orator, he attracted leaders of politics, fashion, and letters, compelling their admiration as well as that of the crowds. Tradition believes that "Mesopotamia" pronounced by him would bring tears; and Garrick would have given a hundred guineas to be able to say "Oh," as Whitefield did. But his pen had not the cunning to preserve this eloquence.

The Bethesda case presents Whitefield as a believer in religious equality, and he was equally in advance of his time as to federation of churches, on which topic his communications with the Erskines will interest our readers who remember the remarkable father ejected from Cornhill-on-Tweed and the two sons of "Secession" renown. The balance is not easy to hold fair between the Wesleys and Whitefield, especially in their great dispute. Here our author has done well, though evidently loving Whitefield more, despite his Calvinism.

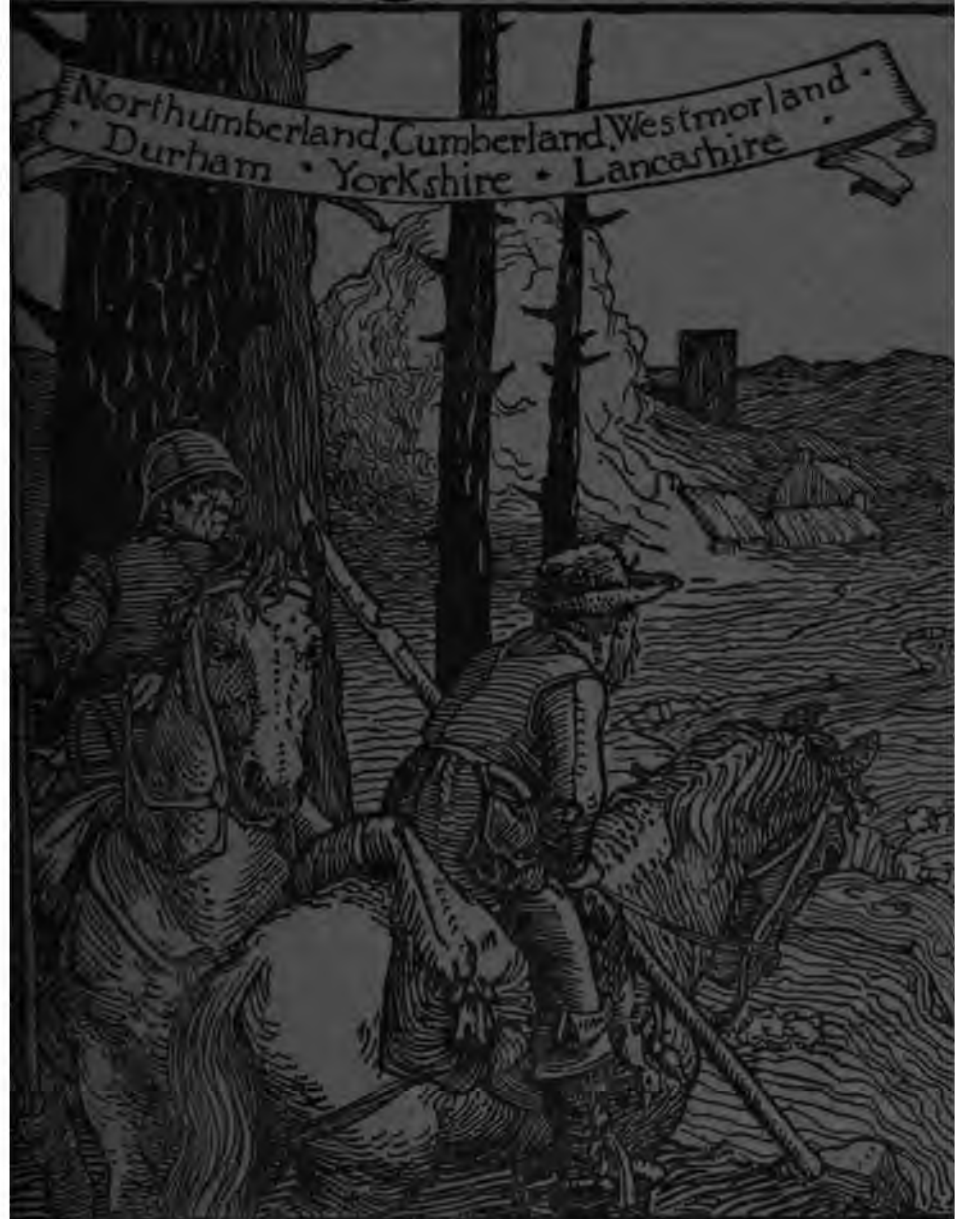
But who would dare to play a trick on John Wesley? Yet at Newcastle, Charles Wesley and our hero in 1749 got Mrs. Murray, a widow on whom John kept his eye, married to another! "Honest George" had on this occasion to keep the peace between the brothers. But evangelists are funny wooers (see page 137)—"That foolish passion which the world calls Love!"

This volume will repay attention. Its writer, Rev. J. P. Gledstone, holds an important pastorate at Streatham Hill, London, and is a robust social reformer, which helps our present work. By birth and affection a northerner, his work is the more acceptable to us. A pleasing picture of loving collaboration is unfolded (page iii.), which, with a previous book on Whitefield, explains the thorough efficiency of the present effort. A lucid pen carries us comfortably through abundant details which the author's complete knowledge enables him to submit very clearly. The illustrations are of great value; and the index is useful. One typographical blunder can afford to wait for correction, being in a dead tongue: *aequis* is evidently intended (p. 290).

There are many passages lit up with admirably simple and fertile remarks, but we have no room to quote more than one:—"To get a man a new home is a good thing; to get him a new heart is better." This is but a taste of our author.

HUGH ROSE RAE.

The Northern Counties Magazine.



Defunctus. By Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. High Wind. By "Anodus."
Main Exhibition at Coniston. By A. M. Wakefield. A Westmorland Parish Council. By R. Kirkby
Among Northern Regiments. By Walter Wood. The Study of Dialects. By E. W. Prevost.
Fellside Tragedy. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. King Hermaunus. By W. W. Gibson.
The Rising of the North, 1715. By G. M. Trevelyan. London Literary Letter. By E. V. Lucas.
"Wings" in the Dales. By Halliwell Setcliffe. North Country Chronicals.
Obituary—Bishop of London and Lord Armstrong (with portraits).

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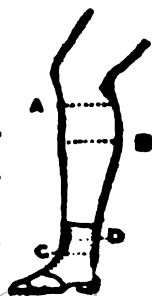
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Round Leg for top of	
legging	
Round calf, largest part	
Round ankle at D.....	
Length down front A to G.	



DEFUNCTUS

(A NORTHERN HEADSTONE.)

Strong with its stunted tower, gray, in the driving shower
Stands the old Church with the moors for a setting;
Under this turfy heap my old friend sleeps his sleep—
Lichen and sea wind the headstone are fretting.

What did he with his life? Tended an ailing wife,
Buttressed the bridge and rebuilt the byre,
Drained the five acre field, doubled the yearly yield,
Tiled the west gable-end after the fire.



Drought in the early spring, rain in the harvesting,
Even a good season's niggardly bounty
All his life long he knew. Yet oats like his were few,
And his swedes famous on this side the county.

Now his day's work is done, night begun, resting won,
He lies so quietly under the clover;
Heeds not the rain and wind, this world well left behind,
Good times and bad times and all time got over.



The Northern Counties Magazine.

February, 1901.

THE RUSKIN EXHIBITION AT CONISTON ✓ AND ITS OBJECTS.

"Just as he would have had it," is the exclamation which rises to one's lips as one leaves the quiet, little, grey slate building, under the dark guardianship of Yewdale Crag, to which, notwithstanding its peaceful aspect, thousands of visitors (I had nearly said, pilgrims, and perhaps it would be more truthful) have wended their way in the past summer weeks. Just as he would have it! All that that great soul revered most, of literature, of art, of teaching, of earth's hidden treasure, is here represented, gathered together with loving care; not where men's time is short and the world is too much with them, but in the quiet of the Coniston fells, "imaged in their lake in quietly reversed and perfect similitude, the sky cloudless above them, cloudless beneath, and two level lines of blue vapour drawn across their sunlighted and russet moorlands."

The feeling is with one that a great spirit enfolds the place never to be dissociated from it, and you enter this little sanctuary of his ideas as you would some hallowed spot. The sentiment is akin to that connected with the simpler days of Wagner at Bayreuth, only the surroundings here are so much more beautiful, as is right for the spirit of a master whose teaching was always that "to see things in their beauty is to see them in their truth." You feel, as you did at Bayreuth, that here it is possible to understand much that escapes one in the common-places of every day life and that the placing here of all that was most beautiful, and, as Mr. Ruskin himself would have said, "most entirely

noble " for the cultivation of the north country peasant as well as for that of the travelled pilgrim, was an idea which would have met with his ardent sympathy, impressing the feeling that the inspiration of a great spirit was still present among the faithful.

Mr. Collingwood, to whose initiation this Exhibition owes its existence, tells us the purpose of it, as well as it can be told, in his preface to the most excellent catalogue which he provided for the use of visitors. He says, " This exhibition is meant to give those who have known Mr. Ruskin personally here at Conistone, and any who have read his books or taken an interest in his teaching, some further glimpses



THE QUIET, LITTLE, GREY SLATE BUILDING.

at his life's record and at his studies in nature and art. We have been able to bring together a representative series of his drawings, a number of portraits and relics, some rare volumes and manuscripts, and a few examples of or after those artists whose names he has made so familiar to his readers. The relics will appeal to anyone who knows " *Præterita* " ; the manuscripts and drawings, arranged chronologically, and in most instances trustworthily dated, may be useful to students of Ruskiniana, and collectors, who seem to be increasing in number and likely to increase. The drawings are a pictorial biography in themselves. They

are by no means all that exist: there are many fine examples in Oxford, London, Sheffield and elsewhere, and in America; but we have specimens from every one of his varied phases and periods, and among them are bits of most beautiful draughtmanship and subject of general interest."

And now some little detail as to the "pictorial biography."

Setting aside the interest of well-known photographs from Northcote's pictures of the child Ruskin at three years old, it is possibly even more profitable for the student to regard the pictorial biography from his own hand. This commences with a map of France executed at the age of ten, shown originally in an Exhibition of Mr. Ruskin's drawings in 1878, of which he then said "I have accordingly amused and humiliated myself by arranging a little autobiography of drawings from childhood until now." He thought apparently very highly of the value of map making, and says, "I place it first among the elementary exercises which include subsequent colour." . . . "These maps were a very great delight to me; the colouring round the edges being a reward for all the tediousness of the printed names: the painting, an excellent discipline of hand and eye; and the lines drawn for the mountains and sea a most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work."

Following the biographical idea this map may be succeeded by copies done in 1830 (at 11 years old) of Cruikshank's etchings to Grimm's German stories, which, Mr. Ruskin tells us in "Præterita," "I did with great, and, to most people now, incredible exactness, but," he continues, "I never saw any boy's work in my life with so little original faculty or grasp by memory." All the same, in the "Notes" to the Exhibition of these drawings in 1878, he finds that "the same vignettes show a curious accuracy of eye and self-confidence" and "pure, straightforward, unaffected rightness of method." With much more pleasure, however, he speaks of "the really first sketch I ever made from nature, being No. 1 of a street in Sevenoaks. I got little satisfaction and less praise for these works, but the native architectural instinct is instantly developed in these,—highly notable for anyone who cares to notice such nativities," and of enormous interest to the many who later recognised the "unrivalled knowledge and delicacy of Mr. Ruskin's drawings of landscape and architecture." We come next to the extraordinary copies of Prout, sketches in Flanders and Germany, and of St. Mary's, Bristol. To the ordinary individual these drawings afford almost more pain than pleasure in their terribly fine pen work (Mr. Ruskin himself called them "most wholesome discipline") though the perfection of that work is of the most marvellous order. These copies, with one or two others, represent pictorially Ruskin's childish biography; a period in which his work

seems to have been his one great pleasure; for, of all the melancholy utterances of a child (surely the greatest calamity ever confessed as a childish memory) is John Ruskin's "first of calamities" belonging to these early years—"I had nothing to love." So, being without the most necessary of all human elements in early life, the child turned with a passionate devotion to his work, a devotion which was with him to his life's end. We are the gainers, but in every laborious line we feel the stern, uncompromising, unsympathetic education, and long for the hours that should have been spent in natural happiness.

The next biographical section in this exhibition relates to the "great year," Ruskin's first journey abroad, and his first sight of the wonders of the Alps. Perhaps among the most interesting drawings in it are two of La Halle, Neuchatel, and two of the gate of the ancient palace of Nancy. In each instance the drawings are the finished and unfinished studies of the same subject, showing his manner of work still in the style of Prout. Others in the same section show the beginning of the later developed strong feeling for decoration. A most delightful sketch of another description is that of the travelling carriage which holds such an important place in "*Præterita*" in which the wonderful first visit to the Alps was made. In this drawing one can detect a real touch of humour, and one is almost inclined to thank Providence for a glimmer of nature in that grimly ordered youth! From Prout to Copley Fielding we follow him in this exhibition, through the first two years of his Oxford days, when there was little drawing, though much reading and writing. Then come specimens of studies made for Modern Painters, Seven Lamps, and a group of drawings for the Stones of Venice; but long before this it is evident that "as a landscape sketched of the period Ruskin had little to learn, and might have settled down into contented professionalism, but that he was pulled two ways at once—by his love of nature, and by his reverence for art, the decorative use of material." In the later period we have all the wonderful studies of architecture; also some of those showing the marvellously fine work in which Mr. Ruskin excelled in the treatment of leaves and feathers; it contains, too, the many beautiful drawings which speak of the great artistic influence of Mr. Ruskin's life, that of Turner. Here we find his wonderful Abbeville, one of the Brantwood treasures, the waterfall between the Reichenbach and the head of the lake of Brienz, a place Ruskin was devoted to, that splendid study of the ducal Palace and Tower of St. Mark's done in 1870, and "*Etna from Taormina at Dawn*," a drawing he was specially fond of himself, done at half past four in the morning, of that view which is one of the wonders of the world. This

last, among others, illustrates Mr. Ruskin's drawings in the last ten years of his working life.

The first place in the exhibition is, in the opinion of many, given to the drawing of the Porch of San Martino, Lucca (done in 1882, considered the year of his best work), while in a perfectly different department, for simple pure work with the brush, that of an Australian opal, placed here as a specimen of his studies in minerals, is a very remarkable achievement; it is not a *drawing* of one of those wonderful iridescent masses which Mr. Ruskin has many times shown me himself with loving admiration, it simply *is* the opal.

Among the many exquisite pencil drawings in the exhibition, perhaps the most beautiful is that of the Casa Foscari and the Frari at Venice; marvellous in detail, noble in full achievement.



A PEACOCK BREAST PLUME.

I will group together the bird and feather drawings. These are so remarkable that I feel it would have been interesting to have arranged them together in the Exhibition instead of leaving one to pick them out here and there from among the rest, but undoubtedly there would be difficulty in doing this, while adhering exclusively to the pictorial biographical scheme. In the same class would come some of the flower and leaf studies, simply because of their perfectly extraordinary minute workmanship, but I have only space for a little consideration of one or two fairy feathers which have formed, from youth upwards, the subject of my deepest admiration. There is a wonderful study of a peacock's breast plume (here reproduced as best it may be, Mr. Ruskin said of other

things that his drawings became too elaborate for engraving) and it may have been of this very feather that the Professor wrote to Miss Beever, "If you only knew the good your peacock's feathers have done me, and if you could only see the clever drawing I am making of one from the blue breast! You know what lovely little fern or equisetum stalks of sapphire the filaments are: they beat me so but they are coming nice." Then there is Mrs. Severn's delightful jay's feather, set as a pendant. Concerning this jay's feather and another, Miss Susan Beever's brown turkey feather, which I do not remember as in the Exhibition, a few words occur in a letter of Mr. Ruskin's to me, which may be of interest in showing the passionate intensity he put into every line of his work.



MR. RUSKIN AS A YOUNG MAN.

It appears that with the temerity of youth, I had asked him for the gift of some such specimen, and he says, in reply, "I would have answered at once by sending you a drawing if I had had a pretty one to send, but I haven't been drawing for this many a day (written in—84), and a feather like Joan's or Miss Susan's brown turkey means two days' very hard work." No one who sees them will wonder at it! Not only the feather but the *fluff* of the feather is in the drawing as in its original. One's first impulse is to blow it!

I suppose that to the art student Mr. Ruskin's architectural drawings are what will appeal and attract most: and his studies of portions of St. Mark's and many another marvellous bit of line drawing, the many

THE RUSKIN EXHIBITION AT CONISTON.

beautiful capitols, windows and the like, are indeed very wonderful, but of course more or less well-known from the exquisite reproductions of them in his books. Suffice it to say of them that they found adequate representation in this remarkably complete pictorial collection setting forth his life and its aims, the half of which cannot be touched upon here, but even regarding these I have alluded to, his words may be quoted from



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF MR. RUSKIN.

the "Notes" of 1878: "These drawings will be enough to give my friends, known and unknown, a clear idea of the various efforts which, especially of late, have been necessary to form the foundation of my literary work."

The portraits of Ruskin were well represented at the Exhibition in one form or another; most of them are too well-known to need reference

here, the reproduction of them by the "Art Magazine" and the "Bookman" having made them familiar to all Ruskin lovers, but two portraits remain which have not appeared hitherto. One of Mr. Ruskin as a young man, by George Richmond, and the other, the last portrait painted of him, by Mr. Arthur Severn. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Severn these two portraits are permitted reproduction here, and they certainly form an interesting addition to the Ruskin portrait gallery. The drawing of Mr. Ruskin, as a young man, was only recently discovered in the National Portrait Gallery, even Mr. and Mrs. Severn being unaware of its existence. Mr. Severn believes it to be a sketch made for the more important and well-known picture subsequently painted by Mr. Richmond in 1843. It is, like the full length Richmond portrait, Mr. Ruskin in his gentler aspects, but the sketch gains greatly in interest over that of the full length picture from being the head only, full of thoughtful sweetness, minus a writing table, etc., placed apparently in the centre of a plain surrounded by hills, as in the finished picture. Richmond must have thoroughly enjoyed his subject, whom he painted many times. Certainly the palm among all the portraits of John Ruskin must be awarded to that beautiful chalk done some ten years later, of which the oft quoted speech has been recorded, when some one remarked to the artist "did not the portrait flatter the original?" "No," he replied, "it is only the truth lovingly told."

Mr. Arthur Severn's picture has an absorbing interest, though it is a melancholy study for some who realise its absolute fidelity to life. To those of us who had the privilege of seeing Mr. Ruskin up to close before his death, those sad, sad eyes have left a haunting memory, and the recollection of a great stillness as of preparation, a learning of "the way into the other world." All this Mr. Severn's portrait most faithfully, almost too faithfully, reminds us of, and one may regard this picture as the last stroke, which it was Mr. Severn's lot to add, to the pictorial biography. It remains the most striking biographical notice which has appeared of the end of John Ruskin's life. Words are unnecessary, "Behold and see."

The last illustration of this article, also from a drawing by Mr. Arthur Severn, will be of interest to those who remember (and they are not a few), and possibly to many who do not, the treasure house that was Mr. Ruskin's little bedroom. Of creature comforts, so called, the little room contained the simplest only, but its walls and shelves held the choicest things: those drawings that Mr. Ruskin most loved, and a complete collection of his works. Over the little bed from the right hand hung Turner's Coblenz, Gosport, Devonport, under them Salisbury, the wonderful St. Gothard and Constance. Over the bed again come

Turner's Carnarvon, Bolton Abbey, a Rhine scene, and two contrasting views of Vesuvius, calm and in anger. I said that the pictorial biography should close with Mr. Severn's portrait, but the pathos of the little empty room full of so much beauty seems to be really its absolutely last word. Here we realise what a spirit has left us, that with him went the last of the literary giants of the nineteenth century, and we mourn, --though he would say "who should wear black for the guests of God."

The chief interest of the Coniston Exhibition was to me this pictorial biography, notwithstanding the great value and intrinsic worth of its other contents, and as such I have endeavoured to treat it. Still



MR. RUSKIN'S LITTLE BEDROOM.

more intimately might the idea have been carried out, did space permit, to go through the personal relics in detail, "*Præterita*" in hand. Suffice it to say that in this quiet hillside building was gathered together something of everything that held place in Mr. Ruskin's life and work, and that one merely clings to the pictorial biography because the tokens of a great man's mind are of more value than those of his surroundings. But the personal relics alone were of deep interest, belonging in a measure I felt more especially to those who knew and loved him, though perhaps few men have given to the world so lavishly of their personality as did John Ruskin. Thus the few further words I am permitted must

be devoted to the, already I believe attained, object of the Exhibition, to obtain the necessary funds for a really suitable permanent treasure house to contain the many beautiful things with which Mr. Ruskin and others have enriched Coniston. Mr. Collingwood's plan (for the whole thing owes its initiation to him) is to add a plain suitable room to the Institute in which will be placed the:—

Minerals.—Given by Mr. Ruskin to the Institute.

Natural History.—The model of the Old Man, and everything he would have wished the native child to know about its native dale.

Antiquities.—Certain finds, archæological and other, referring to the neighbourhood.

Ruskiniana.—Library of his books. Set of engravings from Modern Painters. Case of relics, etc.

Illustrative Art and books.

Such are the lines, subject, no doubt, to alteration, on which Mr. Collingwood proposes to frame the future Museum; the result and object of the Exhibition for which I believe a modest sum is needed.* Such a memorial will be absolutely Ruskinian in spirit, after the Master's own heart, and, in the simplicity he loved so well, just as he would have had it in the heart of his beloved fells. Nature has been very lavish to Coniston. Its quiet, and a certain dark loveliness of its crags and yews are all its own, and the love of John Ruskin sets a halo over its bracken bound hillsides. Certain places seem to assimilate into themselves the strength of a great spirit until Nature herself even takes a secondary place besides the great soul that has permeated her, and in this case the place and the beauty of Coniston and its fells seem to become a part of the life and teaching of Ruskin. So Nature repays those who have given heed to her many voices, for "how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually preserved, creation is reflected *from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing!*"

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

* Since writing, I am informed that the requisite funds for the Museum were most successfully raised by the Exhibition, £665 having been received from tickets, sales, etc.: over 10,000 visitors having passed the gate.—A.M.W.

[All the illustrations in Miss Wakefield's Ruskin Exhibition article are from photographs by Miss Stella L. Hamilton and by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn. As no other photographs have been permitted, readers of the NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE will feel greatly indebted to Miss Wakefield for the trouble she has taken in the matter. The last portrait, as also (we believe) the early one, of Mr. Ruskin has not been reproduced before. ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]



FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS. ✓

II.—THE WEST YORKSHIRE.

The "Old Fourteenth," like several other British regiments, owes its existence to Monmouth's Rebellion. It was raised in 1685 for the service of the King, James II., to operate against the rebel duke and his army. But while the regiment was being formed, with others, the rebels were defeated at Sedgemoor, Monmouth was taken prisoner and beheaded, and many of his supporters were captured and either put to death or whipped or transported as slaves, after the mockery of trial on the "Bloody Circuit." The King having determined to retain some of the corps in his service the Old Fourteenth were kept, the establishment being fixed at ten companies of sixty men each. The chief mover in the formation having been Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Woodchurch, Kent, the regiment bore his name, but he was not long at the head of it. Sir Edward was soon to wage a war with the law and circumstances which ended in his confinement in the Tower of London. Meanwhile, however,

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

the regiment had been put on a firm basis, and was in readiness to meet any of that hard and exciting service which the troubled times required of soldiers.

The total cost of maintaining Sir Edward Hales's regiment was, at the beginning of its career, £10,922 12s. 6d. per annum, the establishment being estimated at the following numbers and rates of pay:—

STAFF				PAY PER DAY.		
				£	s.	d.
The Colonel, as Colonel,	0	12	0
Lieutenant-Colonel, as Lieutenant-Colonel	0	7	0
Major, as Major.	0	5	0
Chaplain	0	6	8
Chirurgion, 4s., one mate 2s. 6d.	0	6	6
Adjutant	0	4	0
Quarter Master and Marshal	0	4	0
				<u>2</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>2</u>
THE COLONEL'S COMPANY.						
The Colonel, as Captain	0	8	0
Lieutenant	0	4	0
Ensign	0	3	0
2 Sergeants, 1s. 6d. each	0	3	0
3 Corporals, 1s. each	0	3	0
1 Drummer	0	1	9
50 Soldiers, at 8d. each	1	13	4
Total for 1 Company				<u>2</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>4</u>
Nine Companies more at the same rate				<u>24</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>0</u>
Total per day				<u>29</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>6</u>

The regiment was only two years old when the country was filled with alarm and fury by the attempts which the King made to establish Papacy and arbitrary government. His Majesty, amongst other things, claimed power to dispense with the oaths which the law required on appointment to office; and this involved Sir Edward Hales in serious trouble. The baronet had espoused the Roman Catholic religion, and being in consequence unable to take the oaths, he was not eligible for his commission. He was prosecuted and convicted at the Assizes at Rochester; but he moved the case into the Court of King's Bench and obtained judgment in his favour. Of the twelve judges, eleven sided with the King and Hales against the law. Matters in the country became so serious that many of the nobility appealed to the Prince of Orange to help them to oppose the King. The Prince came over with a Dutch Army, and James assembled his forces at Salisbury; but they refused to fight for him, and His Majesty, accompanied by Hales and Edward Syng, Quartermaster of the regiment, tried to escape to France, in disguise. His escape was prevented by some fishermen who suspected him to be a Jesuit, and he was taken back to London by a troop of Life Guards. The King soon afterwards took advantage of those

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means of escape which were almost openly put at his disposal, and embarked unopposed for France.

Sir Edward Hales had not the same good fortune. It was he who was employed to make the arrangements for the King's flight, and, on the night of December 10, 1688, he and the King, with Syng, left Whitehall Palace in a hackney coach. Crossing the Thames at Horse Ferry in a boat they continued their flight in disguise to Feversham, and boarded a Custom-house hoy. It was now that they were apprehended. Hales tried to conceal himself, so that he could escape from the populace, who were infuriated against him for changing his religion. When he was seized at Feversham his house in Kent was being plundered, his deer killed, and his property wantonly destroyed. The colonel was sent to the Tower, and was kept a prisoner for eighteen months. On his release he went to France, where James created him Earl of Tenterden, in Kent. He died in France in 1695, and was buried in the church of St. Sulpice in Paris.

While referring to the earlier colonels of the regiment it may not be out of place to mention one or two who were distinguished in ways differing from those which made the first chief notable. The successor to Hales was William Beveridge, who in 1688 was promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment by the Prince of Orange, under whom he had served in the Netherlands. Beveridge, who commanded the regiment nearly four years, was killed in a duel with one of his captains. Thomas Fowke, appointed November 12, 1755, had been at that time fifty years in the army. In 1756, for disobeying an order to send reinforcements to the Island of Minorca, he was court-martialed and sentenced to be suspended for nine months; but George II. directed that he should be dismissed the Service.

After being employed in Scotland and the North of England against the insurgents who opposed the accession of the Prince of Orange and his consort to the throne, the regiment was sent to Flanders, but was almost immediately ordered back to England on the fear of an invasion by the French to replace James on the throne. In the same year, 1692, the regiment was part of the force which threatened the coast of France; and on July 19th, 1693, it began that long career of contest which gained for the corps the title of the Fighting Fourteenth. At Landen, in Flanders, the Fourteenth fought gallantly against the French, having five officers killed, seven wounded and one taken prisoner. The number of non-commissioned officers and men lost has not been ascertained. The Fourteenth afterwards fought hard and suffered heavily in Flanders, and became known as one of the best conducted and most devoted of British regiments. This loyalty caused the Fourteenth to be chosen for service

in Scotland to assist in putting down the Rebellion of 1715. At Sheriffmuir—that confused affair of which a writer of the day said there was nothing certain, except that there was actually a battle, which he witnessed—the regiment had one officer and six rank and file killed, and fourteen rank and file wounded; and two officers and several privates were made prisoners. For several years the regiment was employed in Scotland, leaving that country in 1722. Berwick and Lancashire formed temporary homes for the regiment before it went to Gibraltar, where it was in garrison for fifteen years, sharing in the defence of the fortress in 1727, and being one of the regiments embarked on board Sir Charles Wager's squadron for service on the coast of Italy in 1730-31. In 1742, the Fourteenth left Gibraltar and went into quarters in Yorkshire, the headquarters being at York, where the dépôt is to-day. From Yorkshire the regiment marched into Northumberland and was stationed at Berwick in 1744. It marched thence to Dunstable and afterwards to Colchester. Again the regiment, in 1745, went to Flanders and once more it was hurriedly brought home, to share in the work with which it had been so long associated—the preservation of the throne and the established monarchy, and the overthrow of efforts at usurpation.

In the stirring times of the '45 the Fourteenth arrived in the North of England, and were part of the army assembled at Newcastle by Field-Marshal Wade to prevent the rebels from penetrating into England. In the second week of November the Fourteenth were detached to Berwick, where they arrived in time to prevent the town from falling into the hands of the rebels. Proceeding to Scotland the regiment, on January 14th, 1746, took part in the battle of Falkirk, making, in the roaring wind and blinding rain, a magnificent stand against the wild, resistless onslaughts of the Highlanders. But the Fourteenth, with the rest of the King's troops, were forced to withdraw in the cold and stormy darkness, leaving the Chevalier with that temporary victory which was as "fatal as defeat." The beating off of the Highland charge was a noteworthy feat, for at Sheriffmuir and Falkirk some of the British troops who had fought so hard abroad as to be reckoned the finest soldiers in the world broke and fled.

The Fourteenth soon afterwards—April 16th, 1746—were present at Culloden, where, with musket fire and bayonet, they drove back the rebels who hurled themselves against the steady ranks, and largely helped to win that victory which broke the hopes of the young Pretender and sent him from the country as a fugitive. The regiment joined in the pursuit of the rebels, and was afterwards employed in guarding prisoners taken in the battle. At Culloden the strength of the regiment was two field officers, seven captains, fourteen subalterns, twenty-one ser-

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grants, eleven drummers and three hundred and four rank and file. Of a sum of £4,000 voted by the City of London for distribution amongst the men who had taken part in the battle of Culloden, the Fourteenth, then known as Prince's Regiment, received £203 2s. 6½d., with £10 18s. 1½d., extra for regimental wounded men. The Fourteenth remained in Scotland until 1750, in which year they marched from Glasgow to Carlisle and Newcastle.

The Royal Warrant which was issued in 1751 regulating the clothing, colours and standards of the Army directed that the first, or King's colour, of the Fourteenth should be the great union; the second, or regimental colour, was to be of buff silk, with the union in the upper



THE OLD FOURTEENTH'S COLOURS.

canton in the centre of the colours, XIV. in gold Roman characters, within a wreath of roses and thistles on the same stalk. At this period the uniform of the regiment was black three-cornered cocked hats, bound with white lace; scarlet coats faced with yellow, yellow cuffs and white lace; scarlet waistcoats and breeches; white gaiters, and white cravats; buff belts and buff pouches. The drummers wore buff coats faced with scarlet. The grenadiers wore cloth caps with the king's cipher and crown in front; the White Horse, with the motto "*Nec aspera terrent*," on the flap; and the number of the regiment behind. Fourteen years later the good conduct of three companies of the regiment who were on

duty at Windsor and Hampton Court attracted the notice of George III., who, by way of showing his approbation, made some alterations in the clothing. The warrant authorising these changes stated that the breeches were to be buff. "The grenadiers to have black bear-skin caps, fronted with red, the motto and horse white metal. The drummers to have white bear-skin caps, with a red front, motto and horse white metal."

Of the three badges possessed by the regiment to-day—the Prince of Wales's Plume, the White Horse, with the motto *Nec aspera terrent*; and the Royal Tiger, superinscribed "India"—the White Horse remains the principal. It is the only one illustrated in the *Dress Regulations*



THE PRINCE OF WALES' PLUME.



THE ROYAL TIGER.



THE WHITE HORSE.

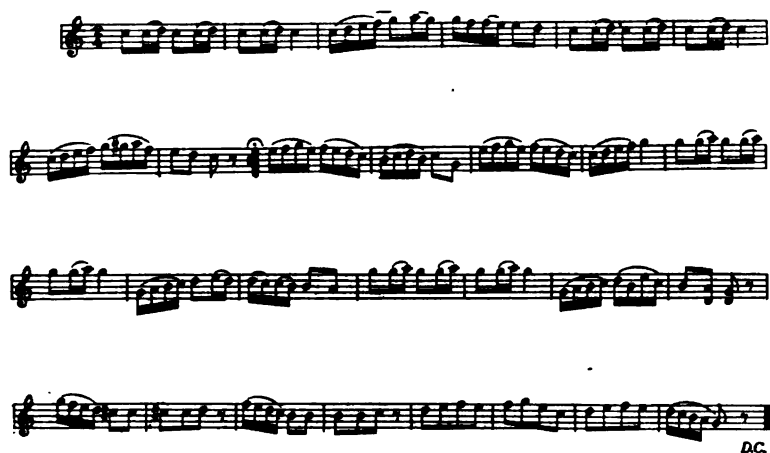
for the Army, 1900. Buff as a colour has been restored to the regiment also. For a considerable period the facings were white, the colour common to the English regiments which are not authorised to wear blue, as Royal regiments; but the white has been superseded by buff, and the facings are now of that colour.

From the time of the crushing of the Rebellion of 1745 to the period for which the first of the regiment's battle-honours was granted—1794—there were incessant calls upon the services of the Fourteenth, America and the Mediterranean being amongst the places in which the regiment was employed. In 1781 and 1782 the Fourteenth again served afloat—having embarked as marines on board the Channel Fleet commanded by

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Admiral Darby, who in 1781 relieved Gibraltar; and having in the following year been on board transports in the harbour of St. Lucia, during Rodney's victorious engagement with the French fleet under De Grasse in the West Indies.

The regiment was now the established possessor of a cherished badge; it was soon to be the owner of another honour which is unique in the British Army, and originated in one of the most singular of the many singular and romantic incidents connected with the military history of our country. This is the regimental quickstep—the "*Ça Ira*." The Fourteenth were amongst the first troops to be sent by England to Holland to help the Dutch to repel the onslaught of Republican France. On May 23rd, 1794, the regiment, which was then composed chiefly of young soldiers, was engaged in the attack of the enemy's fortified camp at



THE *ÇA IRA* OR MARCH PAST OF WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Famars. So impetuous were the lads because of their eagerness to be at the enemy that they failed to keep the order which was needful for success. The French, inspired by the wild notes of the "*Ça Ira*," the revolutionary tune to which so many of the best and worst of France were carted to the guillotine, were holding desperately to their position, and it seemed as if the hot assault of the Fourteenth Regiment must fail. Lieutenant-Colonel Doyle, the officer commanding, saw the peril and the need of the moment. Galloping to the front he halted and reformed the ranks, then turning to the band he ordered them to play the Frenchmen's air, at the same time shouting, "*Come on, my lads, and we'll beat 'em to their own damned tune!*"

Inspired and held together by their leader the Fourteenth stormed the heights afresh, and rushing upon the defenders overpowered and

forced them to retreat. From that day to this the "*Ça Ira*" has been the march-past of the Fourteenth, and the drums and bugles have rapped it out in all the corners of the world in which the regiment has been stationed. It may not be unworthy of note to add that, not long after the Fourteenth captured this famous quickstep from the French, Admiral Hotham scored a victory over the French fleet off Genoa—March 14th, 1795—and seized two of their line-of-battle ships, of which one was named the "*Ça Ira*." The burden of the song referred to is "*Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira! Les Aristocrates à la lanterne!*"

"Touray," the first of the battle-honours of the regiment, was won in the year following Famars. The regiment was now commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, a veteran and resourceful officer. Just before the action at Touray, the Fourteenth, critically placed, were attacked by an overwhelming force of French. The Colonel, exhausted, sought rest in a chair in rear of the colours. It became essential for the regiment to withdraw; and this was done, over ground which was strewn with dead and wounded. So hopeless did the case appear that the general officer commanding said to Captain Clapham "I fear we shall have to lay down our arms." "No, sir," answered the Captain, "the Fourteenth can cut through them." At this moment a corporal of the grenadier company, a French emigrant named Cimitiere who knew the country well, undertook to get the regiment out of its difficulty, and this, as guide, he accomplished. Cimitiere was rewarded with a commission and retired from the service in 1827, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Colonel Browne, shot through the body, was carried in a blanket by four grenadiers, but he suffered so acutely that he ordered them to halt, and all were made prisoners. He died at Lisle on the following day. The loss of the regiment on this occasion was heavy—one hundred and nine in killed, wounded and missing. Seventy-three fell into the hands of the French, the wounds of many preventing them from continuing their retreat.

(To be continued.)

WALTER WOOD.

A FELLSIDE TRAGEDY.*

Hard by the tiny church of Mardale, at the head of Haweswater lake, stood a house—not a grey Westmorland farm-house, flanked by long, low-roofed, rough-walled buildings, but a smart little villa, with a red-tiled gabled roof, white stucco walls, a freshly-painted green verandah, and a microscopic lawn in front, dotted with queer-shaped beds of bright flowers.

Everything was so strikingly spruce that to the stray tourist at the "Dun Bull" inn it seemed as if the house had been bodily transported from the suburbs of some city, and set down in this lonely Westmorland valley. The walls were of such a dazzling whiteness that in summer, when the sun shone upon them, they could be seen by the people in the trains over the other side of Shap Fells, as a glistening white speck under the dark mountain side.

A little, old, widow lady lived there. Years ago, her father had rented the Scartop farm on the other side of the lake, but she had married a commercial traveller, and had gone away South. Thirty years later, she had come back to Mardale—to end her days in the peaceful spot, where she had spent her childhood.

The sun had just topped the hills, and was beginning to clear away the blue mists that hung around the shores of the lake. It was early yet, and the village still slept. Not a sound save the crowing of a cock, at intervals, in a neighbouring farm-yard . . .

Suddenly, from the little white house, a girl stepped into the road. At first glance, there seemed nothing remarkable about her—just a common farm-girl with a coarse, thick-set figure, but as she moved into the sunlight, you might have seen that her face shewed traces of great mental suffering. Her eyes were bloodshot, the lids red and swollen, and there was a hard, set look about the mouth.

She glanced up and down the road—not leisurely as if on the lookout for a passer-by, with whom to gossip, but rapidly, almost stealthily. Having made sure that no one was in sight, she ran across the road to the church opposite, and tried the door. It was locked. After a

* It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the late Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe, the author of "Wreckage," etc.—whose early death some few years ago cut short what promised to be a most brilliant literary career—was a follower of the severely artistic, brilliant, but pitiless technique started by Flaubert, and brought to logical perfection by Maupassant. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Crackanthorpe for her kindness in sending us this "Fellside Tragedy" of her son's, now for the first time published.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

moment's irresolution, she crossed the churchyard, and began to hurry up the mountain-side.

Jenny King was a true Westmorland lass, born and bred on the fellsides, who had never travelled farther from her native village than to Penrith on market-days—except last Whit Monday, when she had gone on an excursion trip to Keswick, with “Long Joe”—“Long Joe” was her lover, a fine, strapping young fellow, who shepherded for the new tenant of the Scartop farm.

After Michaelmas, he was to have a rise; and then they were to be married in the tiny church at the head of the lake. But on Saturday a tragedy had roused the sleepy little village to a state of intense excitement—a tragedy which had wrecked all Jenny's hopes. Joe had been helping the Scar-top men to “lead” the hay, and had had words with one of them in the big thirty-acre field. Joe's temper was a quick one; words soon changed to blows, and at last in a fit of fury, he picked up a pitch-fork and ran his companion through the stomach.

A day and a half of hiding in the forest followed, till he had got money enough to fly the country. It was Jenny who had given him this money. She had taken it from the well in her mistress's writing-table. The theft had cost her no moral struggle, for she had done it almost mechanically, in blind, dog-like fidelity to Joe, without once giving a thought to the consequences, only filled with the idea that he wanted the money and that she must get it for him.

But as soon as he was gone, hastening on his way to Liverpool, a reaction came upon her. It was terrible. First, the grief of her mistress at the disappearance of her savings cut her to the heart, as recollections of the old lady's thousand and one little acts of kindness crowded in upon her memory; then terror—vague, sickening, physical terror—of the police, of the handcuffs, of the prison.

Towards evening, mistrustful looks, whisperings, and at last a general shunning of her presence, told her that she was suspected. Oh! the horror of the night that followed! For hours she had lain awake, motionless, staring fixedly at the wall by her bedside.

She had once seen in a shop-window at Penrith, a coloured picture of a female convict crouching in a cell, with her face buried in her hands. All through the night that picture haunted her; its crude, glaring colours had appeared not once, but a hundred times, till it covered the walls of her room. Wherever she turned her eyes she was confronted with it; there was no escape. And gradually, as the night wore on, the seated figure grew more and more like herself, till she could see on its forehead the bruise which she had got when she fell down the dairy steps last week.

At last she fell asleep; but still the figure pursued her. The nightmare came, and she was shivering, chained to the bare stone floor of the prison-cell, doomed for ever and ever. . . .

The girl could bear it no longer. To-morrow they would come and take her, and she would become like the figure in the picture. She must fly—where? She never once gave a thought to that. Only to escape to the fells away from the horrible convict woman.

. . . On, on, she climbed, now across stretches of grey shingle, which she sent clattering down the mountain side, now up to her knees in the bracken, now picking her way over a crowd of boulders huddled together in savage disorder.

. . . On, on, she climbed, while her heart throbbed excitedly, and great beads of sweat started from her forehead. At last she reached the top and threw herself gasping on the grass. There was a buzzing in her ears, and a heavy thud, thud, thud against her temples. Yet this sense of physical exhaustion was a relief, after the terrible mental strain of the last three days.

Then by degrees it passed. From where she lay, she could just see the thatched roof of her father's cottage. There was the road along which, as a little girl, she had trudged to school, day after day, summer and winter; next her mind wandered to Joe—to Joe before the murder—she thought of the first time that he had kissed her, one blustering winter afternoon, when she had gone to fetch the milk from the Scar-top farm; of the trip to Keswick and of the silver brooch that he had bought her there.

These recollections were not painful to Jenny. She was reviewing them calmly, as if they were incidents in another's life, when with a sharp spasm of pain, came back the thought of her mistress's grief. Oh! she was sorry, bitterly sorry for her—yet there was no hot self-upbraiding. It was the inevitable. She had done the only thing possible—Joe had to be saved.

Was he already at Liverpool, she wondered? How long would he be on the sea? Perhaps he would go on a ship like the one in the picture hanging in the waiting-room at Penrith Station. In the picture, the deck was black with passengers. Perhaps Joe was one of them. Gradually her thoughts began to wander, and then—and then she was asleep. . . .

When she woke, the sun was high in the sky. It was a minute or two before she realized how she came to be lying there on the wet grass—she shivered.

Look! some people were crossing the road, and coming towards the mountain. Perhaps it was a search party. She must be gone—further

away, where they could not find her. She dare not get up lest her figure should be seen by those below, standing out against the sky-line: so she crawled away from the mountain edge; then got up and ran.

The range of mountains was so broad at this point that the summit formed a sort of tableland, several miles in width. It was a barren expanse, not a tree, not a shrub, only bushy tufts of coarse grass, growing right down to the edges of the pools of brackish water, and here and there, like great flesh-wounds in the earth's surface, gaping peat-bogs with black slimy dripping sides.' It was a dreary spot, even on this gorgeous summer day.

Jenny hurried on, driving before her a little flock of black-legged mountain sheep, till she had crossed the range. The great lake of Ullswater lay at her feet, glistening like a sheet of molten silver; beyond, the bare, round backs of the lake district mountains rose, one behind the other, till they melted away to a purple haze on the horizon. She stood for a moment, gazing stupidly at the glorious scene; then she slipped down into a peat-bog.

When she came to herself the white, weird light of the moon was shining, and a few fleecy clouds were chasing one another lazily across the sky. From far away below came the bleating of sheep; then all was still. . .

Hark! what was that? A piercing whistle burst through the silence of the night. Another, then another, followed by a cry, which made Jenny's blood run cold. It was her own name ringing through the night.

With the instinct of a hunted animal she held her breath, put her fingers between her teeth to keep them from chattering, and flattened herself against the soft, clammy peat. Nearer, nearer, they came. Jenny! Jenny! and the cry was re-echoed by the mountains opposite, till it seemed to her fevered imagination as if the evil spirits of the hills were tossing her name backwards and forwards to each other in diabolical mockery. The shouts grew fainter and fainter; at length all was still again.

But now came strange, bitter regrets that they had not found her. How horrible the stillness was! She tried to call after them, but the sound of her own voice terrified her so that she gave it up in despair. The pains too, which she had forgotten in the moment of mortal anxiety, came back.

What was that white thing gleaming on the stones over there? Only the skeleton of a sheep, probably starved to death in the winter. Jenny shuddered, and her teeth began to chatter again furiously. Oh! anything but that! The life of a convict woman, rather than such a

A FELLSIDE TRAGEDY.

death. She must go back and give herself up. Surely some one would have pity on her. She burst into a fit of hysterical crying. Then she struggled forward. Her strength was now almost spent. She was shivering all over, yet her head seemed on fire, and hunger—a devouring overwhelming hunger—begun to gnaw her.

Still she crawled on desperately; now falling into a peat-bog, now stumbling over a heap of shingle. Thus down the mountain side, while her knees knocked together at every step.

When she reached farmer Langley's stead she had not the courage to knock for admittance; so she threw herself on a half-finished hayrick and, covering herself over with hay, slept. . . .

Two hours later, when the sun ushered in another gorgeous fine morning, farmer Langley's men came and finished the rick. . . .

As the days went by a strange, horrible odour came from the rick-yard. They pulled down the rick and found poor Jenny's body. The forks of the men had pierced her through and through. Was it these wounds that had killed her, or had she passed away before the rising of the sun?

Who shall tell?

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

THE LAST RISING OF THE NORTH, 1715.

As in the summer when Charles II. was restored, the fate of England, child of blind chance by cause inevitable, came suddenly to light so that all men saw and knew that the mighty England to come was not to be Republican; so once more in the winter when William marched from the west it was made known with a voice of thunder that the mighty England to come was not to be a despotism. The second decree was from the moment of promulgation as plainly irrevocable as the first, and allowed no appeal by the defeated party to the past, which had so often been theirs, and the fleeting chance they once seemed so nearly to have grasped. The cause of absolutism was dead; the causes to which absolutism had allied itself, these alone survived, and under the name of Tory Party struggled for their own triumph yet another five and twenty years of storm and violence. The reason why so much of party passion and so little of party principle is found in the reign of Anne, is that Whigs and Tories were at last fighting for their own ideals and for their own interests, not any longer for the cause of the King on the one hand or of the liberty of the subject on the other. That question had been settled when James fled to France. The Jacobite cause, the country gentleman's toast of the "King over the Water," was not the cause of personal despotism, but of Tory government; if the Pretender had come back he would have come back not as the Stuart despot but as leader and instrument of the Tory politicians, on whom he would have been no less dependent for his throne than were the Hanoverian monarchs on their Whig allies. The return of the Stuarts must have been conditional, but the supremacy of the Tories must have been unconditioned. How different then would have been the history of England if the political and religious peace, for which all men consciously or unconsciously yearned even more than for victory, the deep peace of the eighteenth century, the fallow years between the reaping of the harvest of Luther and the springing of the crop of Jean Jacques, if this had been the peace not of the Whigs but of the Tories, not of the Latitudinarians and the moderate men grown big, but of Sacheverell and the October Club. But as fortune turned to the other side, the Peace was the Great Whig Peace, the Pax Walpoliana, the Pudding Times. Rest, rest perturbed spirit of Bray's Vicar, thou has swallowed thy principles for the last time and hast only to digest them!

Who that had witnessed the Sacheverell mob upon the streets, the fierce faces laughing over Swift's latest word, the coffee houses pouring forth the angry tide at evening, and St. John in the House setting on the pack, would have guessed that Toryism would accept its fate and vanish

like Cromwell's army at the Restoration; that London would no longer know the men who had descended on the capital and driven the great Marlborough from his place, but that each, far away in his own country side, would be content to pass inglorious years, killing himself with Jacobite toasts and wearying his neighbours with stories of the great days and how they were betrayed at the end? Yet so it was in 1714. Strong as party passion had been under Queen Anne, it was in truth but the after-roll of a mightier thunder, the after-glow of a stronger fire, a bright but a waning moon. The flowing tide in England at that hour was not one of the world forces, but a pure negation; not Whigism, and not Toryism, but the desire for peace. Swayed by this desire themselves, bowing to its yet more evident influence over others, the Tories slunk home when the trumpets proclaimed King George, and the land had rest forty years.

But whatever the English Tories might do, the watchers on the Terrace of St. Germain's would accept no hostile verdict as final. The game of politics was lost, but the wager of battle had not been tried; London was closed against any serious enterprise, but an appeal could be made to the provinces to march upon the capital. The Tories of every shire, who were sulking at home only because their leaders had quarrelled and shown the white feather, would surely muster at the first trumpet blast, as their ancestors, when London and the Houses failed, had rallied at Nottingham to the banner of King Charles. So thought the Jacobites; seldom in the history of political error has a greater miscalculation been made. Not only was there no movement at all among the people, but even the Squires of England kept their homes or fled before the rebel army. Instead of an insurrection of the great body of Tories throughout the land, there was a gathering of Catholic gentry in Northumberland and Lancashire,* a "Rising of the North," as in Elizabeth's reign, a thing formidable perhaps a century and a half before, but now weak in proportion to the greater weakness of its two constitutional elements—the feudal relation and the Catholic religion.

The Catholic gentry of Northumberland formed, together with their High Church neighbours, a society more closely knit together and more divided from the rest of the world than was usual even in the county societies of that time. The geographical isolation of Northumberland (Scotland on the north, the sea to the east, bad roads to the south, and one execrable road to the west), the proscribed religion professed by one half of society and treated with exceptional toleration by the rest,

* "There were only three Protestants with them, which are Mr. Foster, Mr. Carr, of Eschill, and Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell."—Sir Edward Blackett's letter, Hodgson's *Northumberland*, II., 1, p. 270. "His statement, though not exact, is correct in the general impression it conveys. See Patten's *Rebellion* (ed. 1). list on pp. 129-140.

differentiated them from those of their class in other counties and encouraged a strong *esprit de corps*. If therefore their leaders gave the signal for a Jacobite rising, it was certain that all the Catholic and probable that many of the Protestant gentry would ride to save their caste. The motives that were likely to induce them to take arms for the Pretender more readily than the Tories of other shires were, if not purely religious, at least connected with religion. Catholics were at this time subjected in Ireland to systematic persecution, and in the towns and country districts of England to continual annoyance and occasional acts of brutality. But in Northumberland this was scarcely the case; the civil disabilities imposed by the law could not indeed be altogether disregarded, but for the rest the Catholic gentry were numerous enough to hold their heads as high as their neighbours; the old religion was in a way the fashion of the county, to which the best Border families proudly adhered in distinction from parvenus from the merchant class who had lately bought themselves into the sacred circle of the landed interest. But the social equality of the two creeds stopped at the gates of Newcastle. The county town, like all county towns, was Protestant, and the law was there no respecter of persons; the Catholic squire could not in any way take the lead within its walls. South of the Tyne, he was still more at a disadvantage; in London, the Houses of Parliament and the Hanoverian Court were alike closed against him. He was doomed to perpetual country life in Northumberland, and just because he was able to maintain his importance there, it was the more galling that in every other place he should be treated as an outcast. If all the Catholic squires had been like the Osbaldistones of "Rob Roy," rural life would have satisfied their wants, and their only plots would have been laid against the otters of Coquet and the foxes of Cheviot. But the leaders of this society, the men of the Tyne Valley and the South, had not been brought up in the bucolic habits and old world seclusion of a Border peel house. Some of them knew the capital and had connections in other parts of England; others had been bred in foreign cities, and their wives in French convents. Derwentwater's boyhood had been passed between the Courts of Versailles and St. Germain's, in the companionship of the exiled English Princess. But when, as a young man just coming of age, he had returned to his native island, he found no avenue open to him but the management of his distant estate and the lead of Northumbrian society. Although it has become usual to attribute to this beautiful young hero of the ballads unbroken contentment with his ideal surroundings, perfect devotion to his wife, his tenantry and his neighbours, and to attribute solely to public spirit his ready sacrifice of all that made his own life worth living, yet it may, in the absence of any historical evidence on the

THE LAST RISING OF THE NORTH.

point, be questioned whether the first enthusiasm of the returned wanderer for English country life may not have worn off a little during the five years of his residence at Dilston, and whether natural ambition and excusable *ennui* may not have mingled with other motives in the mind of the one who had seen nations bought and sold in the galleries of Versailles. But whatever may have been the case with Derwentwater, it is scarcely possible to doubt that a society so refined, so Gallicized and so well acquainted with the larger world as were many of the squires of Northumberland,* felt itself cribbed and confined within the borders of a desolate county and the limits of a local activity sadly curtailed by anti-Catholic laws; that feelings of outraged personal pride and desire of self-assertion swelled in these men's hearts; their devotion to the oppressed family whose wrongs and virtues each had first learnt at his mother's knee and daily heard his friends repeat; that the losses they experienced in their own lives on account of religion, made them only more anxious to remedy the less endurable lot of other English Catholics, to raise the trampled crucifix or die for it on the field.

Such material needed, however, a spark from outside before it could take fire. Neither was it probable that the Northumbrian gentry would attempt unaided to conquer the rest of England, nor were they so geographically situated as to become the centre of a national conspiracy. The plot was woven in France and the secret signal came from London. The politicians of St. Germain and Versailles had for their agents on this side of the water an active body of English Jacobites and an equal number of Irish Catholics, some lately officers in the French army, some adventurers at large. During the summer of 1715 mysterious horsemen were observed in various parts of the island, riding round from one country seat to another, in the disguise of "travellers pretending a curiosity to view the country." Homeless sons of the slain mother, vowed to vengeance and eternal unrest, with what thoughts did they move on day by day from one happy roof-tree to the next, disturbing every night with hot Irish eloquence and tears some fortunate and settled man by the fiery tale of wrongs he had never felt, and woes he would forget to pity in the cold light of morning. But, however small the success of his compatriots elsewhere, Captain Talbott, who came by sea to Newcastle in August, was well received by the gentlemen of Northumberland to whom he disclosed the great design. In September, the news of the Earl of Mar's rebellion in Scotland made some decision imperative, but it was

* Even "mad Jack Hall," peculiar for his uncultured and savage manners, and living in so desolate a part of the county as Redesdale, was a scientific "improver" of the agriculture of his Otterburne estate. — Patten (ed. 3), p. 111.

not till near the end of that month that the action of the alarmed Hanoverian Government finally precipitated them into rebellion.

While the conspiracy was ripening among the Catholics of the north, preparations for revolt were also being made among the Tories of the south-west. It may seem remarkable that after the reception there accorded to the invasions of Monmouth and William of Orange, the Jacobites should have looked to that quarter for a rising in the interest of the House of Stuart. But the Puritan faith of the ploughmen who died at Sedgemoor was by no means universal throughout the west, even with the peasantry and townspeople, and still less with the upper classes. Cornwall was High Church and Tory until the Wesleyan era, and Devonshire, partly no doubt on account of its distance from the seat of government, had been designed by the conspirators of 1715 as a place favourable for a descent. The invading fleet actually showed itself off the coast, but as the promises of local assistance were not fulfilled, it put back to France. There still remained stores of arms in Bristol; there were rumours of a plot to seize Plymouth, and Sir William Wyndham, the leader of Somersetshire Toryism, fixed the centre of conspiracy in his beautiful and secluded Manor House of Orchard Wyndham, which still lies hidden among the wooded combs below the Quantock range. Towards the end of September the Government, awaking to the dangers that threatened it, determined to force the hands of the leading conspirators by issuing writs for their arrest. This step left them the unpleasant alternatives of prematurely disclosing or completely abandoning their design. The High Churchmen of the west submitted; even Sir William Wyndham, after an exciting escape from the officers through his own house, changed his mind, came up to London and surrendered. But the Northumbrian Catholics chose the opposite course, partly perhaps from want of clear information that the scheme had been abandoned at the other end of the island. The news that the writs were out travelling north faster than the King's messengers, drove all the persons designated into concealment; for two weeks of dreadful suspense the country waited on the decision of its hidden chiefs,—to reappear as prisoners or as rebels. What searchings of heart, what agonized night ridings, what secret supplications, what rash promises and bitter self-reproachings before “the doubtful hour, with pain and blind struggle brings forth its certainty never to be abolished!” Popular belief afterwards maintained that it was Lord Derwentwater's young wife, who, by her cruel eloquence, drove him from his hiding place unwillingly to arms, but another equally untrustworthy tradition asserts that on his final “getting on horseback, his lady, in great agonies and weeping bitterly, pulled him from his horse and begged

his lordship would not go to the destruction of himself and his family.”* If a popular picture were painted and a popular novel written on the basis of this latter legend, the two stories would stand on an equal footing. It may be they are both false together, or it may be they are both together true.

On the 6th of October the period of secrecy and suspense came to an end. If at an early hour on that day a hind chanced to be driving sheep over the broad moorland watershed which divides the sources of the Wansbeck from the valley of the North Tyne, he saw with surprise in that vast solitude little bodies of horsemen making their way along the green tracks that converged from all directions on to the high ground of Greenrig. Mr. Forster, of Etherston, near Bamborough, and his friends from the seaward side of the county, arrived first at the place of muster. Moving on to the neighbouring height of Waterfalls, they there first saw, to their no small relief, another body of horsemen coming up from the south along the old line of Watling Street. The Earl of Derwentwater, having hastily returned home from hiding to gather his forces, had that morning set out from Dilston, ridden through the wondering streets of Corbridge, in open defiance of King George's authority, and was now arriving to begin a civil war at the head of his own household servants, mounted on coach horses, and a few other gentlemen who had joined him on the way. As with such a force it would have been dangerous to knock at the gates of Newcastle, or even to remain any longer within arm's reach of authority, the company rode off to the more distant parts of the county, in hope of returning south after a few days in force sufficient for some real undertaking. Starting northward over the precipitous tracks that cross the Redesdale and Elsdon district, they reached their second rendezvous at Plainfield in upper Coquetdale the same afternoon,† and clattered into Rothbury at nightfall, after a wild day's riding that was meant as an invitation to the Catholic families of the Border. From those valleys that had once been the undisputed domain of the moss trooper and the raider by profession, the rebel army attracted to the banner of disturbance the service of two gentlemen whose views on property in horses were a survival from the sixteenth century. “It's an ill wind that blows nobody profit,” said an old Cheviot farmer that year; “I can leave my stable door unlocked and sleep sound since ‘Luck-in-a-bag’ and the rest

* See *Account of Arthur Ratcliffe*, Penrice, 1747, p. 4.

† Patten (ed. 1, pp. 27-8) speaks of Greenrig as the rendezvous. In the trials of Lords Derwentwater and Widdrington (Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xv., ed. 1812, pp. 785-787), Plainfield is spoken of as the pre-arranged meeting place. Probably the southern rebels had agreed to meet at Greenrig, and the northern ones to join them at Plainfield. Plainfield is two miles west by north of Thropton.

are gone to the wars.* The elements of robbery and private feud in this rebellion were, however, insignificant. The Border was a different place from what it had been when the bandits of Redesdale and Tynedale had made good the opportunity of lawlessness afforded by the "Pilgrimage of Grace" against Henry VIII., and of the "Rising of the North" against Elizabeth.† In more ways than one the unfortunate events of 1715 is the touchstone by which the historian can test the changes effected in Northumberland during the seventeenth century.

On the 7th of October the rebels passed from Rothbury to Warkworth on the east coast, whence turning south again they entered Morpeth on the 10th. In these first four days they had not only received almost all the additions of strength they were destined to draw from their own county, but had been joined by a body of "seventy Scots Horse, or rather Gentlemen from the Borders," in fact by that curious society which is minutely described in the "Black Dwarf." But when the fulness of time had come for the gates of Newcastle to fly open, they were on the contrary "walled up with stone and lime very strong," whilst the ramparts bristled with the guns and pikes of Protestant volunteers and a battalion of regular infantry which had just entered from York by forced marches. Newcastle, though it returned a Tory member, contained a strong Whig element, and was in any case overwhelmingly Protestant; Tories and Whigs, Churchmen and Dissenters vied with each other in manning the walls against the Catholic Squirarchy with whom they had no sympathies in common. The industrial population, outside the walled towns was scarcely less hostile: the "keelmen," who carried the coal down the Tyne in their barges, were mostly Presbyterians; they accordingly joined the Protestant Association forming among the townspeople, and provided a body of men 700 strong, to be always ready at thirty minutes' notice, if their service was required by Government. As three hundred horsemen with swords and pistols could do little against a town so defended, the rebels turned aimlessly back into the region whence they had started the week before, and remained for some

* See Scott's *Black Dwarf*, chap. xiv. and note; and Patten (ed. 2), note on the same subject.

† See Bates' *Northumberland*, 214-5, 224-6. At Rothbury the rebels were also joined by "Mad Jack Hall," of Otterburne, who received the news of their being in arms while seated at a meeting of magistrates at Alnwick. He jumped up in such haste to join them at Rothbury that he "left his hat," and had to come back to fetch it; he "left his head" before he was quit of the business. His own account of the matter when on trial for his life was naturally different. See Hodgson, II, 1, 113. He was always accounted an unlucky man, as his excellent "improved" farming at Otterburne had been destroyed, once by fire and once by flood, and he had been in a duelling scandal. He was of the non-juring High Church party. See Patten (ed. 3), pp. 111-112.

days in and about Hexham. They were now in a position to see how matters really stood. They had enjoyed every advantage for raising the shire, they had made the round of it openly and unresisted, they had entered all the principal market towns, they were at that moment encamped in the Earl of Derwentwater's own district, among the miners and farming tenants, with whom he was so justly popular. It was only too clear that as the people of Northumberland had not yet rallied, they never again would rally in the good old fashion round their "natural leaders." The fact was that although the feudal relation had lasted longest in the northern counties, prolonged by the continued anarchy of Border war, it had now died out from its last English stronghold, killed by a hundred years of what Belted Will would have called Border peace. When at Morpeth a few offered to enlist, the rebel leaders refused their assistance; since they had failed to awaken the general and active support among the lower and middle classes which Monmouth had roused in parts of Somerset and Devon, they wisely made no attempt to copy his armament on a reduced scale, but put their whole trust on a mobile and well-armed force of mounted men, chiefly consisting of gentlemen and household servants. With this force they now abandoned Northumberland, the more readily as General Carpenter was already moving upon Hexham; crossing by Rothbury and Wooler into the Tweed Valley, they effected a junction with the larger forces of the Scotch Jacobites.*

During the last ten days of October, the Northumbrians, who numbered scarcely one fifth of the forces collected at Kelso, could do little more than stand impatiently in the background of the Scotch rebellion, whose objects interested them little, and whose partisans pleased them less. They found themselves taking a part, not in the overthrow of the Hanoverian Government at St. James's, but in the separation of Scotland from England, and listening disdainfully to uncouth cries of "nae union! nae saut tax," from a population to whose outward demonstrations of enthusiasm they at no time saw any parallel on the south side of the Border, except at last in the cockney crowd that derisively greeted their entry into London. They also observed, with contending feelings of relief and chagrin, that the enterprise had now assumed a really Protestant character. At a solemn proclamation of King James VIII. in the market place at Kelso, the assembled parties were encouraged in the time-honoured hope that "good example and conversation with our learned divines will remove these prejudices, which we know his Majesty's education in a Papist country has not rivetted in his royal discerning mind,"

* Throughout the campaign the English were distinguished from the Scotch rebels by wearing red and white cockades, while their allies wore blue and white. (Howell, p. 835.)

a proposition which was received by a sceptical audience with different feelings in different quarters. But although genuinely hostile to the religion of their new allies, the Scotch Jacobites were scarcely less hostile to the Presbyterianism of their country, and rejoiced to give the two parsons from England the opportunity of reading service, not in the episcopal meeting house, but in the great Kirk at Kelso. The Reverend Mr. Patten, who afterwards turned King's evidence, and so lived to write a most delightful history of the events in which he had taken a part, tells us that he was on this occasion much edified by the decent way which "the very common Highlanders" behaved, "answering the responses according to the Rubrick, to the shame of many that pretended to more polite breeding." On the 27th the whole force began to move westward, and continued to do so for some days, which were occupied by the leaders in quarrelling over its ultimate destination. The Scotch were anxious to subdue the western districts of their own country and then put themselves in connection with the main body, under the Earl of Mar, in the north. But the English, who had not risked their heads and abandoned their estates merely to assist in the triumph of Jacobitism in Scotland, finally over-ruled the better military judgment of their allies, some of whom gave in the more readily on the reflection that a change in the government of their own country, unprotected by a similar revolution in the larger kingdom, was certain to prove unstable. From Langholm, where the invasion of England was finally determined, 500 of the Highlanders turned back, but the remainder of the Scotch smothered their misgivings, and yielded to the prophecies and promises which their English allies were forced to make in order to secure their co-operation. Such assurances grew more confident with each repetition, till, what had lately been a pious hope, became without further reason a genuine belief, that the High Churchmen would rise, that 20,000 men would join before they had left Lancashire, and above all that the Protestant character of the undertaking was assured. The Scotch would certainly not have invaded England, if they had known that the rebellion would move in a predominantly Catholic atmosphere directly they crossed the Border. Yet so it did, to their no small discontent.*

(To be continued.)

G. M. TREVELYAN.

* Patten (ed. 1), 93. *Lancashire Memorials*, Chetham Soc., v., *passim*.

"HIRINGS" IN THE DALES.

Kettlewell lies well north from Skipton, and the grey fells stretch north and south, east and west, up to the cloudy blue. A land of pasture-fields and meadows; a land of sheep; a land where the peewit wheels above the lowest lowlands, where on the heights the curlew sorrows and the swift hawk goes a-hunting.

The village lies in a hollow, though you would scarcely call it a hollow until you climbed to the fell-top and looked down upon the close packed houses, the church, the graveyard with its crowded rows of guests. A quiet village, untouched by steam or by the brute restlessness of unhappier times.

The early coach to Buckden, carrying the mails—the latest coach, with its freight of passengers—the return coach of the afternoon—these are the landmarks of its day. Farm folk loiter in its street, and stable boys whistle their answering challenge to the lark. There is a constable, but no one needs him; there is a school, but the children keep their childhood. Kettlewell is hale as yesterday, and the breath of its streets is a breath of limestone winds, of ripening grain, of cattle chewing at the cud.

Once in a twelvemonth, though, it wakes from sleep. The hay crop is late up here; for it is a grazing land, and the sheep must be kept in the low lying meadows until the end of May—the spring winds are too cold upon the fells, and the ground over wet to be ready for them until then. July comes in, and the meadows, ripe for cutting, or well-won elsewhere, are mindful still up here of recent grazing; for not until the first week is out can the farmers begin to think of scythe and lush green swathe.

The Hirings take place then, and from the front seat of the coach, as it swings into Kettlewell between eleven and noon, you will see the square that fronts the "Race Horses" and the "Blue Bell" taverns, thick with groups of men, with gigs and riding horses and restless dogs.

A hum of voices, like the hum of many hives, stirs up and down the once quiet village; and nowhere in the Dales will you find so odd a gathering of folk. Get down from the coach, and let it swing forward to old Buckden, where the lords of Skipton hunted and were merry once on a day; move in and out among the crowd and listen to their chaffing; there is old human nature here, and the red of it is warm against the cold grey background of the houses.

Irishmen, with scythe-blades neatly wrapped to the curved handles, with whetstone, black clay pipe, and all their worldly goods ingathered into a blue and white check kerchief. West countrymen, big in the beard, with slow, wide faces, lads of sixteen and men of fifty. Unhappy

faces, sick with long premonition of the workhouse; merry faces, the index of stiff thews and willing hearts; seared faces, in which Cain and Esau—the active criminal and the passive ne’er-do-weel—find each his own reflection; careless faces, of men who accept life without loving it or hating it. These are the folk who come to be hired—the folk who, if they are successful, will by-and-bye be working in the hayfields from four in the morning till the last edge of the summer’s nightfall.

In and out among them ride the farmers of the Dales—the grandest type of manhood, surely, that one need look to find. The younger men are lean, well-set, and their faces are keen as a well-tempered hatchet. The elders are full in the abdomen, wide in the shoulders; they wear a close-cut strip of whiskers, may be, iron grey, and their skins are wholesome as a pippin gathered in late autumn. Their horses are trim-kept, trim-looking, serviceable; their gigs—when they prefer to drive instead of ride—bespeak an assured, yet unostentatious, prosperity. Kindly folk, the most of them, as men are apt to be who fight the uphill battle with wind and wet and bitter northern winds; but when a bargain is to be driven they are keener than any man who lives south of Solway and the Tweed. They are here to buy labour, just as the other division of the crowd is here to sell, and each fights grandly for his own hand, whether he seeks to sell in the dearest market or to purchase in the cheapest.

This year the labourers are asking more. The war has thinned their ranks, and made their muscles precious. The farmers, on the other hand, have gained little by the war, and the margin of their profits is never big, in these days; their brows come down, and the corners of their mouths go up, as they move from man to man, and hear that hay-making is to be a more expensive matter than a twelvemonth since.

Keep moving in and out. The points of views are diverse as the poles, and all are true. The labourer tells you that the work is hard—God knows how few of us could work seventeen hours of a summer’s day with only a few short halts for “drinkings” and that the pay is little enough to help them through the days to come, when harvest is over, and there are no more crops to gather in. The farmer tells you, on the other hand, that five, six, seven pounds for the month, with ale and victuals and lodging all thrown in, comes hard upon a trade that dwindles year by year. Add to this that he cannot always gauge his man—that often he hires a labourer, and finds an unskilled fool among his meadow grass. Add yet again to this that the rains may fall, and fall, and fall—as they can do in the Dales—and leave him with so many, five, or six, or seven pounds to pay, and no hay ingathered to the laithe. Add up his arguments, and lay them side by side with the labourer’s, and you can only seek a middle way of judgment—one which is neither logical nor

to-be-argued, but which rests upon the sense that men must starve and men must prosper, and men must take what comes, since the world was made so from the start.

Sleepy, pastoral Kettlewell! Quiet under its quiet grey fells, for all the days of all the changing year, save this one July day—yet what a strife of souls this one day holds. Men coming far afield and wasting time and money in search of the labour which should be ready to all new hands; the rich still striving to better their condition, and the poor still seeking a way to the next meal; the itch and fever, and unrest of all whose instincts ask no better than to find a way of living. It is idle to question, to hope, or to suggest; Nature herself—who rules us with an iron hand—Nature herself rears up the wheat, rears it with loving care, with travail and with tenderness, and afterwards she strikes it to the earth. Waste is one of the green earth's necessities; another is the loveliness of swelling leaf and breaking bud, and fresh, warm-hearted winds. We are here, and the sun shines sometimes, and it must be enough.

We've found much in Kettlewell this morning; but the last picture we see there is sad with the sadness of man's failure. The labourers are filling all the rooms of the "Race Horses" tavern, they are drinking fortune in, or ill luck out; we must seek a meal; if a meal we are to have, in the cool well-ordered dairy, where the milk is creaming in the cans. There is but one standpoint here—the prosperous farmer's. He eats his lamb with relish, his cabbage and potatoes, his gooseberry pie, his ripe Stilton or Wensleydale, and he convinces one that farming in these bad new days spells beggary. Then we go out again to the street, and the Dales rain, quick to gather, is toning the sunlit whiteness of the houses to a dull, unhappy grey. The street is emptier than it was—but how full it is of wretchedness!

Only the failures are left. Only the men who have travelled far in search of work, and have travelled vainly. They lean against the bridge that spans brown Wharfe. They stand listlessly, hands in pockets, among the rain drops and the silence. Some are drunk, others have not the wherewithal; it is a grey sight and a piteous.

As the coach takes us down again to Skipton—Skipton, that has known more light-and-shade than any man who honours her—we overtake the failures trooping back from Kettlewell. The rain is over, out it was kindlier than the sun, which lights their tattered clothes, their weary stoop, their loss of all things manworthy.

Grey, fell-girt Kettlewell! it is time for sleep again; and to-morrow there will be calm and sunlight in your street.



THE STUDY OF DIALECTS.

Until lately it has been the fashion to scoff at all dialects and at those who take interest in them, also to describe dialect writings as English badly spelt recording English wrongly pronounced. But now a revolution of feeling has taken place, Dialect Societies have arisen, and books are being produced treating of the subject some in one way, some in another. Without fear of contradiction it may now be said that the study of the language of the people is receiving its just meed, and not a whit too soon, for the advance of civilisation is doing much to destroy all the simplicity of the native both in thought, tongue and mode of expression.

The ease with which people may now travel permits of an intermingling and so of a broadening of ideas, and the peasant returns to his old district with new thoughts, and possibly with new superstitions and words. The result of this is a destruction of the original purity of dialectic thought and style. Again, it may be that the labourer leaves his old district to settle elsewhere, taking with him all the characteristics of his former home, and engrafting them on his new one, which now becomes a centre of contamination. These flittings are certainly not of recent origin, but owing to our modern manner of living, to a less con-

tented state of mind and to the cheapness of railway travelling, migration is now more frequent amongst the rural population.

Last, but not least, is the destruction wrought by the up-to-date school teachers, who insist on the children speaking "English," both as regards the words themselves, and the grammar; no unusual words are allowed, the modern termination -ing is made to replace the older *an*, and *I am* must be said instead of *I is*. The northern races are stubborn in character and difficult to alter in their habits, so that the speech which the children learn from their parents at home is relinquished with reluctance when they go to school; indeed, it is not wholly laid aside, for the "mispronunciation" is resumed as soon as they return to the cottage.

There is a vast number of old words which have survived in an unaltered condition for centuries among us, but they are rapidly disappearing and passing out of the recollection of the oldest "residenter," and the cause of this loss is not far to seek, it being to all intents and purposes the same as that which is killing the pronunciation and grammar. The old folk, for some unknown reasons, are ashamed to use the old words which in the days of their youth were in everybody's mouth, and the middle-aged, who possess a smaller stock, only draw upon it when conversing among themselves, but talk "fine" before strangers. The children in turn hear but few words, only using them on occasions when they are out of school where it is impressed upon them that the employment of old-fashioned expressions is wrong. Can we therefore be surprised to learn that the days of the dialect are numbered, and that the time is fast approaching when no "vulgar words" will be spoken, and when the only remnant of the speech of the people will be the "twang," and this will probably disappear, giving place to some sound far less musical and more uncouth.

Having shown reasons why the study of dialects should no longer be neglected, it will be advisable to point out how that study may be prosecuted. I hope that I shall not be considered to be too self-confident if I suggest some of the methods to be employed. I say "some" advisedly, for though I have adopted them whilst preparing the new Edition of Dickinson's Glossary of the Cumberland Dialect, it is very probable that others may prefer different ways of working; still the knowledge of what some have done or left undone is frequently useful to those who are about to set to work on the same subject.

The study of dialects includes (1) the derivation of words; (2) the collection whether the words be peculiar to one district or are common to two or more; (3) recording the various ideas given to the words collected—this is by no means the least important part of the work, for

often there are as many shades of meaning implied under one expression as there are shades of blue or green; likewise it will be found that a very slight change of sense involves the employment of a totally different word; (4) noting the pronunciation of the vowels.

The derivation, though it is the first on our list, is really the last to be worked at, and it will be acknowledged by all that it is the most dangerous and difficult division to undertake. It should not be attempted by any person who has not familiarised himself with some of the old northern languages, with Anglo-Saxon and Celtic; the laws of phonetic changes must be well understood, and all guess-work rigorously avoided.

Much has already been done in the way of tracing old words and phrases to their sources; much still remains to be accomplished, but the research should only be taken in hand by those who have prepared themselves especially for the task. It is curious to note what little change has taken place in many of our north-country words, either as regards the sound or sense, even after the lapse of many centuries. Ferguson states that the Cumbrian *Feel* (to hide) comes from the Norse *Fela*, and *Snape* (to snub) from the Norse *Sneipa* (to put to shame): other derivations are less apparent, thus: *Slairy* (nasty, dirty), from Norse *leir* (mud).

Words may be collected by agents; indeed, I am of opinion that "must be" ought to have been written, for it is practically impossible for one individual to search through any extended district; life would not be long enough for the examination of even a small county such as Westmorland or Cumberland. Old glossaries must be looked through, and the words therein contained be sent to the various agents to inquire if they be obsolete or still in use.

There is another reason, and I believe it to be a very cogent one, for the employment of agents, one which those who have lived amongst the country folk will endorse. All north-country men are shy when speaking with strangers, and will not give their confidence to them: indeed, it takes a very long time before the natural side of a felldaler can be got at. Shyness and reticence militate against naturalness, and until these two are overcome but little information will be gathered. It follows therefore that it would be quite hopeless for the chief recorder to make any attempt at collecting in a district where he is not personally known and trusted. Who then is better adapted to help than the "priest," the doctor, a well-to-do and educated farmer, or intelligent tradesman? Indeed these are the very persons to apply to for information and though at first they may take but little interest in the quest,

THE STUDY OF DIALECTS.

that interest will grow and grow until they become as keen as the "principal."

It seems scarcely necessary to explain why the above-mentioned chiefs of the parish community are so well adapted for our purpose, but it is very likely that the tradesman will be a speaker of the dialect to some extent, and in his business transactions will have to talk to some garrulous old woman who may now and then drop some stray and obsolescent words, especially if she be well up in years. Then the parish doctor visits the sick when all restraint is thrown off, and he may be the lucky finder of some quaint expression used with reference to household affairs, or a curious name for an infantile disease. The "priest" is, on the whole, the most likely to find a mine of word-wealth, for he visits in the course of his duties many old men and women who love to talk of the days that are gone, of the old customs, and of the hardships they suffered when they were young. However anxious and ready to do all they can for the cause, there is a pitfall which the agents must carefully avoid: they must at all times be on their guard against the acceptance of invented meanings and coined words; meanings are speciously invented to please the questioner, but as experience is gained detection becomes more easy. The inquirer must be cautious not to ask leading questions nor to be satisfied with the statement of one man only—a second witness at least to the existence of a word or meaning should be sought out; this may at times not be possible when an obsolete word or phrase has been unearthed.

We shall find the third division of the investigation to be a more difficult task than that of mere collection. The variety of the simple sounds is remarkable. We find long, short and intermediate vowels which, when combined, form an extended series of diphthongs and triphthongs. The separation into the several constituents requires a trained ear; at all events I cannot imagine it to be possible for any one who is incapable of appreciating slight differences between sounds to make the requisite analyses of the complicated vocals. It is one man's work to take up the phonology of a dialect or section of the same, so that one standard may be adhered to, though much assistance may be obtained from those who are at work recording. The study of the phonetics would not entail a great amount of travelling; for after the peculiarities of one part of the county have been mastered and noted, little more remains to be done beyond applying the knowledge obtained to the words as they come in. The county should be divided into districts according to the chief peculiarities of the "twang," and sub-districts may afterwards be mapped out and dealt with; these sub-districts will be as a rule very circumscribed, and probably owe their

existence to a geographical cause. Taking Cumberland again as an example, it has been divided into the central, north-east and south-west division, but there is no sharp line of demarcation between any of them, and the usages of one district merge insensibly into those of the other. There are also a few small inlying parts where the pronunciation is quite different and remarkable.

Spelling of literary English has for long been a bone of contention, but the spelling of dialect is a much harder bone to fight over. Each writer in dialect prefers his own method, which he considers as best calculated to represent the sounds he hears. Unluckily it often happens that there is some ambiguity as to what sound is meant, double e's are used by one person whilst another prefers the combination *ea*, both being employed in English for the same sound thus, *been* and *bean*. We are therefore compelled to use some phonetic method to attain the desired end, and the very simplest is the most preferable, one which does not require the introduction of new symbols, such as inverted e's and other more complicated symbols. The simple vowels can, I believe, find their representatives amongst our standard English words, and then when the position of the tongue relative to the teeth and palate, and the shape assumed by the lips is fully described, we are in a position to form the diphthongs from the pure vowels.

Granted then that there is a necessity for writing dialects according to some plan which shall give the true idea of the native sounds, the question arises are the words to be presented to the public in the glossic spelling only, or are we to use this method only as a translation of the ordinary or everyday spelling, spite of its errors and inconsistencies. The general reader is not as yet disposed to tax his energies by learning new methods, but if the word be offered to him in the old and familiar style followed by its translation into glossic, his interest will be aroused, and in time he will be educated and become accustomed to the change and able to reap the advantages thereof.

To render the phonology complete every variation ought to be recorded, though this will entail an increased amount of labour; but the sub-styles need not be investigated until the main districts have been worked out.

We all have our own opinions as to the best manner of performing work, but this egotism is not advantageous when the interests of a great work are concerned, neither does it conduce to uniformity; it will, therefore, be better if in the future some plan be agreed upon with which all workers on phonology shall conform, whether it be that employed in the English Dialect Dictionary or some other. Whichever method be followed, let it be followed by all. There is plenty of material all

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ready at hand to commence with, books written in dialect, old songs and newspaper reports of police cases, accounts of accidents and coroners' inquests; all these will yield something to the collection and preservation of what ere long will be a thing of the past.

It might seem to many that the foregoing had been written in ignorance of the existence of the Glossaries already formed, to say nothing of Professor Wright's most important work. There is, however, plenty of room and to spare for anyone who will labour on some special section of a dialect, and give it that undivided attention which it can scarcely receive in such collections as those to which I have just referred. A sample of what still remains to be done will be found in the papers lately published by the Yorkshire Dialect Society's Transactions on the "Vowel sounds of the Halifax Dialect" and "The Yorkshire Dialect of the West Riding," both of great value and interest.

Without going far into the subject, it should be explained that the term phonetic spelling implies a method whereby all the sounds of the human voice can be expressed in writing. Many such methods have been proposed and are in use, but only three can be said to have held their ground: they are Palaeotype, Romic and Glossic. The first has already been referred to as requiring the use of symbols representing certain sounds for which our ordinary alphabet has no character. Romic (invented by Sweet) is somewhat similar, requiring also special characters, whereas Glossic is the simplest, for the alphabet is employed, the value of each vowel being referred to some well-known word for the sound which it is intended that it shall stand: thus A is pronounced as in gnat, AA as in baa, E as in net, EE as in beat, EI as in buy, and OI as in boil, and so on. Two accents, the long and the short, are also used, and a period (.) marks the accented syllable. This is an outline of the method as applied to a northern dialect, and it is, I think, easier of comprehension than either of the other two.

E. M. PREVOST, PH.D.

In our next number a comprehensive "Survey of the Yorkshire Dialect," by the Rev. J. Hanson Green (a Vice-President of the Yorkshire Dialect Society), will be commenced. This in turn will be followed by papers on the Lancastrian and Northumbrian dialects, written by two well-known authorities, Mr. George Milner and Mr. R. O. Heslop; articles on the Cumbrian and Westmerian dialects have also been arranged for. As students of dialect are often lovers of folklore, we might add that we have a most interesting paper by Mr. F. B. Jevons (a Vice-President of the Folklore Society), on Folklore of the Northern Counties, which will commence a series, and be followed up by papers from Mr. D. D. Dixon and Mr. R. Blakeborough, whose books on Northumbrian and Yorkshire folklore are doubtless known to many of our readers.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

A WESTMORLAND PARISH COUNCIL.

About huz wer o' owder yalla er blew. Thers nin o' yer hauf an' hauf an' hardly mak, nut theer marry. Man, woman, an' barn, we o' ken which side wer on, an' wheea we feit for.

E' oor Parish Cooncil, t' blews said yah thing, t' yallas contradicted it. T' yallas propooased, an t' blews oppooased, t' blews wad hev their way, t' yallas wadn't let them if they reeave t' skeul top off wi' shooten. Oor Chairman hed his wark cot oot wi' them ye may be sewer. But he was a fendy chap wi' his neeves and his tongue, was oor Chairman, er Ah dunnot know what he wad hev mead oot amang them. When they first began t' Cooncil an' he wanted ta set ther propooasals doon yan o' t' Cooncillers wasn't for 't. He said "it was fair weastry o' ink an' time, 'at they cud think on weel eneuf."

Anudder Coonciller wad nivver vooate, "he wasnt used tult, an' it mead his arms wark, an' it leukt seea; what it was sillier ner gaan tull a barn skeul ta larn."

Anudder wadnt say "Mr. Chairman" if they croond him. "He'd kent him frae a barn a peet hee, he nivver dud, an' he nivver wad, say 'mister' to neea body but t' preest, an than he was shammd ont." Ootside we o' coed t' Chairman 'Jamie,' sometimes 'Gurt Jamie,' becos ther was tweea. They gat ower t' bodder bi' co'in him "Jimmy," an' that was as far as they wad gang, nut fer t' Heam Secretary ner heed man at t' Boord, ner neeabody. Thers neea law to mak yan be civil.

They'd hed plenty o' fash ower t' sumps, laal hooses, stick heaps, an seea on, an whiles they'd varra near fawn oot. But oor Chairman, like t' chap wi' t' dumplin end, knew hoo ta humour 't, an' theyd mannisht ta poo throo wioot hittin yan anudder.

When they were ebben e' ther vooate, they'd agreed at t' "mak weight," as Geoordie co'ed t' castin vooate, was to gang tull them e' turns, first yah lot was t' hevt an' then t' tudder. Blews this time, t' yallas t' next, and seea on. As they war ebben ivvry time they vooated, they set yan o' owder side ta watch an' see fair doos. Auld Will watcht oot fer t' yallas an' Gunner Geoordie fer t' blews. Geoordie hed nobbut yah ee, but he sweear he cud see mair wi' his odd ee than anybody else cud wi' tweea.

Mike was t' main spooksman fer t' yallas, an Jossy backt him up. Willie ied off fer t' blews when it was their turn an Tommy followed on. Jonty and Jooany allus backt their own lot when they cud pickt oot hoo. And when a mowdi-man was wanted Jimmy tackled t' situation varry cleverly. T' vooatin' was equal, and then Jimmy telt them hoo twas an hoo twad hev ta be. "When things er as they er, an neeabody wants ta alter them," he sed, "it was t' best way ta let them stop as they war. O' t'

precedents he cud finnd beath past, present, an fewter, o' was agreed on that point. Mak up yer minds fer a change, o' agree out, an neea poor on yerth can hod ye in. Ahs gaan ta give yah vooate ta Mike, ant cestin vooate ta Billy. This puts ye o' in what t' law beuks cos state-us qu-o, nowder sides hez lost an' seea beath sides hez won, an things stops as they er, seeam as t' chap they fand 'e queer street."

Wi' that beath sides gev three cheers for Jimmy an brak up e' t' best o' good humours as nowder hed lost. Thats hoo we com' to say "like t' Pariah Cooncil an t' mowdi-man, nowder sides lost and beath sides hez won."

B. KIRKBY.

HIGH WIND.

(FROM THE SOLWAY TO THE TYNE.)

The clouds before him rushed, as they
Were racing home to end the day,
The flying hair of the beeches flew
Out to the East as he went through.

Only the hills unshaken stood,
The lake was tossed into a flood.
She flings her curling wavelets hoar
In wrath on the distracted shore.

Which of the elements hath sinned?
What hath angered thee, O wind?
Thou in all the earth dost see
Nought, but it enrageth thee!

ANODOS.

KING HERMAUNCE.

A CHORUS.

Hermaunce, King of the Red City, was stabbed by his two foster sons whilst drinking from a spring in the forest after the heat of the chase. As he lay by the clear waters, sore wounded, a knight of his own kindred rode by, and seeing the dying King, bore him swiftly to the Red Ship, which rode at anchor in the bay hard by, and laid him on his golden bed therein. With his last breath the King commanded the knight to pen a letter appealing to the Knights of King Arthur's Court to avenge the fell murder. Then the Red Ship put out to sea, the dreadful missive folded in the hand of the slain King. The vessel came to shore in the mouth of the Humber, and Sir Palomides receiving the fateful summons at once set sail for the Red City and slew the usurpers and freed the people from their thrall.

King Hermaunce puts out to sea;

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

King Hermaunce of the Red City;

(Mariners, Mariners, where are your songs when the wind is filling the
blood-red sails?)

King Hermaunce in his Ship of Red,

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

King Hermaunce on his golden bed,

'Twixt the low grey sky and the wide grey water, the moaning sea and
the wind that wails.

Where are your kinsmen, King Hermaunce,

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

Who swung the sword and thrust the lance

In splendid tourney and deadly foray to win your honour and pride of
name?

Where is the crown that crowned your head?

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

Why are your eyes so still and dread?

And why is your harness so dulled with blood? and who hath broken
the sword of your fame?

Why did you leave the merry chase?

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

What are the shadows that cover your face?

And why are your lips so blue and so cold that leant so red to the Spring
waters clear?

KING HERMAUNCE.

Why did you leave your golden throne?

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

Where are the sons you called your own?

Who rules your kingdom and lords your house and harries the heart of
your people with fear?

King Hermaunce puts out to sea,

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

King Hermaunce of the Red City:

Oh! quail, ye slayers and stealers quail! when the dead seek vengeance
what cunning shall save?

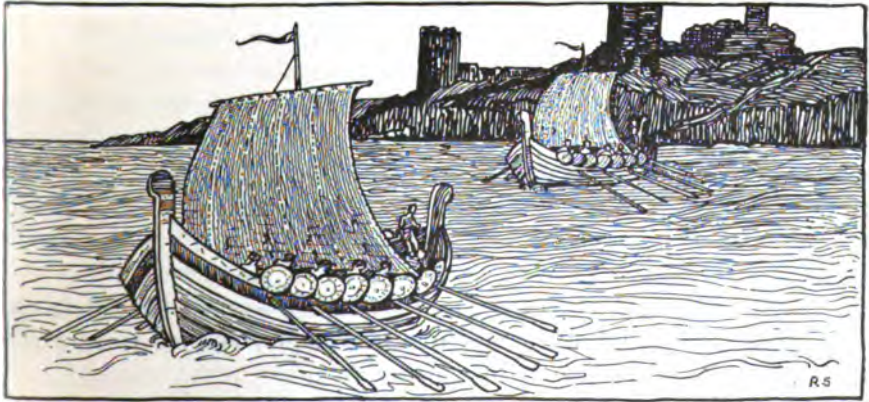
King Hermaunce in his Ship of Red;

(The sea is grey beneath the wind!)

King Hermaunce on his golden bed:

But the dead shall cry, and the just shall hearken, and the Knight
Avenger shall cross the wave!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



From

London



Town.

January, 1901.

*The Two Classes of Anthology—A Disappointing Anthology no Disappointment—Mr. Quiller Couch's Selections *—The Hunt for the Lyrical Spirit—King Tembinok' the Lyrist †—A Pocket Rival to the Oxford Book ‡—Mr. Stephen Phillips' New Play—England and her Satirists—“The Mantle of Elijah” §—“The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay.” §*

The Two Classes of Anthology.

The question is, is an anthology to consist of “What I like best” or “What is best?” My own feeling is that “What I like best” is the better goal to strive

for; it is more reasonable, more in accordance with human fallibility, it obviates compromise, it does not irritate the reader by any claims to the absolute, it offers no loophole to the honest critic to suggest emendations. It comes into the world gently and causes no strife. On the other hand, immediately the anthologist suggests that his collection solves the problem “What is best,” a host of bad passions are excited. “Best,” we say, “Do you call that best? A thing like that? And where is so-and-so? And why on earth do you give all that space to ——'s rubbish?” And once again the English lyrical poets, who ought to lead to nothing but quiet content or happy exaltation, become mere causes of war.

* “*The Oxford Book of English Verse*,” edited by A. T. Quiller Couch. (7s. 6d. Clarendon Press.)

† “*In the South Seas*,” by the late R. L. Stevenson. (6s. Chatto & Windus.)

‡ “*A Little Book of English Lyrics*.” (1s. 6d. Methuen.)

§ “*The Mantle of Elijah*,” by I. Zangwill. (6s. Heinemann.)

§ “*The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*,” by Maurice Hewlett. (6s. Macmillan.)

No form of criticism is so simple as
A Disappointing Anthology ; depreciation of an anthology; and cer-
 tainly Mr. Quiller Couch's very bulky
 no Disappointment. volume, with its imposing title, "The

Oxford Book of English Verse," offers opportunity. But it has occurred to me that the very fact that one's pencil goes so readily to the margin with a suggested inclusion may be part of the game, may be a proof of an anthologist's success. For what is the anthologist's aim? Is it not to stimulate and foster a love of poetry? Well, taking my own case, Mr. Couch has not only given me hundreds of beautiful poems to read, but has set my thoughts at work in the search for many others: a pleasant exercise which, had his every page been perfect to my mind, I should not have enjoyed. Had he, for instance, chosen otherwise from Whitman I should have missed the impulse to turn again to the wonderful poem on Death and to that lovely piece of melancholy beginning "Once Paumanok." And Mr. Dobson's triolet about sonnets and bonnets serves its purpose, in prompting a search, amply successful, through his pages for something more worthy.

**Mr. Quiller Couch's
 Selections.**

But to come to a little particular criticism (which is every man's due)—Mr. Quiller Couch has been, I think, rather too free with his moderns. It may easily

be contended that the best that a man has written should not admit him into a book like this unless that best reaches the level of the general best. Mr. Couch seems to have thought otherwise and in many cases to have included a poem because of its author. As a matter of strict fact, the compiler of a book of the best poetry must consider everything as though it were anonymous. Otherwise his book must be called "The Oxford Book of English Versifiers." The objection to such a course is that the volume would be entirely filled by a very few writers, and hardly any of Mr. Couch's living singers would find a place at all. For example, Mr. Couch gives fourteen poems from Shelley and twenty-two from Tennyson; but of course the fifteenth poem of Shelley and the twenty-third of Tennyson would still be far finer than the contributions of Præd, Locker-Lampson, and W. B. Rands. That is one difficulty of this kind of book. Another is the half-impression it gives of certain all-round poets. Who, for example, from the sixteen excerpts from Browning would deduce his power to write "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's"? Nor could one, from the selections from William Morris and Rossetti, predicate much of their real quality. And, to name only one or two misleading omissions that occur to me, why is there no line of

Lowell, Thackeray ("The Cane-Bottomed Chair"?), Mr. Housman, and Mr. Stephen Phillips (a passage from "Marpessa"?).

The Hunt for the Lyrical Spirit.

But "The Oxford Book of English Verse" has a body as well as the tail against which I have been levelling this very easy and rather ungrateful criticism; and the body is not to be found fault with. (To my mind only one thing mars it, and that is the very poor quality of Thomas Jordan's tap-room lyric "A hundred years hence"—which Mr. Couch, with a curious lapse of taste, wedges between the noble Montrose and Richard Crashaw). To study the book from first pages to last, and there are upwards of a thousand of them, is to enjoy a most exciting hunt after the true lyrical spirit. For some time the quarry is in excess, but after Lovelace, at page 374, the scent becomes intermittent. It is strong once more in the anonymous Ballads, and then we lose it again until Prior, with whom it is still, however, only faint. At Henry Carey (page 509) our hopes again rise, but not until Blake (page 558) is the running at all good. Thereafter we are happy again for a while, with Burns; but the scent again fails and only now and then recurs—with Wordsworth (occasionally), with Shelley, with Hartley Coleridge, with Hood, with Tennyson (now and then), with Christina Rossetti, with T. E. Brown, and with W. B. Yeats. Perhaps I have omitted some, but these are the milestones, so to speak—if I may thus change the metaphor. From the others we get beautiful things, but these alone seem to sing because they must: to have the spontaneity and music that are the essence of a lyric.

Apropos of lyric poetry, the new posthumous Stevenson book—"In the South Seas"—which has much curious and good reading in it, offers a pleasing definition from the lips of Tembinok', King of Apemana in the Gilbert Islands. "Asked what his songs were about, Tembinok' replied, 'Sweethearts and trees and the sea. Not all the same true, all the same lie.' For a condensed view of lyrical poetry," adds Stevenson, "(except that he seems to have forgot the stars and flowers) this would be hard to mend."

A Pocket Rival to the Oxford Book.

Mr. Quiller Couch is not the only anthologist in the field this winter. A very companionable collection has been issued in Messrs. Methuen's Little Library, the anonymous author of which stops short, however, at Edgar Allen Poe, as, I fancy, Mr. Henley does in his "English Lyrics." An end must be made somewhere, I suppose, but I cannot see why a little

Tennyson—to name only one other candidate—might not be admitted. Personally I would rather lay down a book with an echo of “The Miller’s Daughter” (say) in my ears than anything of the tintinabulating American’s, fine though he be. The great advantage which this “Little Book of English Lyrics” has over “The Oxford Book of English Verse” is in size. The one will go into a pocket, where books of lyrics ought often to repose; the other requires a reading desk.

Mr. Stephen Phillips’
New Play.

I wish it were possible to like “Herod” better; but likeableness is not its characteristic. One can admire it, or away with it. My own feeling is admira-

tion tinged by disappointment—admiration of Mr. Phillips’ dramatic success and the beauty of some of his more lyrical outbursts, disappointment that an Elizabethan exercise should have so little Elizabethan blood. Mr. Phillips lacks juices. He can rise to Marloweish ecstasies and extremes, his gift of tenderness is great and beautiful; but between these he seems to me to be dull and thin. His ordinary drama-stuff has little distinction, no humour, no full-bodied merits, no surprises. And personally I cannot always make him scan. (Here is one line as an example:—

“To greet Aristobulus, the queen’s brother.”

What tongue can beat a decent iambic measure into that?) On the stage a bad line can be made to scan, if the actor considers it necessary, by a dozen devices—pauses, reiterations, ejaculations, the interruptions of gesture; but for the reader in the arm-chair the work must be done by the poet. It is part of the compact between them—a compact which Mr. Phillips seems to me often to take too lightly.

In “The Mantle of Elijah” Mr. England and her Satirists. Zangwill has set himself the task of gathering together all the threads of the deceased century and displaying them in a bunch. The work is practically a piece of extended journalism, containing not only the events of the day but some of the personages; Mr. Zangwill constituting himself the reporter *ab extra*, who, perched in his eyrie, watches the raree show with sardonic laughter. Certainly no one in this country is in a better position to write such a commentary, for Mr. Zangwill has the precious advantage to a satirist of England, of being in that nation yet not of it, at once an Englishman and a foreigner, enjoying the privileges (such as they are) of the Anglo-Saxon while in his veins is Hebrew blood. We are indeed just now singularly fortunate in critics of alien birth and singularly clear vision. Mr. Dooley watches us shrewdly from Chicago,

Caran d'Acle from Paris, and Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Zangwill from our very midst. All have much in common.

"The Mantle of Elijah." "The Mantle of Elijah" is not a great novel, not even a very good one, but it is immensely and almost unflaggingly entertaining. Its intelligence is continuous and brilliant. Mr. Zangwill breaks down again and again in verisimilitude (he has despised in his time too many things to give them the amount of attention needful for the illusion of accuracy); he has faults of taste; he yields too easily to the temptations of merely verbal wit; he loses his balance altogether in the presence of his new Bohemian Girl and her intoxicating camaraderie (which reads like the dream of a very youthful member of the Vagabonds' Club); he is rarely sufficiently in earnest (a grave blemish); but he is all the time excellent company, and his intelligence holds one throughout. The first half of the novel is incomparably better than the second. Mr. Zangwill's attendant demon of Bizarre, which sits forever on his shoulder, has less play in these earlier chapters; and we are not confused by chronology until the second half begins. To attempt to follow Mr. Zangwill's later chronology is indeed to court disaster. No actual dates are named, yet at the beginning, when Allegra, the heroine, is sixteen, stress is laid on the early Victorian shackles which bind England, and her father comes home with tales of what Mr. Dickens has said to him at the club and Mr. Disraeli in the House. The reference to Mr. Dickens would, at the latest computation, put the date at 1870, but it is earlier than this. And then, in part two, although Allegra is still young and alluring, we are obviously, by a thousand indications, in the present day, with the Boer War raging and Mr. Chamberlain in power. The chronology, however, is a detail: what is more important is that a man of Mr. Zangwill's great gifts should strive more vigilantly to distinguish between the genuine and the cheap. And he should, I think, observe more narrowly the society of which he writes. But faults and limitations notwithstanding, "The Mantle of Elijah" is richly entertaining and is filled with flash-light glimpses of the unfamiliar side of a host of social questions. Witty iconoclasts are too few for us to quarrel with Mr. Zangwill's shortcomings.

"The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay." "What a wind! What a wind!" said Flaubert of Shakespeare; and one has the impulse to make the same remark of "Richard Yea-and-Nay," Mr. Hewlett's new romance. Not that Mr. Hewlett is a Shakespeare, but he has

a superb energy, an irresistible spirit, and a joyous sense of movement, that it is difficult to praise too highly. In this quality he leaves all his contemporaries (save one) behind: they lag on the levels while he is buoyant on the peaks. But Mr. Hewlett does not apply this splendid pulsating gift of vigour to the best ends—so far, at least, as my opinion is concerned. He trifles with it, pampers it, does not use it to its full. With all his energy he does not make me believe in his Richard. To me the story is not life, it is only mediævalism intensely animated: as though a strip of the Bayeux tapestry were run through the Biograph. Mr. Hewlett's quality seems to me at its best when he is writing in the person of the Abbot, half humorously and always full-bodiedly, in his fine free way enunciating that old observer's philosophy: as in the first chapter and the last. I wish he would try a book of full-blooded sententiousness, as tangential and Rabelaisian as you will, and for a while leave these invented stories. "The Forest Lovers"—the first half of it—was exquisite; so was "The Judgment of Borso" in the "Little Novels of Italy"; but I do not seem to want these effects repeated. I want from Mr. Hewlett a Falstaff, a Mercutio, a Sancho Panza—in short, a character.

E. V. LUCAS.



[This tailpiece is a facsimile of a woodcut from the *London Post* newspaper, Jan., 1647.]

SOME MEMORIES OF THE LATE BISHOP CREIGHTON

BY A FORMER PUPIL.

In the late Right Reverend and Right Honourable Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London and Privy Councillor, a great ecclesiastic, scholar, historian, and man of affairs—in a word one of the most remarkable men of our day—has been untimely taken from us. If anyone not having known him were to enquire what he had accomplished in his six years of episcopal work at Peterborough and four years in his London diocese, the present writer would reply instantly, "Much he achieved, but as it was largely due to his own personal influence the world in general may perhaps not know the true extent of it."

His was indeed a most stimulating personality; like the late Professor Jowett he was above all else a practical man, with this important difference that he surpassed the latter in the breadth of his sympathy, so that there are many who will feel that without his advice and encouragement their own lives will move the more slowly and the more sadly from this time forth.

The fact that at Peterborough in the Nonconformist Chapels prayers were offered up for his recovery suffices to prove how wide was the influence for good he had exerted even amongst those differing from him in persuasion.

"There was always such a sense of health about the Bishop," said Dr. Parker, preaching in the City Temple. "He was never groping for his opinions: he held his convictions simply, firmly, and not uncharitably, he raised the whole level of London life by his scholarship, his statesmanship, and his practical beneficence."

The days have gone by since great preachers, like John Knox of old, could make the highly-placed of the earth to "grue and tremble" beneath their castigations, but still there is even in these days plentiful opportunity for the "word in season," for the kindly advice, the sympathetic understanding of troubles moral and spiritual which encourage and help the feeble-kneed, far more effectually than reproof or blame, to persevere in the paths of righteousness.

The present writer recalls to mind many a helpful, suggestive and stimulating conversation he had with Dr. Creighton whether at Embleton in Northumberland, in the Close at Worcester, in walks at Peterborough, or at London House and Fulham Palace, and ever remembers how his views of life were always thereby enlarged and a wider sympathy attained with "all the mysteries of this unintelligible world."



DR. CREIGHTON.

(Reproduced from photograph of painting of the late Bishop when at Peterborough, by Mr. H. Harris Brown, the well-known portrait painter.)

Though he was the wittiest and widest-read man of his acquaintance the present writer never knew Dr. Creighton display any contempt for an ignorance in others; he had seen, like the far-travelled Odysseus of old, "the manners and cities of men," and "knew their mind": there was nothing he could not talk about—and his tongue, like Goldsmith's pen, "touched nothing that it did not adorn."

One evening long ago at Worcester, Dr. Creighton discoursed concerning the greatness of Balzac (he had read in common with Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Saintsbury all Balzac's works—an achievement in itself) so eloquently, so suggestively, and with such full knowledge that his hearer inwardly determined to endeavour to emulate his example.

A saner-minded man there never was. It was largely due to his tact and address that the publication of Sunday editions by some of the London newspapers was stayed at the outset.

Exhortations based upon the commandments might not have succeeded with business men, but sound practical advice proceeding from so high a quarter quickly prevailed, and the Sunday newspaper edition was immediately dropped.

So wide his knowledge of life, so full of sympathy himself and possessed of so warm a heart the late Bishop was the kindest of counsellors in all spiritual difficulties.

Knowing all that could be urged for the materialistic side he was the better able to point out how little it was really worth as an explanation of the phenomena of life.

Conversing once upon the subject of miracles he remarked, "Even if the scientists could trace the origin of life back to a protoplasm they would still have to explain how life was imparted in the first instance; they simply *defer* the miraculous, they do not explain it," and thus supporting faith by reason would assist to remove the impression common enough in the world of to-day that intelligence demanded an agnostic or even a sceptical attitude in the matter of religious belief.

This, his practical, standpoint was the secret of his success, reinforced as it always was by many-sided sympathy.

At another time he turned the tables upon his companion, who was suggesting that perhaps the Bishops might take a firmer line with their disobedient clergy, by enquiring with that alert and kindly twinkle of his eye one got to appreciate so thoroughly, "Well, my dear fellow, and what would *you* do?" This was the Bishop all over. In the kindness of his heart and breadth of his sympathy it was always "my dear fellow" with him.

Selfishly bethinking oneself of the sudden and irreparable loss one

has sustained one might compare this gap in the social and intellectual sphere to that created in one's literary life by the early death of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Robert Louis *le bien aimé*, for in the first instance the wittiest of men has been prematurely taken from us, and in the other the most brilliant writer of our time was all too early snatched away.

Another point of resemblance between the two may also perhaps be noted—their warm-hearted and perennial interest in human nature and their belief and delight in strenuous living.

“ And he that received the five talents came and brought other five talents, saying : Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents ; lo, I have gained other five talents.

“ His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

HOWARD PEASE.

[One or two people having already intimated their wish for a separate impression of the portrait printed with the memoir above we may say we can print some on special art paper at 4d. each, including postage. All letters to be sent to the Editor.

The negative having accidentally been broken, we are much indebted to Mr. Harris Brown for the use of his photograph—the only one remaining, we believe.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]

LORD ARMSTRONG.

A few days before the close of the century, the long and distinguished life of Lord Armstrong came to an end. Born in November 1810, he was ninety years old, and feeble health had for some time past compelled him to live in absolute retirement. About a fortnight before his death he was attacked by an illness which, although slight, his system was unable to throw off, and, growing gradually weaker, he died peacefully in the early morning of the 27th of December.

Like other celebrities, famous in different walks of life, like the Duke of Wellington, and Gladstone and Carlyle and Tennyson, it was the lot of Lord Armstrong to live to a venerable old age. An examination of the dates of his career carries us back to events and figures which now seem to us part of a remote history. He was five years old when George Stephenson took out his first patent for a locomotive; he was eighteen when Bewick the engraver died—Robert Stephenson and the younger Brunel were his contemporaries, and they have both been dead more than forty years. Lord Armstrong lived on, the last survivor of that company of scientific and mechanical experts who did so much to add to human knowledge and to alter the conditions of human life. Steam locomotion by land and sea, the electric telegraph, hydraulic engineering—he had mixed as an equal with the pioneers of the first two, and was himself the pioneer of the third.

Such a length of years gives to acknowledged greatness an added dignity. Lord Armstrong's inventions had been the wonder of successive generations—his struggles had been fought and won with opponents who are now only remembered names. He survived, like some intellectual giant from an earlier and more heroic age, with his place established and his fame secure. It was impossible for younger critics, even had they desired it, either to dispute the one or to cavil at the other. Regarded as a veteran, who has accomplished great work, it would have been hardly an exaggeration to describe Lord Armstrong at the time of his death as the most illustrious of Englishmen. In Northumberland he was of course up to the end a commanding figure, but it is noticeable that even in his retirement he had not passed out of the eye of the world. His death was reckoned, as it well might be, a national event and the sympathetic messages received from foreign countries testified to the widespread character of his fame. Full and careful biographies have been written of him, and the chief incidents in his life are no doubt familiar to all.

His career falls naturally into certain distinct periods. He was a

LORD ARMSTRONG.

man who, as one of his admirers said, never did more than one thing at a time, and he always followed up the idea which at the moment possessed him with a concentration that left him little attention to spare for other matters. It is possible to trace throughout his life the sequence of his



Copyright.]

LORD ARMSTRONG.

[*Wormsley, Rothbury.*

Born, 1810: Died, December 27th, 1900

enterprises. Science and the pursuit of knowledge always attracted him, but his special interests, taken in succession, were briefly these: hydraulics, Elswick, artillery, the making of Cragside, the building of Bamburgh.

From the time he was twenty-three until he was thirty-seven Lord Armstrong served in a solicitor's office. As to the exact extent of his legal attainments history is silent. He would certainly have given shrewd advice to any enquiring client, though it is conceivable that such advice might have been based less upon a profound knowledge of the law, than on sound commonsense. The firm to which he belonged was that of Donkins, Stables & Armstrong, and the first-named gentleman was one of his staunchest allies in his early struggles. It is doing less than justice to the memory of this generous patron of genius to suggest, as some biographers do, that the future engineer was forced into an uncongenial vocation. Lord Armstrong took many prudent steps, but the most prudent one was that of joining Mr. Donkin in his office. Every possible liberty seems to have been allowed him to follow his own scientific researches; he was well known locally as an authority on questions entirely unconnected with the law, for he formed and was made chairman of the Newcastle Water Company; and finally when he decided to start the works at Elswick, Mr. Donkin helped to finance the undertaking. It may also be mentioned that the old solicitor's considerable fortune descended in after years, through his father, to the brilliant man who had once been his junior partner.

Once embarked upon his career at Elswick,* in 1847, Lord Armstrong devoted himself to the work with characteristic energy. Trade and times were not good in the late forties, and the commercial results were disappointing, partly owing to a scarcity of orders, and partly owing to some uncertainty, which can be easily understood, in estimating the cost of production. Matters, however, improved and the corner was turned about 1851; the hydraulic system was clearly a success.

In after years Lady Armstrong used to quote an old saying of an aunt of Lord Armstrong's to the effect that "William had water on the brain." In 1854 the water was superseded by artillery, for he conceived the idea of designing guns. His entire mind was now given to experimenting with and pondering over guns, carriages and projectiles. Peace advocates have sometimes complained that the talents of Lord Armstrong were applied to the terrible business of war, and it is a curious reminiscence that one of his first critics was, so to speak, a member of his own household. His head draughtsman in 1855 was Richard Hoskins, a Cornish quaker, who held firmly to the opinions of his sect. Hoskins was content enough to draw hydraulic machinery, but when his

* For a most able, interesting, and exact historical account of the great Elswick arsenal, by the same author, we must refer our readers to our October and November issues last year. Some few copies of either number are still obtainable.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

employer approached him on the question of drawing out a design for a gun, he flatly refused to have anything to do with it. One who stood by can clearly recall the discussion between the two men. He remembers Hoskins sturdily protesting, "Thou knowest, Mr. Armstrong, that I cannot go against my conscience," and the famous inventor closing the interview by saying, "Well, I cannot blame you, Richard."

For about the next decade Lord Armstrong, either at Woolwich or Elswick, superintended the manufacture of guns. During this period his genius was universally recognized and in 1859 he was knighted. In his native town banquets and public receptions witnessed to the esteem in which his fellow citizens held him. Indeed the controversies which had raged about his gun and the appreciation which the Government had shown of his talents, had made him one of the best known men in England. He was also now very wealthy and he determined at this time to make for himself a country residence suitable to his position. This plan he attacked with his usual astonishing completeness, sparing neither energy nor outlay in the laying out of his estate at Cragside. Many millionaires have bought old houses or built new ones, but it is doubtful if anyone has ever transformed the aspect of a landscape as completely as did Lord Armstrong. He laid his hand upon the moorland and hillsides at Rothbury, built a large house, made roads, planted forests of trees, dug lakes, laid out gardens. He had already done something of the same kind on a smaller scale in the dene at Jesmond, where a great deal of landscape gardening had been carried out under the supervision of Lady Armstrong and himself. These grounds were afterwards presented by him to the public, and the policies at Cragside were always open on two days in the week to anybody who cared to visit them. The making of Cragside proved a great interest for many years to Lord Armstrong, as also up to the end of his life his alterations and improvements on his estate. In the year 1893 he began a new undertaking altogether. This was the restoration and rebuilding of Bamburgh Castle, and the idea was of a magnitude after his own heart. Though he never lived to see this work completed, yet it is pleasant to think that he was able only a few months ago to visit Bamburgh, and see the progress of the building, from which he derived so much enjoyment. His private enterprises of this nature cannot of course compare with the great engineer's public schemes, but in their own way Cragside and Bamburgh remain as remarkable instances as can be found of his indomitable energy and perseverance.

At Cragside many distinguished visitors from all parts of the world were received and entertained. At the same time Lord Armstrong still kept up his scientific research. Returning, as he himself phrased it,

to his earliest love he carried out many interesting enquiries in the science of electricity. It was on this subject that he lectured to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society in the spring of 1893, when his words were closely followed by a crowded and enthusiastic assembly. As far as Elswick was concerned for the last twenty years of his life he took but little share in the management. He knew his works to be in safe hands for he always selected his lieutenants with the discrimination of a born organizer. Men better fitted for their posts than Mr. Westmacott, the Rendel brothers, and Sir Andrew Noble could not possibly have been found. In the case of the last-named Lord Armstrong with wonderful foresight selected a young officer who was destined to become the greatest expert ever known in the science of artillery.

On the formation of the limited company in 1882, Lord Armstrong became chairman, and presided at board meetings and shareholders meetings. His last public appearance was in August, 1897, when the King of Siam visited Elswick. Since that date his physical health had been poor, but his intellect remained active and alert to the last.

For the original ability and inventive skill of the subject of this brief sketch no words can surely convey an excessive admiration. Lord Armstrong's death leaves a gap among the very leaders of nineteenth century progress. His mind was at the same time original and yet strictly practical; he noticed with a penetrating observation, and drew conclusions with intuitive genius. Abstract speculation had no charms for him; he never cherished wild dreams or extravagant ideas. But if his conception was thus wisely restricted his execution of an idea was unrivalled for its thoroughness. Whether he was founding an industrial establishment, or building a house, or making a road, the hand of the man is quite unmistakeable. There is the same solid basis, the same enduring superstructure. Every stone that is laid at Cragside or Bamburgh seems to stand stamped as it were with the impression of his great personality, and the thoroughness of his work.

Apart from his intellectual gifts Lord Armstrong's character was that of a great man. His unaffected modesty was as attractive as his broadminded charity. His attitude towards money was worthy of him. In business transactions he was the soul of integrity and honour, while in private life his mind was far too large to regard accumulated wealth with any excessive affection. He both spent his money freely, and gave it away freely. His benefactions to Newcastle were princely, and his public munificence was fit to rank with that of any philanthropist of his time.

Lady Armstrong, who seconded and supported all his schemes, died in 1893. Lord Armstrong had no children and the title dies with the first and last baron. It may not, we hope, be thought impertinent if we

conclude by noticing how much the evening of this illustrious life was brightened by the deep and abiding affection which in his own home he was happy enough both to inspire and to find in a younger generation. Lord Armstrong was a man whose deserts were great and whose rewards were proportionate. He was blessed in many things; but perhaps in nothing more than this.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

Oh ! weep not that his tale of years
Is rounded and adjudged complete ;
Grudge not the sickle in the wheat
The harvest of the ripened ears.

Here let no empty word be said,
No smooth-tongued comforter intrude,
To break with blameless platitude
The silence of the sleeping dead.

Calm and serene he rests at last ;
No kind forbearance he invokes,
Nor feigned eulogium, such as clokes
The outlines of a wasted past.

He was too great a man for you
Or me to mourn, who cannot span
The measure of his lofty plan,
Traced out afar beyond our view.

He shunned the lists where zealots strive,
He loved our kindly visible earth,
And strove to make it by his worth
A happier place for men to live.

Nor ever by self-interest wooed
Swerved he from honour's rigorous line,
Unmoved by slander's tongue malign,
By rancour or ingratitude.

So undismayed by doubts and fears,
He lived his resolute life, and we
Stand silent at his grave, for he
Has need of no man's pitying tears.

X.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations to Sir Hedworth Williamson's poem, the farmer and headstone vignettes, are reproduced from two of Bewick's cuts (as given in the second volume of his "British Birds")—the latter giving the motive of Sir Hedworth's pathetic verses.

The headpiece to our "North Country Chronicle" is by Mr. R. J. Serjeantson, whilst the cover design and remaining head and tail pieces throughout the magazine are by Mr. R. Spence of 3, Stratford Studios, Kensington. The two latter are, it may be mentioned, North Countrymen. Bewick, of course, is, or ought to be, world famous, and we are having an article prepared on his life and works with some illustrations never before reproduced.

PROTEST AGAINST ART ARTICLES.

A subscriber from Preston having written to us complaining that nearly a quarter of our last number was devoted to a discussion (with reproductions)* of Mediæval French Art at the Paris Exhibition, we wish to point out that while we intend to devote ourselves to the six northern counties we make certain exceptions in the interests of art and literature generally for the sake of our North Country friends who are interested in such matters.

* These reproductions were printed on art paper from photographs specially taken in Paris for us and were engraved on Swan type blocks, and might have appealed, we had hoped, even to "the man in the street," on the ground of their artistic merit. Our correspondent, however—making as good use of the utterances of "the man in the street" as ever did Sairey Gamp of Mrs. Harris—demolishes this supposition, but we shall still hope his art appreciation will revive when we deal with exhibitions nearer home than Paris.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

We discussed the subject with our very capable critic, Mr. Roger Fry, and preferred with him a paper on the above subject before one on the Hertford House Collection as possessing a greater novelty.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that we hope to publish in the summer a series of papers by Mr. Roger Fry on North Country picture galleries, private as well as public.

Finally, we may point out to impatient subscribers, who apparently desire the entire Northern Counties presented to them in one number, that we have resolutely set our face against being merely local and parochial, while at the same time, as our present number will sufficiently testify, we intend to develop the special interests of the North Country. We are gratified in finding that we have (though only in our fifth number) already been of service to the compilers of the Dictionary of National Biography, and that Mr. Roger Fry's article on Mediæval French Art has obtained deserved recognition in Paris (if not in Preston),—Monsieur Reinach having intimated his intention of reviewing it in the pages of the *Révue Archéologique*.

NEWCASTLE AND BURNS.

Newcastle is about to pay a remarkable tribute to the memory of Burns. It is remarkable in that the statue Dr. Farquharson is seeking to obtain is to be erected by the pennies of the working men rather than by the guineas of the wealthy, and should therefore be more grateful to the manes of the great poet of the people than the affected and over-elaborated monuments at Dumfries and elsewhere.

NORTH COUNTRY BOOK COLUMN.*

(Under this column we shall deal with books, whether treating of North Country subjects or written by North Country authors.)

MR. PETER BURN'S "POEMS."†

Mr. Peter Burn is the author of several volumes of verses which have been published at intervals during the last forty years. These "metrical musings" as he calls them, have now been collected and published under the more ambitious title of "Poems, Complete Edition"

* Owing to pressure on our space several reviews have had to be held over.

† "Poems," by Peter Burn, Brampton, Cumberland. Complete revised edition. (London: Bemrose & Sons; Carlisle: S. & T. Coward.)

in honour of the author's seventieth birthday. Mr. Burn's portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume, and gives an impression of a vigorous and cheery personality, an impression which is borne out by the pages that follow.

On the title-page are Pope's lines

"I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke."

which suggest that the author does not treat his own muse very seriously. The greater part of the volume is filled with what our grandmothers would have described as "Occasional Pieces"; verses evoked by the varied facts, feelings and fancies of a long life-time. These will perhaps hardly claim the attention of a very wide circle of readers, but on p. 240 is reprinted a Collection of English Border Ballads that will interest all North Country readers who enjoy the old traditions of their country.

Mr. Peter Burn sets an example that many obscurer poets might follow with advantage. It is his custom to tell his story twice over, first in prose and then in verse. His readers are thereby enabled to follow the story, when the facts do not fit kindly into rhyme, and Mr. Burn can pass lightly over those episodes that do not appeal to his poetic imagination. The repetition of the ancient ballads is imitated almost too closely, so that in some of the poems nearly every line is repeated twice over. The "back-stitch" is perhaps more suitable to needlework than to literature if unduly insisted upon. "Master William," "The Good Lady" and "The Ladye o' Unthanke" are among the most spirited and concise of these ballads. In the last-named Mr. Burn is not hampered by too many facts and is able to let his fancy play round "The Ladye o' Unthanke" receiving the news of her martyr-brother, Bishop Ridley's, death. The last three verses of this poem shew Mr. Burn at his best.

"The trees are a' i' leaf, ladye,
The heather is i' bloom,
The harebell vies the blue, blue skies,
The primrose vies the broom.

The cuckoo hides amang the boughs,
The lark is on the wing;
Gae forth wi' me, my ain dearie,
An' welcome gie the spring."

"There is nae spring for me, my love,
There is nae spring for me;—
There is nae light for my heart's night
This side eternity."

One or two of the comic poems shew a vein of shrewd humour, such as, for example, "T' hen egg for t' duck 'en" but some of the more

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.

broadly facetious specimens might have been omitted with advantage. After these, it is a relief to find other verses in which Mr. Burn does not strive after the humorous, but is content to express a simple thought simply, as in the two specimens which we quote below.

WITHERED LEAVES.

"I watch the leaves as they fade and fall,
And form a heap by my garden wall.

I think of my loss in the days 'to be,'
My garden's wealth but a leafless tree.

* * * * *

I wait the hour. My heart has rest ;
Seasons are faithful to His behest.

Through leaden sky and through leafless tree
I see the summer that is to be."

TIRED.

"I am tired. Heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street ;
I am tired—rest is sweet !

I am tired. I have play'd
In the sun, and in the shade—
I have seen the flowers fade.

* * * * *

I am tired. God is near,
Let me sleep without a fear ;—
Let me die without a tear.

I am tired. I would rest,
As the nestling in its nest ;
I am tired—Home is best."

L. V. HODGKIN.

DAYS AND MONTHS.*

Mrs. Dugdale's idea—an excellent one in itself, though better in the conception than the execution, for the drawings and colouring are somewhat amateurish—is set forth in the opening verse.

"This little book is meant to show,
The way the months and days
Derived their names, oh, long ago—
In times of gnomes and fays."

* *Dean & Son, Ltd., Fleet Street, London. (3s. 6d.)*

We should like to know how many grown-up people could satisfactorily pass an examination in the meaning of the days and months of the calendar.

MEMORIES OF THE TENNYSONS.*

The Life of Tennyson, by his son, with all its fulness of information concerning the poet, still leaves something to be said ere the generation of those who knew him as a familiar friend shall have passed away. We want to know how he shewed himself to those who were outside his immediate family circle. No son probably ever can look at his father with a stranger's eyes, nor exactly understand what the world sees in him. We should not like him any the better if he did.

Such a view of the late Laureate, taken from a little way off, is furnished by the book before us. Canon Rawnsley's mother was a cousin of Emily Sellwood, the lady whom Tennyson loved, and at a critical point in the suit used her influence successfully in the poet's favour. The nuptial knot was tied by her husband, the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, and this little book contains a complete copy of the verses addressed to him by Tennyson in commemoration of that event. A chapter on "Lincolnshire Scenery and Characters as illustrated by Mr. Tennyson," written by the same gentleman twenty-six years ago for *Macmillan's Magazine*, now reappears in his son's volume. The same theme is also debated upon in earlier chapters of the book with such minuteness of detail that one wishes the author would have indulged us with a map, that we might more easily grasp the exact relation of Somersby (the poet's birthplace) to the surrounding villages.

We are glad to have also a chapter on that other true poet Charles Tennyson (Turner), whose fame has suffered somewhat from his orbit having lain so near to that of "the greater light that ruled the day."

Altogether this is an interesting and pleasantly written book and one that we can heartily recommend, especially to our North Country readers.

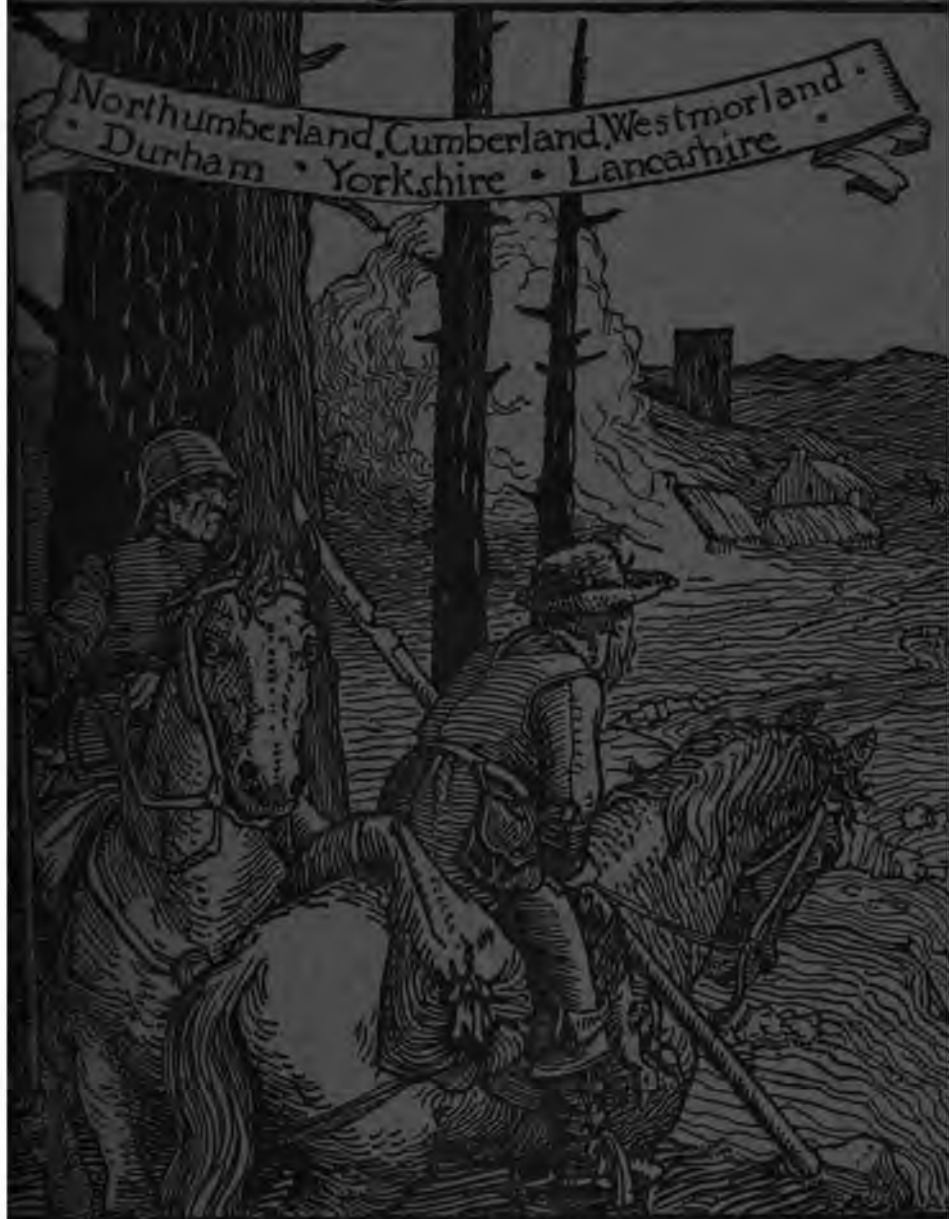
THOMAS HODGKIN.

* "*Memories of the Tennysons*," by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. (250 pp. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1900.)

ERRATUM.—We find that the price of "The Life of George Whitefield," by Mr. Gledstone (published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton), was given as 7s. 6d. in our last issue instead of 6s. only.

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The Northern Counties Magazine.



In Memoriam—Victorian Reginas Imperatrici.

Famous Northern Regiments. By Walter Wood.
 Last Rising of the North, 1715. By G. M. Trevelyan.
 The Lancashire Memorial. By Howard Pinner.
 R. A. W. Husband. By Kate Tregear.
 Survey of Yorkshire Chislet. By J. Hanson Green.

Vision of Joyous Cards. By W. W. Gibson.
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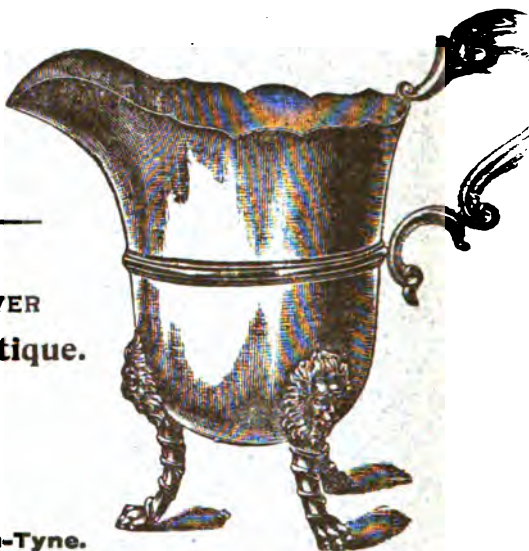
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In Memoriam
VICTORIAE REGINAE IMPERATRICIS.

STAUNCH as the stricken hound
That guards his master's mound
And bays dumb grief.

A mourning crowd, we still acclaim,
A grieving realm, we yet proclaim
Of joy our fief.

For bright as faméd moving]star
That led the wise men from afar,
Her memory shall endure ;
Heartening our hand by sea and strand
Be to our strength a mighty brand,
Stainless Excalibur.

The Northern Counties Magazine.

March, 1901.

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

II.—THE WEST YORKSHIRE.

(Continued from page 286.)

Touray itself was a hard-won victory. The struggle abounded in stirring incidents. Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay had his horse shot under him, and four musket balls went through his hat. In a fierce fight in an orchard, Ryan, one of the grenadiers, refused to take advantage of the cover of a tree, saying, "They can't touch me." Almost instantly he fell forward, as if dead, but on being assured by an officer that he was only shot through the face, and would do well, he exclaimed cheerfully "Is that all?" Then he jumped to his feet, and began to reload his firelock, adding, "I'll have another rap at 'em." Ryan served for many years afterwards, and deep furrows in his cheeks remained as evidence of a shot which nearly cost his life. Not far from the orchard a man named Tovey knocked down, with his musket, a hare which was running across his path. He coolly put the animal in his haversack, although there was at the time such a heavy fire that it was difficult to form up the men, and soldiers were falling on all sides, killed or wounded.

These examples of indifference to death and danger are numerous in the records of the regiment, in which *esprit de corps* was at that time, as it had been always, very marked. The recruits were as jealous of the reputation of the corps as were the veterans. Not long after Touray a young soldier who had accidentally shot himself through the body, called to a subaltern and said, just before he died, "I hope, sir, you'll let my friends know that I've always behaved as a good soldier."

When, at the close of the campaign in Flanders, the regiment returned home the uniform of nearly every officer and man bore bullet-marks, and so heavy had been the casualties amongst the officers that the shot-torn colours were carried by the two senior subalterns.



OFFICERS OF THE "OLD FOURTEENTH"

A curious incident attended the return of the Fourteenth to England. As the regiment marched through Dartford in June, 1795, the band struck up the "*Ça Ira*." Instantly the populace, knowing nothing of the reason for the playing of a French tune, stoned the musicians; but on an explanation being made three cheers were given for the victors of Famars.

The Fourteenth were soon ordered to the West Indies, for the reduction of the French Possessions there. They served under Sir Ralph Abercromby, with whom they were great favourites, at St. Lucia, Porto Rico, Trinidad and elsewhere, returning to England from Jamaica in 1803. Before the West Indies were reduced a party of 500 Spaniards made a desperate attempt to destroy a working party of the Fourteenth. But the working party, aided only by a sergeant and a dozen men, who had been on piquet in the bush, fell to work so furiously with clubbed pick and shovel, that before the rescuers of the Fourteenth appeared every Spaniard had been either killed or taken prisoner. Five of the working party were killed and seventeen wounded. Abercromby witnessed this performance, and thanked the officers of the party in General Orders. In the West Indies Abercromby always landed with the flank companies of the Fourteenth, and the regiment furnished a corporal's guard at his quarters. When the general went to Egypt, where he was mortally wounded soon after landing, he specially regretted that the Fourteenth could not go with him, saying he did not think any service could get on well without them.

A 2nd Battalion was added to the regiment in 1804, and after seeing much service was disbanded in 1817. A 3rd Battalion, raised in 1813, was disbanded in 1816, after a brief but glorious career. Until 1858 the Fourteenth remained a single battalion regiment. In that year the regiment had another 2nd Battalion added, and it remains with two Line battalions, two Militia battalions, both at York; and three Volunteer battalions, the 1st at York, the 2nd at Bradford, and the 3rd at Leeds. In 1809, the county title was changed from the "Bedfordshire" to the "Buckinghamshire," at the request of the regiment's colonel, Sir Harry Calvert, who was then the Adjutant-General, and had large estates in Buckinghamshire. It was from this able chief, to whom the army owes so much, that the Fourteenth became known as "Calvert's Entire." The present title—The Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment) was given in 1881 on the introduction of the much-abused territorial system.

"Corunna" represents not only the victory of that name, but also the sufferings and devotion of the Fourteenth under Moore. In General Orders special praise was given to the 2nd Battalion which, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls, drove the French out of a village on the left of Corunna of which they had possessed themselves.

After its trials in the memorable retreat the 2nd Battalion was called upon to share in what proved to be a more disastrous undertaking—the Walcheren Expedition. After a very brief stay in England the battalion proceeded to the mouth of the Scheldt and took part in the

earlier triumphs of what promised to be, and ought to have been, one of the most successful campaigns ever undertaken by Great Britain. Gross incapacity and mismanagement by those in command enabled the enemy to recover from his reverses, and the deadly climate came in to help to drive away and destroy the invaders. Swamp fever did for the French what snow and frost accomplished for Russia three years later when Napoleon began his terrible retreat from Moscow. No expedition ever began better or ended worse than that which went from England against Walcheren.

The honour of "Java" was given to the Fourteenth for services which were similar at times to those of marines, for before the capture of that important island in the East Indies in 1811, the 1st Battalion was engaged in cruising, and boarding and destroying gunboats of the enemy. The capture of the island was officially described as "the most splendid acquisition made by the British Arms in 1811." The strength of the 1st Battalion at the capture of Java was forty-eight officers, and one thousand one hundred and forty-five non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

"Waterloo" is the greatest of the battle-honours of the regiment, not only because of the nature of the victory, but because it was won for the Fourteenth by mere lads—soldiers who had never before been under fire. Of the officers, fourteen, and of the men, three hundred, were under twenty years of age. The battalion was composed "entirely of boys, but fine boys," said the late veteran Earl of Albemarle, who was one of them. These lads were for the most fresh from the plough, and the Earl told how greatly prejudiced a certain old general was against them. The general was convinced that the battalion could not stand the strain of Waterloo, and accordingly it was ordered to join a brigade which was about to garrison Antwerp. The Duke of Wellington, however was appealed to, and he reversed the order. Meanwhile "a priggish staff officer," who knew nothing of the countermand, said in mincing tones to the Colonel, "Sir, your brigade is waiting for you. Be pleased to march off your men. "Aye, aye, sir," answered the Colonel roughly, and then added significantly, "Fourteenth! To the Front! Quick march!" This young battalion bore itself most gallantly during the battle. While forming square a bugler of the 51st—now the 1st Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry—rushed in, having mistaken the Fourteenth for his own regiment. He had just cried "Here I am again, safe enough!" when a round shot took off his head, and splattered many of the battalion with his brains, the colours and ensigns in charge being amongst those who were affected. Six of the men's bayonets were carried away by another shot, and the Earl had a narrow escape. He was

seated on a drum, patting the cheek of the Colonel's charger, which was nibbling his epaulette. The drum suddenly capsized, and the young officer fell to the ground. When he rose he found that the horse had been killed by a shot which had struck him on the nose, exactly between the subaltern's hand and head.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Colville, in congratulating the regiments of the Fourth Brigade, of which the Fourteenth formed part, upon the share they had taken in winning the victory said: "The Twenty-third and Fifty-first Regiments fully maintained their former high character, whilst the very young third battalion of the Fourteenth, in this its first trial, displayed a steadiness and gallantry becoming of veteran troops." The officer commanding the battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Tidy, who set his men a grand example during the battle, was rewarded by being made a Companion of the Bath; while every officer and man received a silver medal, with the privilege of reckoning two years' service for that famous eighteenth of June. The strength of the Fourteenth at Waterloo was thirty-three officers, thirty-six non-commissioned officers, eleven drummers and five hundred and forty-eight rank and file.

The honour succeeding Waterloo was "Bhurtpore," won by the 1st Battalion in 1826. Twenty years before the city had stopped a victorious British Army for 109 days, had cost us more than 3,000 officers and men killed and wounded. Bhurtpore, standing in a plain surrounded by forest, was a very strongly fortified town, several miles in extent, with a high, thick, bastioned mud wall, and a deep, wide ditch. It was believed by the Jâts who held it to be impregnable, and because it had not been taken the natives were accustomed to say that India was not yet conquered. The fortifications included a "Bastion of Victory," which the Jâts boasted had been built of the bones and blood of the British soldiers who were killed in 1805. Hostilities were begun on December 10th, 1825, when the Fourteenth were part of the force of more than 27,000 men, including irregulars, with 162 guns and mortars, under Lord Combermere as Commander-in-chief. The Fourteenth, nine hundred strong, were formed in brigade with the Twenty-third and Sixty-third Regiments of Native Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Combe, who had the rank of Brigadier-General. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards, of the Fourteenth, also commanded a brigade, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The regiment was under the command of Major Everard.

On the day before Christmas, 1825, the British batteries opened fire on the city; but the shot only crumbled the mud walls, without breaking them, and for the most part remained embedded. The breaches that

were made were impracticable, being composed of earth ground to powder, in which the foot sank at every step. The walls were thickly studded with large trees of a peculiarly tough species of timber, and these resisted shot with astonishing success. Breaches, were, however, made with mines, one of which contained ten thousand pounds of gunpowder. When on January 18th, 1826, the city was stormed this mine exploded and killed and wounded a number of our own people and 300 of the enemy.

The principal storming column was led by the Fourteenth, the other being led by the Fifty-ninth Regiment, now the 2nd Battalion East Lancashire. The city was captured at a loss to the Jâts of about 8,000 killed and 14,000 wounded, while the loss of the victors did not exceed 200. The casualties of the Fourteenth were exceptionally severe, being one hundred and forty-four in killed and wounded.

The honour of "Bhurtpore" is possessed by only three regiments in the British Army—the West Yorkshire, the East Lancashire and the Royal Munster Fusiliers, the 1st Battalion of which, the old 101st Foot, was at that time in the service of the East India Company, and known



THE ROYAL TIGER.

as the Bengal European Regiment. The services of the Fourteenth in India from 1807 to 1831 are commemorated by the badge of the Royal Tiger.

The badge of the Prince of Wales's plume arose from the visit of His Royal Highness to India in 1876. In that year he presented new colours to the 1st Battalion of the Fourteenth, then stationed at Lucknow. The Prince accepted the old colours, which were forwarded to him and deposited in Sandringham House. Subsequently he announced to Colonel Hawley, then in command of the Battalion, that he meant to obtain the necessary sanction for the regiment to be styled The Prince of Wales's Own. Accordingly, on June 6th, 1876, it was stated in the *London Gazette* that the Queen had been pleased to command that the regiment should be styled "The Fourteenth (Buckinghamshire) Prince of Wales's Own Regiment," and be permitted to bear His Royal Highness's plume on its second colour. The crest of the Fourteenth is the plume, with the motto "*Ich Dien*," the horse below, and below that a scroll with the title "The Prince of Wales's Own."

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

"Sevastopol," "New Zealand" and "Afghanistan, 1879-80," are the remaining honours of the regiment—to be added to very soon, in all probability, by distinctions for South Africa. In the Crimea the losses of the Fourteenth were not heavy. During the siege of Sebastopol the regiment gained the nickname of "bomb-proofs," and other corps who were ordered for duty in the trenches at the same time as the Fourteenth were accustomed to say that they would have a quiet time, as the "bomb-proofs" were with them. The regiment did excellent work in New Zealand in the early sixties, and in Afghanistan, and took a prominent part in the last Ashanti Expedition. For more than a year now the 2nd Battalion has been in South Africa, fighting hard and suffering heavily, and winning fresh laurels for those colours which, if they do not bear as many honours as the badges and colours and standards of many other regiments, show distinctions which have been as dearly won as any in the British Army.

WALTER WOOD.



THE OLD FOURTEENTH'S COLOURS.

THE LAST RISING OF THE NORTH, 1715.

(Continued from page 300.)

During the whole march through Cumberland not a single recruit came in; the Catholic gentlemen had, fortunately for themselves and their estates, been locked up in Carlisle Castle; the rest of the county turned out, 14,000 strong, under the Earl of Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle, to stop the rebels in their advance through the plain of Penrith. In one place the country people "appeared with pitchforks, and most of their parsons with them, applauding their zeal and courage" against the Papist army; "their unanimity and good understanding between priests and people continued till about one o'clock, when no enemy appeared, and a great gnawing being felt within, and no opportunity of refreshment in view, the infantry began to drop off."* Other authorities, however, make it clear that it was rather the appearance than the non-appearance of the rebels that caused the retreat, or rather, as it soon became, the rout. Although the local forces at the last moment thought they might safely leave the defence of the country to the central power, their action had been enough to show that Cumberland, unlike Northumberland, was strongly anti-Catholic and anti-Jacobite. From Penrith the rebels advanced to Appleby, and down the Lune valley into Lancashire. At every important town Mr. Patten, who enjoyed and exploited his position as chaplain to a rebel army, went into the Parish Church to pray for King James; sometimes, as at Kirkby Lonsdale, the incumbent fled; sometimes, as at Appleby, he showed an encouraging neutrality by ringing the bells and attending the service; but no clergyman would undertake personally to read the treasonable prayer in his own church. One of the rebels "went into the churches in their way and scratched out his Majesty King George's name and placed the Pretender's so nicely that it resembled print very much, and the alteration could scarce be perceived." But all those pleasant devices could do nothing to establish the good churchmanship of the rebels or to remove from them the character of "Popish Army" in the eyes of the stubborn nation, to whose powers of sympathy they had so rashly trusted their fate. As the summits of Westmorland range died away on the northern horizon, the ballads have it that Derwentwater looked back regretfully to the mountain tops, below which he had spent happy and secure hours by the lake and island of his name; those valleys, so barbarous and obscure in the days of our civil troubles,

* Gibbon's *Dilston Hall*, p. 65; letter in *Flying Post*. But see *Lancashire Memorials*, and Patten (ed. 1), pp. 82-83.

have been crowned in times of peace by association with men of nobler title to fame than Whigs or Jacobites; from the summit of these now poetic hills, the ancestors of Wordsworth's shepherd friends saw two sorrowful processions pass: the first, in 1715, went by but never returned; after another generation of men a similar progress of despair, by the same road, in the same cause, went by, and returned indeed—but to as dark a fate.*

As the rebels entered the borders of Lancashire the conditions of their enterprise changed once more.† They were entering a district where the religious and political fires which had once raged over all England had not yet burnt themselves out, and where the fierce old factions still supplied men with rules by which to hate each other. Nor is it difficult to apprehend the cause of this survival. Both the Catholics and the Presbyterians were more numerous in Lancashire than in any other part of England; the violent middle party, that went by the name of High Church, had seen its duty in persecuting both extremes with the utmost rigour that bad laws allowed, except when a temporary alliance with the Papists became necessary to crush the resistance of the Calvinists. While in the rest of England these cruel codes affected only a small minority, in Lancashire, for nearly a hundred years, always one-third and often two-thirds of the population were enduring wrongs which they were too strong to bear patiently, or without hope of revenge. The friendship of the Lancashire High Churchmen and Catholics dated from the Civil War, when a common loyalty to Charles I. was cemented by common sufferings and proscription. When Rupert had passed through Lancashire on his way to Marston Moor, he had found every part of the country ablaze with the fiercest local war of all that terrible time, and had added to it the memory of the massacres that marked his passage. And now in 1715 all these hatreds were still alive as in the days of Hugh Peters, and still arrayed under the old names and banners. The High Churchmen and the Catholics were still sworn brothers, acting together in mobs to destroy meeting-houses and assault King George's officers, or entering into after-dinner compacts to restore the House of Stuart. It was for these reasons that the Northumbrians had persuaded the Scotch to invade Lancashire, since here at least they had reason to hope that the High Churchmen would rise. But to burn a meeting-house and to drink a disloyal toast was one thing; to rise in arms against the Government was another. The great middle party in Lancashire, in spite of its general sympathy with the invaders, sat still, while the Presbyterians and the

* The Pretender entered England in 1745, by the same way as Derwentwater in 1715, and returned by the same route.

† See *Lancashire Memorials*, Chetham Soc., v., passim.

Catholics flew to arms. When General Wills, who commanded a small force of regulars in the south of the shire, gave orders that the dissenting congregations alone should be asked to volunteer, the Presbyterians, under their energetic pastor, James Wood, came to swell the Hanoverian forces with bands of determined men, long accustomed to act together in weal or woe, and endued with the traditions and spirit of 1643. At the same moment, in the north of the county, gentlemen were bringing in their tenants by the hundred to join the invaders; but it was observed with horror by the Scotch rebels, and with cold despair by those of the English who knew anything of the political passions of their countrymen, that the recruits were almost all of the old religion. In Northumberland several of the High Church gentry had taken part in the enterprise of their Catholic friends, but in Lancashire there was scarcely one found to fulfil his dinner oath.

As the advanced guard entered Preston, on the evening of the 9th of November, they were encouraged by the hasty retreat of two troops of dragoons to hope that the loyalty of the Hanoverian soldiers was of too doubtful a quality to stand the test of battle. But they were to learn, without moving from that spot, that the regulars were inspired with a feeling of intense animosity against Papists in arms. Rightly supposing that General Carpenter was still far in the rear to the north-west, and wrongly believing that there was no large force close to their front, they delayed to advance on Manchester while there was yet time, and spent two precious days in Preston, recovering from the fatigues of their winter march, drinking tea with the Tory ladies of the town, and feasting with the Catholic gentlemen who rode into the town in ever increasing numbers. On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of November, they were preparing to move out of Preston, expecting to reach Manchester that evening without opposition, when they became aware of a strong body of infantry and dragoons advancing to meet them from the south. Taken by surprise and without plans, Mr. Forster had not the instinctive generalship to occupy the line of the Ribble, a strong position half a mile south of the town, which could not have been turned by a force so numerically inferior to his own as was that now advancing under General Wills. Shutting himself up in Preston, he blocked up the four main streets that converged on the market place with improvised barricades, while the Hanoverian commander surrounded the town with a thin cordon of Presbyterians and red coats. That hour's work, by cutting off the Jacobite army from the rest of the world, was in effect the strategical and political end of the nomadic rebellion, which depended for its existence on rapid movements and open communication; Mr. Forster, who commanded in the Highlanders a splendid weapon for offensive tactics and in the

English horse a mobile army, might even then have attempted to cut his way out before the line of besiegers was strengthened, as it inevitably would be in the course of a few days. But as he preferred to stand a siege when there was no quarter from which relief could possibly come, the result was a foregone conclusion.*

But although the ultimate success of the blockade was certain, the attempt to carry the town by assault on the first day failed. It was too much to expect even of the infantry who had stormed the trenches at Malplaquet that they should, without the assistance of artillery, carry streets swept by the defender's cannon and blocked with barricades, behind which Englishmen and Scotchmen, superior in numbers to their assailants, were fighting for liberty and life.

The Jacobites had with them several pieces of naval cannon that they had seized at Lancaster, but they had no artillery-men, except a jolly sailor, who, happening to find himself in the neighbourhood of a fight, volunteered his services as an expert; whether because he allowed for the roll of the ship, or because he had drunk the Pretender's health too often, his first shot carried off the chimney of the nearest house. Sobered by a failure so signal, he began to fire with accuracy and effect at the columns advancing up the street. The attack was made with splendid valour, to which the proportion of casualties bore witness, at three out of the four barricades. Two of these attacks were conducted by the dragoons, a force corresponding to the mounted infantry of our own day. But only at the street leading from Ribble Bridge, defended by Brigadier Macintosh, and assaulted by Preston's regiment of foot, did the royal troops meet with any success. Some Highlanders had been unwisely withdrawn† from two high houses standing one on each side of the street on the Hanoverian side of the barricade. Lord Forrester, the Lieutenant Colonel of Preston's regiment, true to the perennial tradition that British officers are made to be killed, walked out in the face of the obstacle, closely examined the position while the balls whistled round him, and having satisfied his curiosity, walked back to call up his men. The soldiers, inspired by the coolness of their leader, kneeled down in the open street and fired on the barricade at a few yards distance, while some of their comrades, under cover of this operation, broke into the two houses and commenced to shoot from the windows. Although the Jacobites in the firing line were still

* The best map, and the best collection of accounts of the battle, is in *Lancashire Memorials of 1715* (Chetham Society, v.). The opposite view of General Forster's tactical policy is stated on pp. 120-1 of that work. Mr. Ware is prejudiced in favour of Brigadier Macintosh, who recommended abandoning the line of the Ribble.

† Whether by Forster or Macintosh remains in dispute. Mr. Ware (*Lancashire Memorials*) decides against Mr. Forster on *a priori* grounds. Mr. Ware is as much prejudiced against Mr. Forster as Mr. Patten is prejudiced in his favour.

in some measure protected by the barricade, it was death to cross the street behind it now that some upper stories were occupied by red coats. Ammunition was brought to the barricade by men who deliberately devoted their lives to that service; two gentlemen distinguished themselves by riding up to it on horseback; one was the General, Mr. Forster, who, by his gallant conduct on this day, forestalled the charge of cowardice which his surrender on the morrow was sure to arouse; the other was Mr. Patten, the energetic parson from Allendale, who showed by his ubiquity as aide-de-camp that physical fear was not the motive that afterwards caused him, as he avows with remarkable honesty in his own book, to "save his life by being an evidence for the King."* When his horse had been shot under him, he stepped over the barricade and walked down the street into the enemy's lines, to make as daring a reconnaissance as that which the Hanoverian commander had already made on the same spot. His cloth saved him; not a musket was raised against the valiant and eccentric parson.†

Yet brave deeds were not that day confined to one street any more than to one party or to one religion; when night fell and the fire began to flash intermittently from window and barricade, sixty‡ of the assailants had been killed and many more wounded out of less than a thousand; the defenders, of whom not above forty had been hit, held their positions. All night long the regulars fired into the town from the two houses, and when the dawn of Sunday broke it was clear that the Royal army would not relax its grasp, but would hold on grim and silent like a hound that has its teeth in the deer's haunch, until the pack come up to tear the quarry down. The morning was not far advanced when General Carpenter, who had been hurrying south from Newcastle after the invaders, by Barnard Castle and the Yorkshire Hills, came in to strengthen General Wills' lines with three more regiments of dragoons. The less determined of the rebels had already begun to make off singly or in small bodies through the fords of the Ribble. The dragoons were now so placed as to block this last retreat and to leave the besieged no alternative but to surrender or to cut their way out sword in hand. Although it is probable that a determined assault would have enabled many, though scarcely the majority, of the rebels to escape into the fields, they would then have had nothing left them to do but to return to Scotland singly and in disguise, and their escape, which would scarcely benefit a cause

* Ed. 1, p. 139.

† Such at any rate is the story he himself tells. As it was never contradicted, it was probably not an entire fabrication.

‡ The lowest estimate is that given by General Wills at the Trial (Howell, p. 855). He states 60 or 70 killed, and as many more wounded. For other higher estimates see *Lancashire Memorials*, pp. 147-8.

already lost, would be bought at the price of a fierce battle, followed by a pursuit and massacre of rebels, such as that which the road from Sedgemoor to Bridgewater had seen and the road from Culloden to Inverness was yet to see. If Mr. Forster and his brother squires had been in the town alone, or even alone with Mr. Patten's "very common Highlanders," who, in spite of their knowledge of the Rubrick, considered that the true end of life was a bloody death, they should and would have died upon the field. Each gentleman knew that for him the judge was seated and the gallows built and the hangman's knife whetted; the most favoured would but be consigned to weary years of penury and exile, ended by a squalid death in some garret overlooking the mud of Tiber or the noisy wharfs of Seine. That was what Jacobitism would in future mean, not the pleasant and honoured life that each had hitherto led among his own park trees and called by the name of that romantic creed. It is not wonderful that the English and Scotch gentlemen demanded that the sacrifice already made in effect of their lives and fortunes should be consummated in a manner worthy of their ancestry, of their own courage, of the drama they were acting before all England, where they passionately felt themselves to be playing tragedy, and greatly feared to appear on the stage of history as a strolling company of comedians. But Mr. Forster, to his eternal credit, remembered the less influential but not less numerous part of his command; the servants and gamekeepers from Northumberland, the tenantry of Lancashire, the domestics of the Lowland lairds, though they would without a word march out to death behind the masters whom they had already followed so far, ought, now that all was lost, to be sent back to take their place in the life of the nation and to support the humble rooftrees which, if they never returned, would fall in miserable ruin. It was the old question between Sir Richard Grenville—"Sink me the ship, master gunner"—and his crew—"We have children, we have wives,"—except that in this case it was the captain who, at the expense of his own ease and good name, fought the battle of the crew against the officers and gentlemen volunteers. When, on Sunday afternoon, it became known in the town that Mr. Forster had sent out a messenger to General Wills, and that in consequence of that officer's refusal to treat, he was prepared to surrender unconditionally, the streets were filled with an excited crowd of Dunie Wassels and country gentlemen, shouting for their commander's blood in various dialects of Gaelic and English. Several friends to the policy of surrender were killed outright, and if Mr. Forster had shown himself he would certainly have shared their fate. One gentleman actually burst into the head-quarters at the Mitre Inn and fired at his unfortunate general; the useful Mr. Patten struck up the pistol and the ball passed into the wainscot. Never since

Cromwell had swept by like a whirlwind after the tide of Cavalier flight had such a scene of confusion reigned in the quiet old market square. The wounded of yesterday's battle, who had been carried into the White Bull, were perishing in pain under unskilful surgery, disturbed by the wild cries of men demanding to be led again to the fight; the more prudent were hastily disguising themselves as townspeople and mixing with the peaceful crowd that was looking on as unconcerned spectators at the strange scene. Inside the bar of the Mitre, the English officer who had been sent to negotiate the surrender was explaining to an indignant crowd that the only terms granted were that the rebels should not be massacred on the spot, and that as King George was a very merciful prince, no doubt some would escape hanging. Towards evening Lord Derwentwater greatly strengthened Mr. Forster's hands by going out as hostage for complete surrender on the morrow. Sunday night brought cooler counsels, and in the morning the anarchy of the market-place was ended by the sounding tramp of two columns converging on it from opposite ends of the town and the laconic words of command to which the red coats formed up round the square and took formal possession of Preston and its motley inhabitants. As many as fifteen hundred of the rebels, unable to escape out of the town or to mix with the population, became prisoners of war.* Mr. Patten, who prided himself on surrendering like a gentleman and a Christian, was highly incensed at the Jesuitical arts by which the Popish priest, of whom he had been jealous during the whole expedition, escaped, disguised as an apothecary's assistant, leaving behind the most sacred insignia of his calling to become objects of delight and derision to the simple-minded Protestant soldiers of King George.

Although, by the capture of a force large enough to represent all who had been engaged in the English rebellion, King George's partisans had been saved from the odious task of a bloodchase through the country side, with all these incidents which enlist the instincts of human nature against the pursuer, the Government had yet to dispose of fifteen hundred living men in a way that would discourage future rebellion and yet not leave the stain of cruelty on the new régime. During the next six months public

* The most exact list of those who surrendered is printed in *Lancashire Memorials*, pp. 160-3. The numbers there given are:—English noblemen and gentlemen, 74; their servants, 83; private prisoners (English), 309; total English, 466; total Scotch, 1,103—total in all, 1,569. Patten's estimate is not very different.

Berwick estimates the full number of rebels in Preston at 2,000, and the combined forces of Wills and Carpenter at not more than 1,000. A large proportion of those who escaped, or mixed with the peaceful inhabitants of Preston, must have been Lancashire yokels. In Lord Wintoun's trial it was stated that 1,500 joined them in Lancashire (Howell, 835), but this may be an over-estimate.

interest, especially in London and in Lancashire, was less concerned with the war still alive in Scotland than with the dramatic and personal incidents, in high life and low, in the gaol, the cottage and the palace, which allotted among the fifteen hundred, and those who depended on them, life and death, exile and home coming, liberty and bonds, wealth and poverty, by a process far more like a game of hazard than a systematic scheme of justice and equity. As, out of all this, posterity remembers little, save how Derwentwater died and how Nithsdale and Forster escaped, it will not be out of place to describe some of the more general aspects of the business.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, the common men were herded together in the Church, whence in the course of the ensuing weeks they were marched off in large batches to the Lancashire gaols. Many of the Highlanders were left in Preston Church till far on into December; the cold was intense, for the great winter was beginning in which the Whigs celebrated their deliverance by roasting oxen on the Thames; perishing of cold, the half-clad mountaineers ripped the leather covers off the pews and clothed themselves from necessity in the material which the first of the Quakers had adopted by preference. By January, when all who had not gone to London were safely gaoled in Liverpool, Chester or Lancaster, an assize came round to deliver the prisoners. Considering that the rebels had in the battle killed and wounded many loyal subjects with scarcely any loss to themselves, and considering that Jacobite manifestations were still openly made by High Churchmen who had not had the courage to draw sword in rebellion, it was at once just and politic that some of the captives should die. It is, however, at this distance of time, impossible not to regret that so many as forty-three were hanged in the Lancashire assizes, and that the nasty rites of death for treason were performed before the eyes of a people who, after repudiating question by torture long before other nations, was yet content to look on at the vivisection of a human being. Of the many hundred surviving prisoners, large numbers were sent home, but large numbers were transported, some to the Carolina plantations, others, more fortunate, to a white man's life in Maryland.* No acts of personal brutality are ascribed to soldiers or judges, no hardships complained of save the want of accommodation for so great a multitude; the severity of the punishments awarded, however they may shock us, then shocked no one but the Jacobites. There can be little doubt that at the Revolution of 1688 a step in the direction of humanity had been made by Government, even if not by the whole English people, and from this step the Hanoverians had, upon the whole,

* Patten (ed. 3), p. 103. Doran's *Jacobite London*, pp. 168 and 197-8. It is impossible to discover the exact proportion that was transported. *Lancashire Memorials*, passim.

not gone back. The comparative mildness of their rule is indeed more evident in the treatment of the prisoners taken to the Capital than in that accorded to the less illustrious but more numerous companions who were left in Lancashire.*

A large majority of the rebels, including all the lords and many of the gentlemen, were carried on from Preston to draw the fatal lots in London. Although they had long abandoned their dream that the High Churchmen would rise to overthrow the Government, they were still encouraged by continual accounts of wrecked meeting houses and Tory mobs to hope that the rowdy faction, whose rash promises had betrayed them to their ruin, would at least accomplish the congenial task of a mob rescue. "Where are all your High-Church Tories?" cried one poor Highlander to a crowd of rustics who were apathetically watching their sad procession over a wintry heath. "If they would not fight with us, why do they not come and rescue us?" As they drew daily nearer London these hopes increased, and not wholly without reason. The Jacobites of the Capital enjoyed a licence most extraordinary to those who remembered the timid manners and guarded countenances with which the Whigs had walked the streets, and the trivial discourse which alone they had dared to utter in public, under the Oriental tyranny of James II. But Englishmen now enjoyed a free government, no longer on the "French system": experience had at last taught the governors of this island that what is now called the "system of the safety valve" can alone give security here, and that a Nemesis in the shape of the political reaction natural to Englishmen here dogs the steps of overweening pride and cruelty of power. Throughout the rebellion of 1715, ballads about "Dear Jemmy, lovely Jemmy," were bawled at the street corners. Bishop Burnet's death was celebrated by the public recitation of rhymes that described his welcome in

* Before finally leaving the subject of Lancashire, it is worth while to illustrate the religious nature of the war in that county by quotations from a letter written by an old Independent to a brother sectary. These men, like the Independents of Crabbe's tale ("The Frank Courtship"), still lived in the memory of the days when the Free Churches of God had, with the help of Cromwell, set their foot on Papist, Prelatist, and Presbyterian alike.

"Laverpool, 19 of the 9th month of the year called 1715.

"I hope you are now convinced these backsliders from the Truth, who vainly call themselves the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, are nothing but the worshippers of Baal and Dagon. These sons of Belial are now knocking their heads one against another, but let us, who are the true Enlightened, rejoice. The Ungodly Kinsman who sojourneth here, Joseph Fallman, who is a worshipper of the Scarlet Coloured Whore, is sick almost unto Death for the Defeat of his friends at Preston. Roger the High Churchman laughs yet, and says all will be well, and that the Covenanters will fall before them. The Pagans who descended from the High Mountains of Scotland played the Devil under the command of one Mackintosh, who may be compared to Beelzebub the God of Ekron.

"GABRIEL DUTTON.

"To William Bradine,
"Clothier at Berwick."

hell by Luther and King William, while those who preferred a good song to ribaldry went to their business singing and whistling "The King shall enjoy his own again"; this last now gained an ominous rivalry to Lillibulero, and to those who could not look below the surface seemed likely to sing in what that song had sung out. Nor was street music the utmost length of disloyalty. The Tory mob of London had been trained to violence in the palmy days of the October Club, and even now that Queen Anne was dead and so much with her, they still continued their demonstrations, and having no one to demonstrate for except the Pretender, they demonstrated for him. Besides the real Tories, London contained a floating population who took money and drink from the Whigs for helping to burn the Pope one night, and from the Tories for helping to burn King William on the next. The Government, whether from weakness or from real good sense, only occasionally took measures against the offenders; occasionally a man who had cheered for King James was pilloried or whipped, but even then the Tory mob was allowed to turn his punishment into a triumph. On the other hand, an obscure and unhappy French schoolmaster, who had spoken rash words, was flogged so that he died of the effects,—an event which aroused no sympathy among the Whigs, who assured each other that the man was only a Jesuit in disguise. His fate, contrasted with the impunity of hundreds of formidable English Tories who nightly shouted for revolution, may well have roused extinguishable laughter in a Dublin Deanery from the noblest hater of mankind. The news of the surrender at Preston, so far from disquieting the players at rebellion in London, caused them to organize a "burning" of his Britannic Majesty's own most sacred effigy; but the Whig mob frustrated their design, and two or three men were killed in the course of one of the finest riots of the year.

It was not therefore without reason that the Northumbrians and Scotch looked for a rescue on their way through London. But the Tories determined that such an interference with authority would be going beyond their rôle, and the Whigs alone turned out to greet the procession at Highgate. Almost every one of the great crowd that accompanied them to their prisons was there in holiday humour to enjoy the triumph of his cause, rejoiced to see them thus pinioned and led, and looked forward to meeting them again at Tyburn. Shouting, laughing, singing, too happy to be anything but good-natured even to the men they hoped to see hanged, the vast crowd accompanied them through the streets, beating warming pans before them in joyful cadence and lending to the spectacle, as the newspapers affirmed, the air of a "Roman triumph."

When once the rebels were safely lodged in prison, they again experienced the sympathy of the London Tories. In those days, when the

machinery of justice was unjust alike in omission and commission, the gaols were so managed that it depended entirely on the money a prisoner had at his disposal whether he lived like a prince or like a dog. The Tories took care that their friends should be well provided; and by their perpetual demonstrations in the streets and in the courts of justice, showed their sympathy for the accused. For months the trials, the pardons, the escapes were matters of the intensest party interest. Only some half-dozen of those brought to London were executed. Of the Northumbrians, Lord Derwentwater was beheaded; Mr. Forster escaped out of prison and died at Boulogne in 1738; Jack Hall, of Otterburne, crowned the manifold misfortunes of his life at Tyburn gallows. Besides several private cases of evasion, a great body of sixty prisoners broke from Newgate by overpowering the ill-organized gaolers; most were re-captured in the streets, but Brigadier Macintosh and some half-dozen others got safely away. The Tories did their best to assist the escapes, and evinced that ferocious and even unchivalrous hatred of all who assisted the efforts of authority which has in later times been so prominent a feature of Irish political morality. A servant girl, who had laid information as to the whereabouts of a rebel, was attacked in her house, seized and flung to the mob outside, and would have been torn to pieces if some Whig gentlemen had not broken in and rescued her.* The Tories would have done more credit to themselves if they had selected the Reverend Mr. Patten as their victim; that gentleman, when some of his companions in arms pleaded "not guilty" on the ground that they had only accompanied the rebels under constraint, saved his own life by bearing circumstantial witness to the falsity of their plea. If he had fallen a victim to the rage of the mob against informers, justice would have been the richer, but history, it must be confessed, would have been the poorer. With unblushing forehead he sat down to write a cheerful and often jocose history of the expedition, in which he had travelled from the parsonage in Allendale to the prison in Newgate.

So ended the last Rising of the North, undertaken and conducted not wisely, indeed, but honourably, and in nothing more honourably than in that consideration for human life which took away from its last moments at Preston the elements of the heroic and deprived it of the place it might have held in popular esteem. The effect of the Rising on national history was to destroy the credit of the Tory Party and to show the helpless situation of the High Churchmen who had once governed England, but now could not be loyal and yet dared not rebel. As an event in the history of Northumberland, besides the private ruin and sorrow it brought on many

* See Doran's *Jacobite London*, pp. 44, 71-2, 90-2, 98-100, 105-7, 205, 233.

persons whose sad stories are long lost in the night of time, the rebellion is important as hastening social change by the havoc wrought in the prestige and possessions of so many influential families of the old school; in this way it tended to hasten a movement whose causes lay far deeper than the surface of politics, a movement that has gradually transformed the population that longest retained the Catholic religion and the feudal relation into a people more strenuously Protestant in religion and more jealous of inequalities in class than are even their fellow countrymen in the south of the island.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

NOTE.

CONDUCT OF SIR WILLIAM BLACKETT IN 1715.

From the Shafto Crags, where tradition says the Earl of Derwentwater lay hid during the month of suspense before the Rising, he could in fine weather have seen the high banks of his own Tyne valley to the south and Cheviot Hill blue on the northern horizon; straight below him lay Capheaton Hall, reminding him of peaceful and joyous hours he had spent with its inmates, such as he would never spend again; but oftenest and most anxiously must his eye have turned to Wallington Hall, standing three miles away on a smooth hill side, plainly exposed to his view. For the action which Sir William Blackett, the master of that house, would adopt if the Stuart standard were raised, was most important and not less uncertain. Although in the eyes of his brother Jacobites, the curse of Meroz lay upon that unfortunate baronet, to us, removed by nearly two centuries from the passions of the day, his history appears more ludicrous than criminal. His father, also called Sir William Blackett, had been a Newcastle merchant of wealth and importance; once pressed to accept office by King William, he had bought up the inheritance of the impecunious Jacobite Sir John Fenwick and settled himself down, a hostile but formidable outpost in the middle of Tory Northumberland. His son, who succeeded to his estates in 1705, like most heirs under similar circumstances, feverishly anxious to deny the rock from which he was hewn and to bury the merchant in the country gentleman, turned Tory and drank with the best of them to the King over the water. He retained, however, his father's religion, and was consequently eligible as Mayor of Newcastle. In fact, he adopted an attitude which secured the maximum of advantage and the minimum of disadvantage, until the unfortunate year 1715. Then, when his Jacobite friends looked to him for the fulfilment of those promises whose existence they asserted and he denied, they learned with disgust the small faith that was to be put in the declaration of a "drunken Tory." "If all that was said of this gentleman's conduct was true," writes one who had himself been in the councils of the rebellion, "they were not in the wrong to have some dependence upon his assistance." That assistance would have been very considerable. His Protestantism would have covered their enterprise as well as the Protestantism of Mr. Forster, whom for this reason they were fain to choose leader. But Sir William was a man of greater importance than Mr. Forster; he was at once the principal person in Newcastle, the owner of a large estate in the centre of the county, the hereditary Steward of the Manor of Hexham for the King, the master of mines in Allendale and keelman on the river, and it was expected that many of those dependent on him would follow if he rode. When it was reported that he was with the rebels, the *Daily Courant* spoke of him as one of their four leaders.* But, in fact, he had more sense. It appears that he

* See Gibson's "Dilston Hall," p. 57. Lords Derwentwater and Widdrington and Mr. Forster are mentioned as the other three. See also Patten, ed. 1, p. 83, and Hodgson II., 1, pp. 259, 269-70.

was first informed that the writs were out for his arrest while travelling home from York in all the state of a coach and six. Leaving his train of servants and the heavy equipage behind at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Walter Calverley, he himself rode on to Northumberland, and made his way with haste and secrecy to Wallington, probably to set his papers in order and to find a hiding-place against the arrival of the King's messenger. On the 3rd of October, this officer, misled by the movements of the coach, was vainly searching for him through his brother-in-law's Yorkshire house. Three days later, the rebels were in arms in Northumberland; this seems to have prevented any attempt on the part of the messenger to arrest him at Wallington, for Sir William remained there safely until chased away by a danger which he dreaded even more than arrest. His boon companions were coming, sword in hand, to fetch him! They shrewdly calculated that he would not have the moral courage to refuse them if he was once in their midst, and he himself, having little more confidence in his own determination—if determination he had—fled before their approach, taking care at the same time not to fall into the hands of the constituted authorities. On the 19th of October, Sir Walter Calverley, returning home late at night from a meeting of deputy lieutenants at Leeds, where he had been warned that his house would again be searched for traces of his brother-in-law, found the fugitive so much in demand with both parties coolly seated at supper with another uninvited guest. But Sir Walter treated his kinsman most handsomely, lent him money and a guide, and sent him and his friend, disguised as countrymen, well on their way to the capital. There they could lie hid easily enough until the troubles had blown over. when Sir William Blackett reappeared to resume his position in the world as the honourable member for Newcastle. The rebellion had by then made such a clearance in Northumbrian society, that the Blacketts were proportionately more important people than before. There certainly are occasions on which it pays best to watch "the tide in the affairs of men" from a safe distance.

THE LANCASHIRE MEMORIAL TO THE FOUR DIALECT WRITERS.

EDWIN WAUGH, JOHN TRAFFORD CLEGG, OLIVER ORMEROD,
MISS LAHEE.

The Archdeacon of Manchester and Mr. George Milner are to be congratulated on their patriotism, which resulted last October in the unveiling of the fine memorial at Rochdale to the four chief dialect writers of their native county.

The memorial, of which we give a reproduction, was prepared from the designs of Mr. E. Sykes, Rochdale, and the inscription upon it runs as follows :—

“ IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF
FOUR ROCHDALE WRITERS OF THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT,
WHO HAVE PRESERVED FOR OUR CHILDREN,
IN VERSE AND PROSE THAT WILL NOT DIE,
THE STRENGTH AND TENDERNESS, THE GRAVITY AND
HUMOURS, OF THE FOLK OF OUR DAY,
IN THE TONGUE AND TALK OF THE PEOPLE,
THIS MEMORIAL WAS ERECTED.”

The value of dialect, whether from the philological, antiquarian or literary point of view, has for some time past been recognised in England, and in Scotland, or at least in County Killyard, has perhaps been exaggerated of late years.

“ Everything,” as the Marquis of Ripon said in his inaugural address to the Yorkshire Dialect Society, “ which brings before us the past of our country, what its people were and what they have been, the lives they lived, and the tongue they talked—all this is of the deepest interest, especially in days like these, when it has come to be recognised by students of history that the real history of a people does not consist merely in the doings of its Sovereigns or Statesmen, its great soldiers or sailors, but also in all that concerns the lives, the progress, the speech and the industry of the people.”

Very similarly Archdeacon Wilson remarked of the above named Lancashire writers that, apart from their worth philologically considered, “ They possessed another claim to commemoration, and that was as writers who had faithfully pictured the real life of the people. Historians valued such pictures very highly. When any works had come down to them either in England or in any other country which faithfully reproduced the life and manners, humours and feelings of the people, such books were very highly valued.

Think what a treasure 'Piers Ploughman' or 'The Canterbury Tales' was to them to-day!"

Mr. Milner again reminds us of Spenser's views as set forth in his "Shepherd's Calendar" in regard to the use of ancient phrases, "But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custom, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudeness of shepherds, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rhymes more ragged and rusticall, or els because such olde and obsolete words are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie. to the verse . . . In my opinion it is one special prayse of many, which are dew to this Poete (Chaucer); that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightful heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have been long time out of use, and almost cleane disinherited."

Of the value of dialect then, I think, there can be no manner of doubt so long as we regard it from the point of view of philology, folklore or historical investigation, but when we come to regard it from its purely literary aspect the question of its value is debateable.

We may well agree with the Archdeacon of Manchester when he says that "these writers of genius, which in different degrees these four whom we commemorate to-day possessed, open our eyes, if we have them, to the beauty and spiritual sweetness of much that is all round us in common-place life.

"There is the eternal human loveliness in some of these common lives round us which we need the artist, the man with the genius of sympathy and heart and expression, to reveal to our dull eyes. I thank the 'Owd Weighver' for showing me the beauty of Sally Brella. She is adorable, and there are Sally Brellas, thank God, in every street in Rochdale, if we have got the eyes to see them."

This is the real field for dialect then—the home life, the simple joys and sorrows of the working people expressed in their own direct, specialized, often striking vocabulary.

Its great disadvantage from a literary point of view arises from this very limitation, and the fact that it can never be thoroughly understood or appreciated outside its own particular district or county.

With all that Mr. George Milner says in behalf of dialect in his excellent introduction to his edition of Mr. Edwin Waugh's poems* I think most of us will cordially agree, but when he suggests that dialect "may possibly suggest an improvement" in the last line of Wordsworth's pathetic poem ending—

* "Poems and Songs," by Edwin Waugh, with a preface and introductory essay by Mr. George Milner. (2s. John Heywood, Manchester.)

THE LANCASHIRE MEMORIAL.

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me."

I think he only proves, at least in his second or alternative rendering, the limitation of dialect, for to a non-Lancastrian his turn of phrase requires an explanatory note, which is fatal to "the supreme style."

"But hoo's i' th greawnd, an' oh, it's browt,
Another day to me !"

Now "another day" is a Lancastrian phrase, and to the "furrinor," it conveys but little depth of meaning. "Difference" may be an alien word, foreign to the simplicity of the rest of the words employed, but the meaning is simple, direct and poignant to every reader.

Mr. Milner, however, concludes his introduction with an admirable sentence, which seems to me to define exactly the true province of dialect:—

"It would not be difficult, however, to show that in the hands of a few, and especially in those of Edwin Waugh, it has been found fully adequate for the expression of all the elementary emotions: and that, although anything like subtlety or complexity of ideas is beyond its reach, love, humour, pathos, and a certain shrewd delineation of character are distinctly within its powers."

Lovers of dialect are fond of quoting Burns as a proof that a dialect writer can win a place amongst the immortals, but they forget two important points, one, that his dialect comprised not a county, but a very wide province, the other that he did not limit himself to dialect, for some of his finest passages are altogether in English.

It is sufficient to quote here one metaphor only which Coleridge so especially applauded.

"Or like the snowfall in the river
A moment white—then lost for ever."

What so frequently happens is that dialect writers are content to reproduce, or to endeavour to reproduce, the phonology by mis-spelling.

This, I take it, is a mistake, for the tongue is more flexible than words, and no one can really reproduce the sound of spoken speech in writing:—the Northumbrian burr, the Scotch r, the slow broad intona-

* As an illustration we give a quotation here from Oliver Ormerod's "The Rachde Felley," though no doubt, as Mr. Thomas Newbigging points out in his interesting little book, "Lancashire Humour" (Dent, London), Ormerod had a particular affection for mis-spelling. "But o' as aw cud say wor o' no mak o' use watsumever, an' th' powsememt sed as if aw didn't pay theree and then, he'd koe a poleece as wor at th' other side o' th' road, an', bi th' mon, wen aw yerd that, aw deawn wi' mi brass in a minnit."

tion of Lancashire, and so on, are impossible of rendering in any system of spelling, in addition to which the result is extremely ugly,* not to say repulsive, to the eye.

Again, as Mr. Hanson Green points out, "Such dialectal writings as have appeared (in Yorkshire at any rate) are usually the production of very inferior poetasters and such as labour to produce a comic effect."

Now I would not be thought to discourage dialect writing at all; on the contrary, I admire the patriotism of those who give proof of this love of their native tongue, but I do regret that a poet should confine himself to what must after all be a circumscribed mode of speech.

The late T. E. Brown should certainly have a memorial raised to his memory in the Isle of Man; as a Manx poet his memory will doubtless be immortal, but I for one could wish that he had not shackled himself, and at the same time limited his audience, by so patriotic a devotion to his native dialect.

In a letter to Mr. Tarver (Vol. II. p. 27, of his "Letters") he enquires:—

"Did you ever try to write a Burns Song? I mean the equivalent in ordinary English of his Scotch. Can it be done? A Yorkshireman—could he do it? A Lancashireman (Waugh)? I hardly think so. The Ayrshire dialect has a *schwung* and a confidence that no English county can pretend to.

"Burns has no doubts, and for his audience unhesitatingly demands the universe. Or has his dialect taken this position because it was his? If so, then, given the same genius, and subject it to the same conditions, and you will have a Suffolk man or a Gloucestershire, who will vindicate for his dialect the imperial seat, and make it, at least, the *lingua rustica* for all England. Poor Burns never approached this. But Tennyson did.

"And after such a performance as 'The Northern Farmer,' does it not seem almost natural to accept that as the real thing?"

Now in regard to the points here raised by Mr. Brown it might perhaps be replied that the *schwung* alluded to belonged to the man, not the dialect, and that Tennyson could never have restricted himself to the Lincolnshire dialect, his outlook on the world and his knowledge of life necessarily overstepping such boundaries as these.

"The poet," as Coleridge says, "is not only the man made to solve the riddles of the universe, but he is also the man who feels where it is not solved," he is an interpreter of life, in short, and cannot confine himself to a particular class, condition or point of view.

Gerard Dou is not comparable with Titian, or Mr. Barrie with Sir Walter Scott, but the inferior artist in either case helps to make our world the more complete, and we welcome them with an entire affection.

THE LANCASHIRE MEMORIAL.

We rejoice therefore that the more lowly art of dialect writing should receive deserved encouragement. These writers can never expect to achieve great fame or build up fortunes, but it is well that their excellence should be rightly appraised, their services acknowledged and their patriotism duly rewarded, and we congratulate the Arch-deacon of Manchester, Mr. George Milner and the committee upon their success in raising so handsome a memorial to the four Lancastrian dialect writers above named at Rochdale.

HOWARD PEASE.



Photo by]

[Henderson.

THE LANCASHIRE MEMORIAL AT ROCSDALE.

H.R.H.'s HUSBAND.

A ROMANCE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Stop!"

The voice was clear and imperious yet the driver of the "True Blue" whipped up his four panting horses the more: those were days when aught that broke the silence of night was to be doubted.

"Stop: for God's sake, stop."

Coachee tipped a wink at the moon; he knew that the ways and devices of foot-paths were many and strange beyond telling.

"Stop, man!" roared the one inside passenger, thrusting out his head. "Don't you see there's a woman by the road, alone, and seeking help?"

The door was flung open and the passenger jumped out almost before the driver had obeyed his command.

"Madam," he said, bowing low to the wayfarer, "I offer my humble services."

"Then escort me to the coach," replied the lady with a dignified gesture; "'tis a monstrous cold night and I dismissed my carriage an hour ago. Surely the driver has tarried; you are late."

"Nay Madam, 'tis the roads that are heavy by reason of recent rains. Permit me."

With gallant air he led the lady to the coach.

"Your fare," she said offering coins to the coachman who was beginning to protest against this unbooked passenger.

She nestled into a corner of the ill-lighted vehicle.

"'Tis vastly pleasant in here," she remarked with a bright smile, "'twas lonely waiting in the shadow of the copse."

"Your carriage broke down?" hazarded her squire.

"I drove to the cross roads and sent my man back," she answered in a tone that discouraged further discussion.

The coach lumbered on; the moon giving fitful glimpses of hedge-row, hamlet and reed-bordered watercourses.

It was a slow and wearying journey and the passengers dozed and started by turns. The horses' hoofs fell with regular ring on the well metalled North Road; their driver kept a keen look-out for any suspicious sound or sight, for his mind out-rivalled the Newgate Calendar in its stock of highway atrocities.

The lady fidgetted incessantly, now wiping the steam from off the

window with the hem of her heavy green cloth pelisse, now seeming to listen intently, now glancing enquiringly at the frank face of her companion. He watched her with growing curiosity, for she was different to the quiet, sedate ladies who made "society" in his native Yorkshire dales; her apparel was rich and fashionable; perhaps she was a play-actress; he had heard strange tales of play-actresses' extravagance and eccentricity; or,—here the beads stood out on his forehead,—was she in league with the footpads—was it another case of Haines and Mary Ann Talbot? If so what a fool he had been to enter her trap so easily. There was he bottled up with her and thirty golden guineas sewn up in his waistcoat; she had but to whip out her pistol and—fool, fool, and he with the reputation of his county to keep up.

"Sir," she said at length, "your face tells me you are honest."

"'Tis but a prelude to 'stand and deliver,'" he groaned.

"And that you would esteem it a pleasure to befriend a distressed female."

"You read my face aright," he replied courteously.

"Then, sir, I pray you to tell me your name?"

"Samuel Smales, madam, at your service."

"I will be Mrs. Samuel Smales," she exclaimed with decision.

The young man leaped to his feet.

"Madam!" he said, "Madam?" Ah, so she *is* a play-actress rehearsing a part.

"Sit down," commanded the lady in no wise abashed, "and listen to me. In an hour or so we pause for coffee; at the inn I must pass as your wife."

Samuel's face flushed crimson.

"If any one should do me the honour to link her fate with mine that one will, I trust, be Miss Eliza Learoyd," he answered firmly, meditating how to communicate with the coachman.

"Nincompoop!" said his companion with warmth, "our fate lines will never run parallel—do not fear—I speak of an hour, *you* speak of a lifetime."

"The hour is oftentimes the sepia that colours life's tide," he replied epigrammatically.

"'Tis true," she answered with a sigh, "pardon me if I spoke discourteously."

There was silence for the space of twenty minutes; the pearly tints of dawn crept over the sky; a storm thrush awoke with a startled shriek; a horse-lad turned out whistling to fodder his animals.

"Do I hear hoofs?" asked the lady suddenly.

"Yes," Samuel replied listening, "from the sound thereof I should

say we shall soon meet a farmer's gig. Do not fear now; the night is past."

"Nay, 'tis not night I dread. 'Tis day with its open eye. Better tell him," she continued half to herself. "Sir, I introduced myself to you as a female in distress, I crave your help. I owe you my story. Know then that I love and am beloved by a gentleman of figure and fame; an officer in His Majesty's Army. For long I loved in secret, but Fortune discovering my passion to its object, he paid his addresses to me with the ardour of one whose words had been long repressed. My parents not favouring his suit, we are obliged at times to resort to—to—well, to say truth, to clandestine meetings."

"All is fair in love," quoth the young man sympathetically.

"Precisely; that is the favourite argument of—my beau. My father unfortunately reads the adage in a parental light, and thinks that all let and hindrance placed to dam the course of true love is fair and proper."

"May I ask if your father has other views?" Samuel enquired; he was growing interested in her story.

"Yes," she answered with hesitation, "he favours the arranged marriage."

"Ah, he is a foreigner!" the young man exclaimed; he had noticed the faintest suspicion of foreign accent in his companion's speech.

"Of foreign extraction," she corrected. "His family settled in England many years ago and their connection here is I trust very firmly established. My mother is of German parentage, and holds strong opinions on the Marriage Question. 'Like must mate with like' is her axiom, consequently I and he whom I love are beset with many difficulties—we have in fact but one friend in whom he can confide—this friend, a lady who is much about me, conveys messages and notes; were it not for her kindly offices I should indeed languish with despair. Some little time ago the regiment, of which my gentleman is an officer, was ordered to York. Imagine, sir, my distress, for I foresaw that all communications between us must henceforth cease. What is that sound? Surely I hear hoofs now!"

Again her companion lowered a window. "Yes," he said leaning out, "a chaise is about to overtake and pass us."

"Ah, we are pursued! I must not be seen—can I hide?"

The lady's agitation was great.

"Rest assured," said Samuel, "the only occupant of the chaise is a person in years."

"Ah!" she sighed, sinking back, "you see to what straits I have come when every sound thus disturbs my tranquility. I will, with your

permission, proceed with my tale. This day se'night a special messenger rode almost with the speed of Turpin to tell me that my beloved lay at death's door and that he spake of me in his ravings. I was prostrated by grief——"

"Ay, you must have been mad with it," interrupted the young man with sympathy, thinking of Eliza Learoyd.

"Not mad, not mad," exclaimed his fellow traveller; "I pray you not to say mad—I was afflicted; I was distressed—but sane, quite sane. I had but one thought—to see him—I craved but that one thing. My friend witnessing my sorrow thought out a plan whereby I might journey to York without (as she imagined) risk of discovery. On the plea of fatigue and wish for a time of greater quiet, she and I were to crave his (my father's) permission to retire to a house he possesses in the country. When there my friend received an urgent summons to visit her aged and invalid aunt who lives in Lincolnshire. I insisted upon accompanying her—I am known to be wilful and a person of moods—and together we set forth, not for Lincolnshire, as you may suppose, but for York. I visited my lover, who revived at sight of me—it would have been a monstrous and cruel shame not to have given him this pleasure—and we fondly hoped my visit to the North would ever remain undiscovered but, as the evil Fates would have it, when I was walking down Coney Street, on my way from the invalid's lodgings, I chanced to meet two officers who knew me well. I hastened down a side street seeking to avoid further remark, but if the rumour that I was seen gets about I am undone."

"The gentlemen may have paid little attention to the circumstances," Samuel ventured to remark.

"They would be sure to pay attention," the lady replied with a smile, "comments would be made, probably wagers would be laid. My only hope lies in reaching London without being again seen. I knew I should be less suspected if alone; therefore I and my friend are travelling at different times. She lent me this new pelisse, which has not been worn in town—I left home in a more conspicuous costume." As she spoke she threw open her travelling cloak and showed a lemon coloured sarsnet skirt and a maroon spencer ornamented with tasselled buttons. "These I can hide, but it is this—this——" and she shook off her head a lemon hued hat, or rather turban; the long feather which trimmed it dropped to the front and was fastened by a sparkling emerald clasp. "This will betray me, it is known. Ah, happy thought, I will it away in my bag, then when we reach the inn I will hasten within and you shall sally forth to buy me a new hat. Go to the nearest straw-bonnet maker's and procure me something such as a lady in your——"

She paused and he wondered if she had been about to say your station of life. How could she judge, he and she were not of equal rank?

"Madam," he said, "the courtesy of a gentleman is like the sea; seemingly boundless, it yet has its limits. I will aid you, but I have never yet bought any article of ladies' apparel——"

"Tut, tut. Everything has its first time, as every play has its first night; you will have to buy for the future Mrs. Samuel Smales—buy now for the present one."

"This is too much," he gasped, "the present one!"

"For the hour, as I remarked before. Against the grain, I have told you my story."

"And I pity you——"

"Pity without relief—you know the saying—you must be the relief, and do as I tell you—for the hour."

"Buy a hat—to buy a hat," he murmured.

"Why not? You buy your own—mine is the same—with a difference."

She spoke imperiously, yet with so bright and gracious a manner that he—being but twenty-four and unversed in the ways of the world—was charmed into acquiescence.

"How did you reach the coach?" he enquired wonderingly remembering her wait by the dark roadside.

"I drove from York, for I dared not go to the coach office there; I changed my vehicle and driver three times: I should have joined the stage at a town, but the last horse broke down and could proceed no further. The uncertainty, the loneliness, the cold were vastly unpleasant, yet would I face all and risk all again for *his* sake."

Her tone was tender, and betrayed that her cold imperiousness did but veneer a loving heart.

The country lanes awoke from the rest of night, primroses unfolded their delicate petals, birds sang with the lustiness of early spring notes, carriers' carts, gigs and pillion horses passed and re-passed. The activity increased; the coach rattled over cobbles with a blast and a flourish.

"'Tis the town," said the lady, "and here is the inn. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smales will alight for refreshments." And placing her hand upon his shoulder she sprang down lightly.

"Serve us your choicest Arabian coffee," she commanded, turning to the bowing host, "in your best parlour."

The host glanced at the blushing and hesitating Samuel. "She'll be the grey mare," quoth he to himself, "'tis a halo round the honeymoon when the bride gives the first order."

The host, who prided himself upon his ability to detect the newly married in the twinkling of an eye, himself saw that their first breakfast together was dainty and free from interruption.

The lady passed the steaming cup with easy grace and the young man fell to wondering how Miss Eliza Learoyd would comport herself under similar circumstances. "To travel alone is pleasant, to travel with a companion is pleasanter." This he mentally repeated again and again as though he were writing a hundred lines of a school copy-book.

The rings on the lady's fingers flashed. What a delicate hand it was! A slender gold band would lie cosily under that sparkling sapphire.

"My hat!" she said rising. "If you will, I would have you go to the straw-bonnet maker's now. Something plain and simple, I pray."

"Accident to her hat!" laughed the host, slapping his thigh. "Ha, ha, ha! Do you mind, Sally, my dear, that day when you and I set out on our first journey. I pressed your orange blossoms too close against my shoulder and you slapped my face for my pains."

* * * * *

"A hat, sir," said the milliner with alacrity, "straw or satin? May I make bold to enquire if it be for a young lady; for your——?"

"*For my wife*," said Samuel desperately; then he fell a-trembling, for he was a truthful man, not given to lie even in jest.

"Ah then, here is an elegant thing—the new gipsy shape, trimmed with plain white bands."

"That will do, that will do," he exclaimed with fevered impatience.

The lady expressed herself pleased with the purchase and putting it on asked, "Is it a becoming disguise?"

The young man vowed it suited her marvellously, and truth to tell the simple hat became her plump fresh face better than did the smarter turban.

"I hear the church in this town is well worth seeing; there is yet some time before the coach starts—shall we visit it?"

Samuel, nothing loath, expressed his willingness, and, after the fashion of those days, offered his arm.

"A likely couple," commented the head chamber-maid critically. "Say, Jane, we'll tie that odd white slipper under the rumble. We don't get weddingers every day."

The streets of the small market-town were cheerful on that clear spring morning, and the two walked along happily enough, speaking of

various topics; he showing the one-eyed vision of an untravelled North-country Yeoman—she displaying a broader, more intimate knowledge of men and manners; the width of her range of thought amazed him, her easy reference to men of note staggered him. Yea, truly, she was not of Miss Eliza Learoyd's set!

Yet there was an eager childishness in her remarks that beguiled him vastly, and it was the commonest things of country street life that interested her the most; she willed to linger at the shop windows—those tiny paned bowed windows that displayed goods at almost famine prices, for the country seethed with rumours of wars—wars past and wars to come; and many a whistling lad who then brushed by the lagging travellers, slept his last sleep on the swelling bosom of the Peninsula or on the plains of Belgium. Those were not the days of the V.C. nor the D.S.O., yet did each township record its deeds of valour and speak with bated breath of its own special hero; and in the years to come the men of that town stood in the streets waiting, waiting, waiting, for the coming of the stage that would tell them if it were Victory or Defeat. Defeat! nay, nay, in that decade the word was not spoken; it was Victory, always Victory—or so these men believed—and many a tallow dip flared behind the narrow panes in honour of the lads who fought beyond the sea.

"'Tis strange," said the lady, "and vastly entertaining."

"What is?" asked her escort wonderingly.

"This," and she waved her hand around—"this quiet provincial life that flows on from day to day. Have these people no change—does that grocer weigh out his tea and grind his Arabian coffee week in and week out, and does that tailor, on his board, stitch without ceasing?"

"They are happy," said Samuel, "they jog quietly on and thrive; 'tis but the over-driven horse that loses flesh and breaks down. But why does it seem strange to you? To me it is no duller than any other place."

"I am from London," she reminded him.

"Ah yes; but who is this? one I know, let us turn, dear lady—I shall be seen."

"Ah!" exclaimed his companion simultaneously, "keep straight on—hide me—draw closer; do not square your elbow I pray, but come near to me—quite near or I shall be discovered."

From up the street there came a packman well known to Samuel Smales, for to vend his wares he wandered from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Bow and Cheapside—many a day did he spend in the Yorkshire dales enjoying their hearty hospitality and retailing in return tit-bits of news from the busier world beyond. Often had Samuel seen him sitting in

Mr. Learoyd's breakfast parlour while Eliza turned over his pack and her father shook his head at the gloomy state of foreign policy. If he were to recognise the lady's escort what a gossip he might set going—*"Walking with a lady, young, of fair appearance and well clothed; name and style unknown."*

The perspiration ran down the young man's face. Eliza would never overlook such an indiscretion—the plea of relationship would not hold good, his aunts and cousins being as familiar to the dalesmen as were the ruins of Bolton, Middleton, and Jervaulx.

"Let us turn or he will see me," he pleaded.

"Nay, nay," she replied, "let us keep straight on or we shall run full tilt at them," and she turned away from two gallants who walked arm-in-arm, up a side street.

"He travels in cloth," groaned Samuel.

"'Tis wise when the wind is easterly," the lady replied, thinking of the taller gallant's blue frogged surcoat; "silk is but a poor protection when the blast is keen."

"And knows me," continued the young man.

"Knows you?" she asked; "of whom do you speak?"

"Of this packman of course; he travels in cloth and comes our way twice in a year."

"Never mind the packman; mind me instead—I, Mrs. Samuel Smales, need your care. These gentlemen who are coming near must not see me; let us stay by this shop window."

"'Tis a saddler's," exclaimed Samuel, "its ware will hardly interest you, madam."

"Madam, madam!" rebuked the lady, "Eliza, I pray; dear Eliza; my love, my own, what you will, only not madam."

The young man wished himself a hundred miles from where he stood, wished everything and anything. Was his companion mad? Eliza! Love! Was ever man in such a sorry plight?

"They are close," she whispered, "play your part well and I am saved"

"Dearest Eliza, do not fear," he said aloud, squeezing her arm in the excitement of the moment.

"You hear, my lord?" said one gentleman in an audible tone; "she is Eliza, dearest Eliza, Mrs. Samuel Smales in the inn book; faugh! the name is disgustingly middle-class, and the Duke vowed she was his sister. On my oath, she's monstrously like; no wonder His Royal Highness was deceived, and his eyes are sharp enough as a rule."

The Duke! His Royal Highness!

Samuel gasped with open mouth.

"Come," said the lady leading him on, "you are in the Land of Romance; ask no question until you leave it."

"They will travel with us," said Samuel with inspiration.

"The gentlemen? No!" and the lady stopped with new dread.

"If they have not their own chaise they will avail themselves of the coach."

"Yes, the London Sirs had promised to return at the hour," said the host; they wished for inside places; he had recommended outside as being more healthful considering that Mr. and Mrs. Smales might not wish for interruption; but they would not take his advice—"inside or none," they declared.

"And it shall be none," said the lady with warmth to Samuel. "Pay your bill, sir—and now tell me the time," she continued, as he returned from settling their joint account.

"It is," then he paused and looked at the eight day clock again and again; "why, it is the hour."

Had he been so long away with his host? There was a mischievous triumphant light in the lady's eyes; there was a chair askew by the clock.

"'Tis indeed the hour," remarked Samuel, gravely regulating his own ponderous time-keeper. "I will see if the driver's watch agrees."

"This will oil the works," said the lady pressing five guineas into the young man's hand; "take these to the man and say Mrs. Samuel Smales is impatient to see the sights of London."

There was arguing in the inn yard; there was hurrying and bustling; the sound of backing hoofs and the blowing of a warning horn. The ribbons were gathered up; the whip cracked. Off, off, off; down the street, across the market-place, out on to the road, blown hard and dry by March winds. The church clock chimed the hour, and the two gentlemen sauntered into the deserted yard.

"Too late, sirs, she's been gone these ten minutes," lamented the host. "I took my oath that Jerry was up on the box too soon, but he only said 'Proof is proof,' and dangled his watch in my face; and the young gentleman, sirs, dangled his, remarking 'seeing is believing,' whilst the lady laughed and pointed to my own clock face. Well, well, Jerry has been many years on the road and grows impatient. As for the young folk, ah!" and he heaved a heavy sigh, "to some of us the wedding day comes but once in a lifetime and on it Time counts not as Time. 'Tis the heavy heart that wearies of the hours. My fleetest gig-horse? Yes, sirs, it is at your service."

On the coach flew with the dangling white slipper telling all the grinning country side that he and she who sat within were bound by the

bonds of matrimony—he silent and oppressed by the wonders of the day; she pensive, and with the air of one who knows herself to be in the midst of danger.

A faint haze veiled the horizon; below the wooded hill-top there lay a pale grey sea—a sea of surging humanity.

“London,” said the lady pointing downward. “Sir, the play is over, and I am grateful.”

“Yes,” answered the young man, “the play is over—and I am sorry.”

A louder blast, a sharper crack, a faster spurt, 'twas London indeed.

“This from dear Eliza for dearest Eliza,” said the lady, slipping a flashing, scintillating ring from off her finger. “By the lonely wayside I sought a trusty staff and found it. You will be discreet, sir—” she pleaded with hesitation.

“I am a Yorkshireman, madam,” he replied, “and a gentleman.”

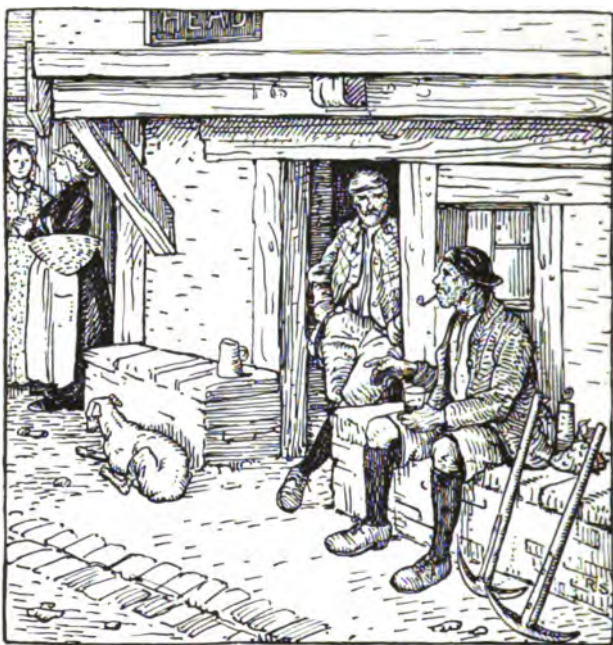
“Ay, and a loyal friend. Pray call me a hackney and bid the man set me down——” she paused.

“The address, madam,” said Samuel, with a bow and a twinkle in his downcast eyes, “is, I believe, to be found in the Prayer book.”

* * * * *

The century revolved into another and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smales lived on in their old grey home amidst the bleak Yorkshire dales. Across the low heather-clad hills there came tales of stormy doings and stray whispers of this and that from the gayer world. And Samuel would think on the days of his youth, and wonder if that midnight drive and that morning walk were a dream, a freak of fancy, or whether he had in very truth been H.R.H.'s chosen husband—for the hour.

KATE TANQUERAY.



✓ A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

INTRODUCTORY.

Whilst the title prefixed to this paper has the merit of convenience, it must not be overlooked that the term "Yorkshire Dialect" may be understood to mean either of *two* things. It may be used to include all the forms and varieties of speech which are to be found within the borders of the county, or it may, in better accordance with our purpose, be descriptive only of that or those forms of speech which are most characteristic of Yorkshire. Accepting the latter definition, then, we merely mention to dismiss the consideration of hybrid or mixed dialect. Now, generally speaking, what are known as Northumbrian dialects are spoken north of the Trent and east of the Pennine Chain, whilst in Cumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire and Cheshire varieties prevail of the so-called West Midland dialect, and the East Midland in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. But the boundaries between dialects do not necessarily coincide with those fixed by geographers. Moreover, wherever intercourse between people of different dialect is not difficult, there is sure to be a strip of country, of greater or less extent,

which is occupied by some who employ a *lingua franca* or mixture of the two. A fair example of what is here suggested may be observed near the south-west corner of Yorkshire. A visitor to the district of Huddersfield will there begin to find traces of West Midland modes of speech though the dialect nevertheless belongs essentially to the West Riding. As he proceeds southwards the features of the West Midland become more and more marked, until even before the borders of Cheshire appear, that form is completely dominant. Thus at Holmfirth, about six miles south of Huddersfield, certain idioms strongly prevail which are certain marks of Midland dialect. One of these is the use of *hoo* (A.S. *heo*) for the feminine singular pronoun in place of the Northumbrian *shoo*. "We saw th' owd woman," says one who had been to visit a reputed witch, "*hoo* sat broodin' ovver t' fire: *hoo* said nowt to us: Old Mat said, 'Wat art ta doin' i' that fashion?' *Hoo* gav him no answer."

Another idiom of Midland speech in common use here is the termination *-n* or *-en* to mark the plural verb in the present tense—thus:—We *han*; yo *han*; they *han* (for we have, etc.). We *knawen*, yo *knawen*, they *knawen* (we know, etc.). The following common observation (quoted like the previous one by Mr. A. Easter in his *Glossary of the Almondbury and Huddersfield Dialect*) furnishes an amusing illustration: "He comes thro' Denby dauk saud, wheer they *lauken* pau, wheer they put a sheep in a pau and call it a *tayat*." [Note. Denby is noted for its monster pies made to celebrate national occasions. The last pie was made in 1897 in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.] Other proofs of the presence of West Midland dialect may be found in the pronunciation of some words. But this much must suffice. The case of hybrids in Yorkshire and of non-Northumbrian varieties of speech does not come properly within our present scope: we address ourselves therefore to the consideration of that which is most characteristic of the county.

THE HISTORICAL METHOD.

The dialect or dialects of Yorkshire as they exist to-day are, like the literary English, the product of several concurrent idioms. An historical method is therefore rendered absolutely necessary, if anything more than the most superficial study is to be made. Celt, Saxon and Dane, not to mention the Roman, the Norman, and the somewhat shadowy Frisian, each has been settled in the county, and has contributed his proportion towards the folk-speech. The student accordingly will find it necessary as well to make comparisons between the

dialect and the language of these several peoples, in order to arrive at an estimate of their several contributions, as, by a careful study of the dialect literature ancient and modern, to note the more gradual changes that have taken place in the course of time and by the general laws of all speech.

THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

When the Celtic tribes first made their way into this country, they found a people in possession, known to us as Iberians. After the fashion of conquerors the Celts doubtless spared some of these, men and women, to serve them as slaves and concubines, and thus, naturally enough their own language would become tinctured with an Iberian element. At this date, however, owing to our ignorance of that speech, it cannot be distinguished even in the Celtic, much less can it be determined whether any fragment of it has come to us through the Celtic. Of the Celts themselves we can speak more positively. Most of the names which are given to the natural features of the country—mountains, rivers, lakes, etc.—in all parts of the island, are borrowed straight from them. Yorkshire seems to have been occupied mostly by tribes of the Cymric branch of this people, now best represented by the Welsh. The Goidels, from whom the Gaels of Scotland are the direct descendants, were settled further to the north. There are, nevertheless, a few traces of the Goidels in some parts of Yorkshire. Amongst Cymric place-names may be mentioned the following, of which the meaning is fairly certain:—*Pennigant* for *Pen y gaint* (Field-head or end of the plain); (Otley) *Chevin*, cf. W. *cefn* (ridge); *Penine* (Range) for *Pen wyn* (white summit); (River) *Rye* cf. W. *rhe* (swift); *Esk* (water) cf. W. *wysg* (stream); *Leven* cf. W. *llefn* (smooth); *Rother* from *Rhuddwr* (red water); *Derwent* for *Dwrgwent* (River in the plain); also *York* cf. W. (*Caer*) *Efrog*.

The Saxons dealt with the Celts in the same way as the Celts had dealt before with the Iberians. Some of the men they retained as slaves, the more comely women they adopted into their families: hence, as might be expected, there are both in the standard English and in the dialects a number of Celtic terms which belong especially to domestic life and to agriculture. Thus in Yorkshire we have *piggin* cf. W. *picyn* (a measure); *flannen*, a form closer to the W. *gwlannen* than the literary English *flannel*; *brat* cf. W. *brat* (piece of cloth; apron); *cluther* cf. W. *cluder* (heap); *saim* cf. W. *saim* (grease); *flasket* (S.W. Yorkshire) an oval basket or washing-tub, cf. W. *fflasged* (shallow basket); *crud*, closer than *curd* to W. *crwd*; *dollop* cf. W. *talp* (lump):

goon (pron. *goon*) cf. W. *gwn* (gown); *pouse* (a filthy person) cf. W. *pws* (filth); *toppin* (hair) cf. W. *topyn* (crest); and *byr* cf. W. *bur* (violence, impetuosity), as it occurs in the old Mystery Play of Noah and the Ark, acted at Wakefield in the 15th century.

Noah has not been able to persuade his wife to enter the Ark; at last he gives up the impossible, but soon the rising of the water effects what he can not do. She cries out in alarm—

“Yei, water nyghys so nere | that I sit not dry,
Into ship *with a byr* | therfor will I hy
Ffor drede that I drone here.”

So she does come in, *with a byr*, or as we say, “with a wither,” and assaults poor Noah with much vituperative language, as if, poor man, he were to blame for the world’s disaster.

One other very interesting survival of Celtic speech appears in the numerals used until comparatively recent times in some of the Yorkshire dales for the purpose of counting sheep. Several sets of these numerals were collected by the Rev. T. Ellwood. Two others have been published by Mr. Joseph Lucas which were formerly current in Nidderdale and Swaledale. The former he has incorporated in a poem called “The Clifford Fragments.”

* * * * *

Then the scoring work began
And, this is how the numbers ran;
“Yahn, Tayhn, Tether, Mether, Mimph,
Hither, Lither, Anver, Danver, Dick,
Yahn-dic, Tayhn-dic, Tether-dic, Mether-dic, Mimphit,
Yahn-a-mimphit, Tayhn-a-mimphit, Tether-a-mimphit, Mether-a-mimphit, Jigit.”

A comparison of these numerals with the Welsh establishes their Celtic origin at once. The Welsh are (1) Un, (2) Dau, dwy, (3) Tri, tair, (4) Pedwar, pedair, (5) Pump, (6) Chwech, (7) Saith, (8) Wyth, (9) Naw, (10) Deg, deng, (11) Un-ar-ddeg, (12) Deu-ddeg, (13) Tri-ar-ddeg, (14) Pedwar-ar-ddeg, (15) Pymtheg, (16) Un-ar-bymtheg, (17) Dau-ar-bymtheg, (18) Tri-ar-bymtheg, (19) Pedwar-ar-bymtheg, (20) Ugain.

Still another system equally interesting has come to the present writer’s notice in the south-west of Yorkshire, which though differing in some points may be useful for comparison. It should, of course, be noted that sheep are even yet counted by scores.

O-in, a to-in, a pair, a petar, a pin;
A sheth, a laith, a ooth, a tikl, a lin;
O-indic, to-indic, pair-a-dic, petar-a-dic, bin,
O-in-a-bumfin, to-in-a-bumfin, pair-a-bumfin, petar-a-bumfin, bumfin.

This last is especially valuable, because it shows more clearly than in any other system the presence of the conjunction *a* (and) between the

numbers from one to ten. As it was recited by a friend who learnt it in his childhood the *a* was distinctly a connective.

Some few Roman words, besides those that are incorporated in the literary English, may have reached us through the Celtic, but none are clear of doubt. We think it not unlikely, however, that *lin* (linen) *cf.* *W. llin*, from Lat. *linum*, and *clo-as* (enclosed field) *cf.* *W. clwys*, from Lat. *clausum*, may be examples. It must not be supposed, however, though traces of Welsh influence upon the vocabulary are indubitable, that the *character* of the dialect has been appreciably affected in this way. The true criterion of this is to be found in the *grammar*, not in the *vocabulary*—in the structural principle, not in the raw material of speech, and the most searching investigation has not discovered a single Celtic idiom in Yorkshire.

ANGLO-SAXON AND DANISH.

It seems to be a fairly well-established fact that there were in England some Teutonic settlements, even before the end of the Roman occupation. Amongst them was that of the Frisians in Holderness, whose presence is attested by the place-names in *-om*, still extant (*-om* or *-um* is the Frisian form of *-ham*). Thus in that district, as nowhere else in England are quite a large number of names like Ulrome and Newsom, not to speak of the village of Frismersk, long ago submerged by the sea. In the dialect, however, it is impossible to indicate at this date peculiarities which are distinctively Frisian, owing to the close relationship this claims with the very dialects with which it afterwards became incorporated.

That the Anglo-Saxons, extending as they did into every part of Yorkshire, were not altogether swamped in the later Danish occupation, the frequent survival of place-names in *-ham*, *-ton*, *-bury*, etc., is a good evidence. It is true that in the north and east of the county there is a preponderance of Danish names, but neither are the Anglo-Saxon names ever entirely absent. In the West Riding the Danes do not seem to have gained quite so firm a hold, though the marks of their presence are unmistakeable. Danish settlements are at once evident in the terminations *-by*, *-thorpe*, *-wick*, *-holm*, *-shaw*, etc. Anyone that is curious in this matter may very easily estimate the relative frequency of Danish and Saxon place-names by consultation of the ordnance map of Yorkshire. Out of this consideration a conjecture not unnaturally rises concerning the striking difference between the pronunciation of the West Riding and that which obtains elsewhere. Possibly this is owing to the comparatively smaller proportion of Danish influence in the Western

A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

parts of the county: but in the present elementary stage of dialect study it would be hazardous to state it as anything more than a conjecture.

As for the vocabulary, if we take account merely of the words which belong to the uses of common life, and if we allow for the agricultural occupation of the north and east, and in the west for the prevailing interest in manufactures, we shall find it generally the same throughout the county. Given a good knowledge of, say, the West Riding dialect, and an intelligent appreciation of the different laws of pronunciation, it should not be difficult for any one to understand the meaning of a statement, not very technical, by a person who resides in either of the other divisions, or to be understood in like manner. To characterise a local speech on the ground merely of a strange pronunciation as "a barbarous jargon," as one writer has taken occasion to do of the West Riding variety, is, it should be needless to remark, an evidence of weak and superficial observation.

But a far more important problem presents itself as to the proportion of Saxon and Danish elements in the folk-speech. Some words appear to be pure Saxon, some pure Danish, but the greatest number may be referred to either language; so closely akin is the one to the other.

In the following paradigms of words taken almost at random from Yorkshire glossaries, some notion may be obtained concerning the facts that have to be considered in determining the etymology of any word, and further concerning the relative proportions of Saxon and Danish elements in the dialect. The general summary produces these results:—Of 50 *Teutonic* words, 10 (or 20 per cent.) are to be referred to Anglo-Saxon; 13 (or 26 per cent.) to Danish; 27 (or 54 per cent.) are common to both languages.

DERIVED FROM ANGLO-SAXON.

<i>Yorks.</i>		<i>Meaning.</i>		<i>A.-Saxon.</i>		<i>Yorks.</i>		<i>Meaning.</i>		<i>A.-Saxon.</i>
1 wankle	...	unsteady	...	wancol		6 wakken	...	awaken	...	wacan
2 flite	...	scold	...	flȳtan		7 kittle	...	tickle...	...	citelian
3 settle	...	seet	...	setl		8 gerse	...	grass	...	goers
4 threap	...	chide	...	threapian		9 click	...	seize	...	gelœccan
5 hoo-in	...	ill-use	...	hynan		10 ax	...	ask	...	acian

DERIVED FROM DANISH.

<i>Yorks.</i>		<i>Meaning.</i>		<i>Norse.</i>		<i>Yorks.</i>		<i>Meaning.</i>		<i>Norse.</i>
1 skrike	...	screech	...	skrœkja (Icel.)		8 ettle	...	purpose	...	ötla (Icel.)
2 deng	...	strike	...	dengja (Icel.)		9 addle	...	earn	...	öfla (Icel.)
3 shive	...	slice	...	skifa (Icel.)		10 late	...	seek	...	leita (Icel.)
4 gar	...	cause	...	göra (Icel.)		11 fele	...	hide	...	fela (O.N.)
5 fra	...	from	...	frá (Icel.)		12 eldin	...	firewood	...	elding (O.N.)
6 lathe	...	barn	...	hláfa (Icel.)		13 natter	...	fret	...	gnadre (Dan.)
7 gain	...	near	...	gegn (Icel.)						

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COMMON TO BOTH ANGLO-SAXON AND DANISH.

<i>A.-Saxon.</i>	<i>Yorks.</i>	<i>Meaning.</i>	<i>Norse.</i>	<i>A.-Saxon.</i>	<i>Yorks.</i>	<i>Meaning.</i>	<i>Norse.</i>
1 <i>benc</i>	<i>bink</i>	<i>bench</i>	<i>bānc</i> (Dan.)	15 <i>bellan</i>	<i>beal</i>	<i>bellow</i>	<i>belja</i> (Icel.)
2 <i>syrc</i>	<i>sark</i>	<i>shirt</i>	<i>sārc</i> (Dan.)	16 <i>biggan</i>	<i>biggin</i>	<i>building</i>	<i>bygg</i> (Dan.)
3 <i>dreógan</i>	<i>dree</i>	<i>tedious</i>	<i>dröi</i> (Dan.)	(build)			
(endure)				17 <i>hleápan</i>	<i>lowp</i>	<i>jump</i>	<i>löbe</i> (Dan.)
4 <i>lác</i>	<i>lake</i>	<i>play</i>	<i>leikr</i> (Icel.)			(run)	
5 <i>cist</i>	<i>kist</i>	<i>chest</i>	<i>kiste</i> (Dan.)	18 <i>mennisc</i>	<i>mense</i>	<i>decency</i>	<i>menneske</i>
6 <i>fioce</i>	<i>flick</i>	<i>flitch</i>	<i>fikki</i> (Icel.)			(Dan.)	
7 <i>thæc</i>	<i>thack</i>	<i>thatch</i>	<i>thak</i> (Icel.)	19 <i>licgan</i>	<i>lig</i>	<i>lie</i>	<i>liggja</i> (Icel.)
8 <i>micel</i>	<i>mickle</i>	<i>much</i>	<i>mikill</i> (O.N.)	20 <i>gamen</i>	<i>gam</i>	<i>sport</i>	<i>gaman</i> (Icel.)
9 <i>sweltan</i>	<i>swelt</i>	<i>faint</i>	<i>svelta</i> (Icel.)	21 <i>nebb</i>	<i>neb</i>	<i>beak</i>	<i>naeb</i> (Dan.)
(to die)				22 <i>flygan</i>	<i>flay</i>	<i>frighten</i>	<i>flæja</i> (O.N.)
10 <i>hyrne</i>	<i>hurne</i>	<i>corner</i>	<i>hjørne</i> (Dan.)	23 <i>ric</i>	<i>rick</i>	<i>smoke</i>	<i>reykr</i> (Icel.)
11 <i>grafan</i>	<i>grave</i>	<i>dig</i>	<i>grafa</i> (Icel.)	24 <i>hrycg</i>	<i>rig</i>	<i>back</i>	<i>hrygg</i> (Icel.)
12 <i>stigan</i>	<i>stee</i>	<i>ladder</i>	<i>stegi</i> (Icel.)	25 <i>tholian</i>	<i>thole</i>	<i>endure</i>	<i>thola</i> (Icel.)
(mount)			(step)	26 <i>brycg</i>	<i>brig</i>	<i>bridge</i>	<i>bryggja</i> (Icel.)
13 <i>spirian</i>	<i>spurrins</i>	<i>banns</i>	<i>spörge</i> (Dan.)	27 <i>gnagan</i>	<i>naig</i>	<i>gnaw</i>	<i>knaga</i> (O.N.)
(to ask)			(ask)	(gnaw)		(of a pain)	
14 <i>bearn</i>	<i>barn</i>	<i>child</i>	<i>barn</i> (O.N.)				

In the conflict of dialects, which took place in the fusion of the two peoples, those elements which were common to both had the advantage over the rest, and were most easily able to survive. Where two distinct words entered into competition, time and circumstances decided whether should be taken and the other left. These considerations account for the large number of words existing in the dialect, which are referable both to a Saxon and a Norse archetype, and for the derivation of other Teutonic words from one and the other in nearly equal proportions. Meanwhile, if we are pressed to decide on the general question of etymology, and if we cannot give satisfaction otherwise than by a dogmatic conciseness, we shall answer that the vocabulary is Anglo-Saxon rather than Danish, for how should the Danes be said to have introduced so much that was here already? But, as can easily be seen, that answer is not absolutely true—it is only more true than the alternative.

Similarly of the grammar of the dialect, we find it to be Anglo-Saxon in character and not Danish. Not that the Danish speech had no effect upon it. On the contrary, some very great changes came about under its influence.

But when all is allowed for—when we have looked to find traces of the very strong peculiarities which differentiate Scandinavian grammar from ours, and can discover none whatever remaining—we at length realise that the Danish influence was here destructive of ancient idiom in the native speech, but inefficient to substitute and conserve its own.

The Anglo-Saxon was an inflexional language. But it was already tending to become analytic when the Danish settlement took place. This, being principally in the North and East of England, quickened the process already begun, so that very soon the Northern speech had

A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

lost almost all its inflexional character, whilst elsewhere but few changes had been made. But the Norman Conquest afterwards effected in the southern parts of the country, what the Danes had done in the North. The noun, for example, lost its case-endings. Formerly every noun had four cases well distinguished by terminations. In the East Midland dialect, which, owing to the eminence of the authors, who, in the fourteenth century chose to use it for literary purposes, afterwards became a classic speech, and the origin of our Queen's English,—these were reduced to two for the singular and one for the plural. In Yorkshire a further step was taken, and there remained only one form for the singular and another for the plural. These changes are indicated in the following synopsis:—

SINGULAR.		<i>Anglo-Saxon.</i>	<i>East Midland.</i> (<i>Chaucer</i>).	<i>Yorkshire.</i> (<i>15th century</i>)	<i>Modern English.</i>
<i>Nominative</i>	...	Smith	... Smith	... Smith	Smith
<i>Accusative</i>	..	Smith	... Smith	... Smith	Smith
<i>Genitive</i>	...	Smithes	... Smithes	... Smith	Smith's or of Smith
<i>Dative</i>	...	Smithe	... Smith(e)	... Smith	Smith or to Smith
PLURAL.					
<i>Nominative</i>	...	Smithas	... Smithes	... Smithes	Smiths
<i>Accusative</i>	..	Smithas	... Smithes	... Smithes	Smiths
<i>Genitive</i>	...	Smithum	... Smithes	... Smithes	Smiths' or of Smiths
<i>Dative</i>	...	Smitha	... Smithes	... Smithes	Smiths or to Smiths

The uninflected form of the singular possessive is one of the characteristics of the Yorkshire dialect. That this was so in very early times is abundantly proved by such examples as—"Noë flood" "*Sir Pilate hall*," "*heven kyng*," "*David trone*" "*sheep-tayll*" taken from the *Towneley Mysteries*. (15th Cent.).

The verbal inflexions also suffered in the Northern, more than in other dialects. The conjugation of the verb very early became what it is at present.

SINGULAR.		PRESENT TENSE.		PLURAL.	
<i>Anglo-Saxon</i>	<i>Yorks.</i>	<i>Anglo-Saxon</i>	<i>Yorks.</i>	<i>Anglo-Saxon</i>	<i>Yorks.</i>
Ik lufige	Ah luv(s)	Wi lufiath	We luv(s)	Wi lufiath	We luv(s)
Thu lufast	Thoo luvs	I lufiath	You luv(s)	I lufiath	You luv(s)
He lufath	He luvs	Hia lufiath	They luv(s)	Hia lufiath	They luv(s)

This form of the plural in *-s* is unmistakable evidence of Northern dialect whenever it appears. The Midland on the other hand is characterised by the termination *-en* in the plural. In the singular the West Midland is in general agreement with the Northern, but the East Midland has *lovest* in the 2nd. person.

Generally speaking then, the change that came over the grammar of the Yorkshire dialect consisted in the shedding of inflexions, and the

reduction of all the parts to a common type. But that type was not Scandinavian; it may more rightly be called Anglo-Saxon.

The dearth of Scandinavian idiom in the dialect is the more remarkable because it possesses in itself such striking peculiarities. Thus, for instance in every variety of Norse the definite article is added as a suffix to its noun—*e.g.*, the Icelandic definite article is *hin* and “tongue” is *túnga*:—but “the tongue” is represented by *túngan* for *túnga* and *hin*. Again another remarkable point is the regular formation of a passive voice by adding the suffix *-sc* (*-st* Mod.) being a form of the reflexive pronoun (= *self*), to the active: thus *ek brenni* (I burn) *ek brennisc* (I am burned). True the word *busk* was originally a Norse passive of this kind—but, in spite of its form, it is now used in an active sense, exactly as in Lowland Scotch, *e.g.*,

“ *Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow.* ”

We shall conclude then that the settlement of the Danes in Yorkshire caused great changes both in the vocabulary and in the grammar of the dialect, yet after all the *character* of both remained, and still remains, substantially Anglo-Saxon.

THE NORMAN FRENCH.

It has already been remarked that the influence of the Norman French upon the dialects of the south was very considerable, producing similar results there to what had already occurred in the north, through the introduction of the Scandinavian. A number of French words thus became incorporated in the English language, and grammatically the loss of verbal and nominal inflexions hastened the analytic development. Yet the language did not become Norman French. Though modified under the pressure of Norman French, it yet retained all the distinctive marks of Low German origin. In the North, however, the effects of the Norman Conquest are not so apparent. Its influence in destroying inflexions had been fully anticipated. It only remained, therefore, for it to add some terms to the vocabulary of the dialect. Amongst these may be mentioned as examples *fash*—to trouble, from Fr. *fâcher*—(more frequent in the north and east than the west). “Sha’s ollus *fashin’* hersen wi’ summat as is nowt”:—*dowly* “gloomy”—from Fr. *deuil*—(not usual in west). “It’s a *dowly* tahn been”:—*Arran* “spider,” Fr. *araignée*—“Sitha at them *arran*-webs,” “*plenishing*”—filling, O.F. re-pleniss-ant. “That ’ll bahd some *plenishing*” etc.

A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

DIALECTIC LITERATURE.

It is now become almost a common-place that the dialects are moribund. The school-master has declared war against them, and as all the youth of our country must come under his rule and so remain for a series of years, he possesses every advantage on his side. Perhaps on the whole it is well that it should be so, but——

Already a very large number of dialectic words have become obsolete; the pronunciation is beginning—though painfully and awkwardly enough to approximate to the standard of educated English—and every child corrects his grandsire's grammar. The philologist and the admirer of whatever is quaint and antique will protest,—but their protest will be disregarded. The Reformation which the schoolmaster represents is best justified by the fact that the dialect has no literature worth the name. A Yorkshire Burns might have been able to plead the cause of his native speech—but we have no Burns nor even a Barnes. Such writings as have appeared are usually the production of very inferior poetasters and such as labour wholly to produce a comic effect. In this kind, there is more than sufficient. It is, however, only just to state that here and there—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—there appear fragments of genuine wit and pathos. The following piece, from the writings of Mr. John Hartley, is a fair specimen of the West Riding dialect. It is, we believe, very popular. Some changes in the spelling are intended to give a better idea of the actual pronunciation.

A 'AWPORTH.

Wee-ar is thi Daddy, doy ? Wee-ar is thi mam
Wat at ta cryin for, poor little lamb ?

• • • • •

Wat do theh call thi lad ? Tell ma thi na-ame,
'Ev theh bin coinin the' ? Wah, it's a sha-ame !
'Ere, tak this 'awpny, an' buy thi some spice,
Rock-sticks or 'umbugs, or owt else at's nice.

• • • • •

'E wiped up 'is tears wi 'is little white brat,
An' 'e tried to say summat, ah couldn't tell wat ;
But 'is little fa-ace breeten'd wi pleasure all threw,
A-a ! it's cappin sometimes wat a 'awpny 'ull dew.

(To be continued.)

J. HANSON GREEN.

A VISION OF JOYOUS-GARDE.

"And so sir Launcelot brought sir Tristram and La Beate Isoud unto Joyous-gard, the which was his owne castle that hee had wonne with his owne hands."—MALORY.

"Bamburgh . . . the great rock fortress that was known to the Celts as Dinguardi, and was to figure in Arthurian romance as Joyous Garde. . . ."—C. J. BATES, *History of Northumberland*.

I wandered under winter stars
The lone Northumbrian shore;
And night lay in deep silence on the sea,
Save where, unceasingly
Among the pillared scaurs
Of perilous Farne's wild waves for ever more
Breaking in foam,
Sounded as some far strife through the star-haunted gloam.

Before me looming through the night,
Darker than night's sad heart,
King Ida's castle on the sheer crag set
Waked darker sorrow yet
Within me for the light
Beauty and might of old loves rent apart,
Time-broken, spent,
And strewn as old dead winds among the salt-sea bent.

Till, dreaming of the glittering days,
And eves with beauty starred,
Time fell from me as some night-cloud withdrawn,
And in enchanted dawn,
All in a golden haze,
I saw the gleaming towers of Joyous Garde
In splendour rise,
Tall, pinnacled, and white to my dream-laden eyes.

While thither, as in days of old,
Launcelot homeward came,
War-wearied, and yet wearier of the strife
Of love that tore his life;
Burning, beneath the cold
Armour of steel, a never dying flame:
The fierce desire
Consuming honour's gold on the heart's altar fire!

JOYOUS-GARDE.

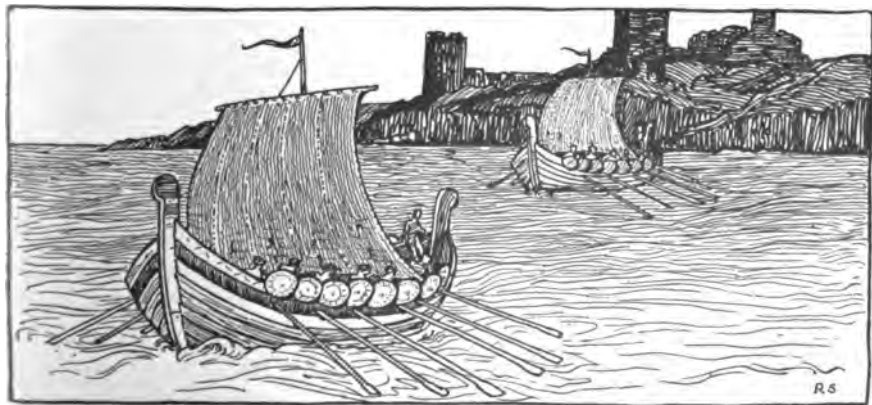
And thither in great love he brought
The fugitives of love,
Isoud and Tristram fleeing from King Mark.
One day 'twixt dark and dark
These lovers, by fate caught
In love's bright web, dreamed with blue skies above
Of love no tide
Of wavering life may part nor death's swift sea divide.

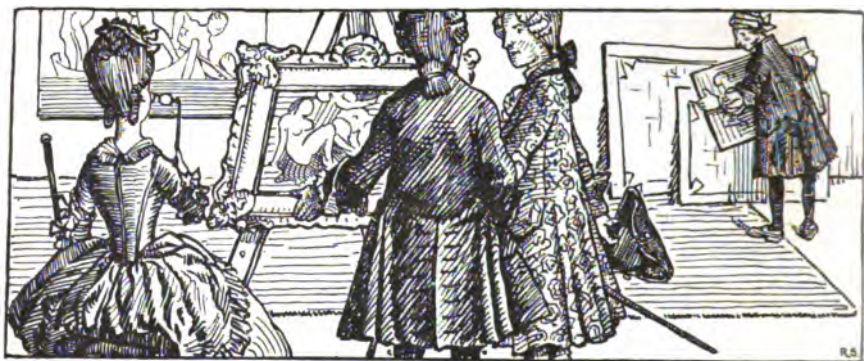
But Launcelot, in their bliss forlorn,
Fled from the laughter clear
Of happy lovers, and love's silent noon,
All night beneath the moon
He strode, his spirit torn,
For Guenevere! All night on Guenevere
He cried aloud
Unto the moonlit foam and every windy cloud

* * * * *

Then faded, quivering, from my sight
The memory-woven dream.
The towers of Joyous Garde shall never more
Lighten that desolate shore:
No longer through the night
Wrestling with love beneath the pale moon gleam
That anguished form!
But keen with snow the wind and loud with gathering storm.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.





ON IDEAL PAINTING.

February, 1901.

KENSINGTON,

LONDON.

The Data — Burlington House — Mason and Walker — The Chronological Argument — Pre-Raphaelite Landscape — Sentiment — The Artist's Part — De Gustibus — What the Brush Discovers.

I chanced the other day to meet in a bound volume of pamphlets a review of an exhibition, held, I think, in Munich, some time in the forties. I recognised none of the painters' names, nor could I tell from the writer's praise and blame whether their work was worth remembering. But I envied that critic his function. What he had to say of pictures was easily expressed in words, and, had he cared, he might have made his appreciations as interesting to those who had not seen the pictures as to those who had. For he was concerned only with stories and sentiments. It was for him to discuss the artist's dramatic conception, and particularly to weigh the degree of nobility which he had put into his reading of a historic situation.

The Data.

It would have been gratifying to raise a meaningful forefinger with Mr. Charles Shannon, to discover and preach the impressive moral of those drooping figures in the marriage pictures ("The Bride" and the "Bridesmaids") which he showed at the New English Art Club this winter: how grateful a task to sing the idyllic sentiment discovered on our English fields by the Masons which hang in Burlington House: what high truths of Art's final purpose should be revealed by discussing whether Sir William Richmond, in his "Hercules releasing Prom-

etheus," correctly puts the object of the action (namely the eagle at which Hercules has just shot from his bow) outside his picture, painting for us only a floating feather to tell of the drama in the sky! The art critics of the forties understood that pictures, when all was said and done, were painted to rouse human interest. The critic in these days may understand what he likes; but of Mr. Shannon's bridal pictures he has to record that the painter's consciousness that he was painting an ideal picture has effected a loosening of his hold over his paint, that Mason appears to have bartered away the truth of English life, or any other life, for the sake of a pathetic fancy about nobility of pose, and that Sir William Richmond's classical subject-pictures produce no feeling in the spectator above a dry wonder that a man should have been carried through so many days of labour, and over so many inches of canvas, by nothing warmer than the sound of Greek names: Hermes, Agamemnon, Sarpedon. I do not know that much matter of human interest can by any process be extracted from considerations which have such data for their starting point.

Burlington House.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House of Works by British Artists "deceased since 1850" is not very satisfying. True, Turner died in 1851 and Leslie in 1859, but the work of neither of them is in place in the exhibition. Neither Millais nor Burne-Jones is well represented, and both might have been omitted. One has seen Rossetti's *Fiametta* often enough, and I feel sure that Pettie must have done some finer painting than any thing of his shown at Burlington House. The interest of the exhibition centres in the works of Mason, Walker, Pinwell, Cecil Lawson and Albert Moore, and it might have been more satisfying if the authorities had been able to put together more work by these painters, and especially by Cecil Lawson, and had, for the rest, been guided chiefly by the intention of gathering whatever else was most calculated to show their significance.

Mason and Walker.

But perhaps the feeling of dissatisfaction with the composition of the exhibition is at bottom a sense of disappointment in the pictures of Mason and Walker. There has not been of late much opportunity of seeing their work. It was unfamiliar to those who began life in the eighties, and the ignorance of it made a blank in their scheme of painters. On the other hand the work of Mason and Walker was

always mentioned with a peculiar piety by those who were grown men and women when it made its first appearance. They spoke as if it had been at once a revelation in landscape and a finished achievement in painting which none has since approached. One went to Burlington House, therefore, looking for I know not what tender and daring vision of nature, expecting some precious quality which no painter before, no one among the French School of their time, and none since possessed. It is more than an ordinary disappointment if the spirit which indeed distinguishes them from all other painters does not appear a thing of so great price. To express that opinion is a sort of impiety which only extreme youth commits with an undisturbed mind.

The Chronological Argument.

It is suggested of Walker's "The Plough," to take one of the pictures by this artist exhibited at Burlington House, that it shows the working of a spirit which was new in 1870. It is said that the sunset glow on the chalk cleft in the downs, familiar to us now, was an effect of nature unnoted till then; that in painting the twigs which stand delicately spare in the fore-ground the artist remarked what had not before been held worthy of remark; that he was filled with the modern respect for humanity when he put in the figures of his text "Man goeth forth . . ." If such a spirit, if such actual facts, the argument runs, are familiar to us now, we owe our knowledge to the painters who led the way; and in regarding their work to-day we must put ourselves back thirty years and remember that what they said was news then.

Although the historic art criticism may end in performing the desirable service of familiarising us, by an indirect path, with the qualities of fine painting, I have never understood why the argument from chronology should affect the appreciation of an artist's achievement. I do not therefore see that anything is detracted from the merits of Walker by the counter suggestion that our feeling for the actual aspect of a landscape is rather due to the lead of Millet and Corot, of Courbet and Rosseau, and that if a landscape painter now looks back to the past for an English inspiration, he is likely to pass over all that stands between him and the surpassing sketches of Constable. The truth is that we have now so long been accustomed to "true" landscape, observed from nature without acknowledged convention, that we are in a position to stand back and recognise that the discovery of true landscape has no value other than that bestowed upon it by the individual paintings of true landscape. I rejoice that the discovery of green trees has been made when I see the poplars which

Courbet painted beside his stream in the deep valley; I bless the unregenerate warmth when I stand before Old Crome's Windmill. I recognise that the trees are brown in Gainsborough's pictures of Kew Gardens and St. James' Park, that their foliage tends to grow like ostrich feathers. But, knowing what has been achieved by those who have painted green, and have done what can be done to interpret the appearance of foliage, I also know that few trees are better worth looking at than those which enclose the daughters of George III. in the Mall, and crowd above the head of the Duke of Cumberland in Kew. No merit lies in the fact that a landscape is not brown, that the twigs of bare trees are not generalised, that a chalk cleft is painted the fullest red which sunset can give it, and therewith fails whatever case may be founded on priority.

Pre-Raphaelite Landscape.

The catalogue gives no date for the little piece of landscape by Inchbold. It is quite possible that this "Spring" was a late birth of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit, that it was painted even later than "The Plough." But it is true Pre-Raphaelite work and may stand for the landscape which existed when Walker was still a child, and which was, in the main, done with by 1870. So far as the unconventional recording of nature's actual aspect goes, the later work has no advantage. Twigs had been found worthy by painters before Walker. Indeed it is not in the truth of their record that he and Mason distinguish themselves from their predecessors, and remain unlike their successors. The difference between "The Plough" and "Spring" is to be found in the fact that the one landscape has a sentiment to it and the other has not. To the Pre-Raphaelite, twigs were part of a world so wonderful that nothing would do but to search them out on bended knees: he was too humble to criticise. Had Walker put no figures into his landscape it would still have been sentimental, although it might have been difficult to define where the sentiment came in. As it is, the sentiment with which the landscape is instinct comes to a head in the man who guides the plough, his team, and the boy at their side, and it is exactly the soundness of the sentiment that appears questionable.

Sentiment.

The most natural comparison, perhaps, would be made by instancing Millet; but there are those to whom Millet is not wholly acceptable, and as the object is not comparison so much as the gaining of some secure ground from which to start, let us go back to the indisputable. Among

the less important drawings shown in the Rembrandt Exhibition at Burlington House two years ago, was one of a grandmother, a child, and a mother, hand in hand, and advancing towards the spectator. Looking back upon it one can, in a clumsy fashion, distinguish the really indivisible power of its appeal under three counts. The drawing was, first, every inch a drawing, such a spirited assemblage of lines as comes from a joyous acceptance of the material—paper and a point. But if one imagined the draughtsman often playing with his material for its own sake, one could hardly admire the excellence of the drawing without proceeding to remark the reality of the figures introduced with so acute an economy of line. What is here on paper is so like a grandmother and a mother holding a child between them that it plays a trick upon the spectator's memory—where was it that he met just that group walking down the street? Was there an occasion when he saw it, or is it not rather that he has seen it ever since the world began? Old age has shrunk the grandmother till her head is almost as low as the child's, yet her eyes do not see on a level with his; she plods her way with enough to do without noticing the foolish sight that claims the child's wonder. It is the tall young mother who bends down to attend, pointing meanwhile with her hand. So the picture becomes more than a vivid representation of an accidental group. The draughtsman's hand, in catching to the life the very motions of his persons, cut through and struck out a symbol of three ages. It is no text on which to dilate, being a sermon ready preached, a morality which is only not a lesson because it tells all the truth, raising a question of life's reason and answering it in one breath. Here, indeed, is "the august daily life."

The Artist's Part.

Mason and Walker would also deal with daily life—only they did not find it august. The sight of a man at the plough, or of reapers returning home from work, yielded no truth to their hands. It was for the artist, therefore, to put in the august things which life had not—in other words, to impose upon life a sentiment it does not contain. Work was to be dignified, hence a rounding of the horses' haunches and a diminishing of their heads till they are no longer horses at the plough, hence an ennobling of the ploughman's attitude until he is hardly a man at work. So Mason would ennoble a country idyll. I prefer Grant, who makes no claims at all and meanwhile gives you, not much, it is true, but something. One is inclined to smile at his "Melton Hunt," it is so much of an order, so undecorative, so unlike anything that is admired to-day. Yet it supplies certain small facts for our imagination if we

choose to take them up. There is the distinguished gathering for a happy occasion, there are the restless wagging tails of the hounds, there is the grey weather, and for anyone who has seen a meet these things are—in London at any rate—a pleasant reminder of an activity that means a great deal to those who live in the country. “The Harvest Moon” tells me nothing. And yet I think I must have seen reapers returning through evening fields. I can even, if Mason will be still, fancy I hear a strumming on the fiddle.

De Gustibus . . .

Albert Moore also imposes upon the spectator; but as it is on behalf of his taste, and not any sentiment, that he claims sympathy, one refuses it with less irritation. His “Quartette” is the work of a man who stakes everything upon the soundness of his taste. A pale blue pot with cherry blossom in it against a terra cotta dado is tasteful, a violoncello is a beautiful thing and so is a man’s figure; therefore a combination of all these things must make a beautiful picture. But suppose that the pot is not in good taste, and that terra cotta goes out of fashion, what is left? Taste is dangerous ground on which to build, for no man is infallible and tastes change. And the conjunction of violoncellos and nude figures only succeeds in remaining inappropriate to the verge of impropriety. As for the “Summer Night,” one does not willingly do anything but listen with respect, and some emotion at the confidence, when a man makes so sincere a confession of his likes, and tells over all the things that he thinks are most beautiful.

What the Brush Discovers.

It is safer to like a thing as Leslie liked it, because it is good to paint. That sound reason could hardly have worked with Albert Moore for whom paint was an unattractive, a stiff and chalky medium. Nature may have a thousand blessings in store for the man of taste, but she is not attracted by the artist who says “this jar against that wall is tasteful,” nor does he ask her to reveal any secrets who says “I will ennoble an idyll.” But something of her ineffable breath is with the artist who at sight of her feels for his skilled weapon to use it. So it seems as if the mysteries of colour and line had unfolded themselves somewhat before Leslie, who hardly waits for a cause to be out and at work with his ready weapon, where the secrets of human nature have remained apart from Mason’s noble intention. There is no feeling in Leslie’s “Mother and Child”; but neither did he put into it anything that has gone bad in the course of half a century’s keeping. If one

could see a picture without looking at it, Leslie's "Mother and Child" would have no value, and it is because most people apparently do see pictures without looking, and therefore take a painter at his word when he declares his decorative intention, that it must pass for a paradox to say that the "Mother and Child" is more decorative than "The Harvest Moon" which hangs beside it. Leslie's picture catches the eye across the length of the room as the handsomest patch on the four walls, and the eye returns with relief to the pleasant surface after a journey round the galleries. The one work of genius in the Exhibition is Turner's "Conway Castle," and every inch of that painted canvas, from the castle walls to the anchor in the foreground, is like a jewel, so that at moments it seems hardly to matter where we look in the picture, or what it is about. Indeed it would not be possible to separate the poetry of the light upon the walls from the device of its luminous painting, and the turns of the brush seem to melt into an expression of the physical forces which govern the repose of the anchor on the beach. Mason and Walker are "copying the copy" of truth, or rather are making what they can of its shadow, tampering as best they may with its appearance. Turner's brush carries him through the appearance of things to the "ideas" that underlie them. This is the ideal painting.

In the Water Colour Room hangs the most satisfying picture by Walker—"The Fishmonger's Shop." Here, for a space, at any rate, he was nothing but a painter—the turbot which hangs against the dark inside of the shop is exquisitely luminous—but only for a space. Rembrandt who could, with every mark his hand made, turn up a sentiment, was content to represent at length the carcase of an ox. One little turbot, a quarter of an inch square, is too much for Walker's sense of dignity, and he must pass it off as a joke by putting in a humorous fishmonger and a Randolph Caldecott lady shopping. This English *mauvaise honte*—is it not safer to leave the fishmonger to his fish and the peasant to his labour, and paint the ladies and gentlemen of "The Melton Hunt"?

OSWALD SICKERT.

From
London



Town.

February, 1901.

*G.B.S.'s New Plays**—*The Great Foe, Irrelevance—Egoist v. Dramatist*—"Cæsar and Cleopatra"—*A New Part for Miss Terry—The Old Dialect Difficulty—Ireland and the Comic Drama—Mr. W. B. Yeats' new Poem*†—*Forgael's Eschatology—The Charm of Love Letters*—"*An Englishwoman's Love Letters*"‡—*A Theory as to their Origin.*

G. B. S.'s New Plays. Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Three Plays for Puritans," in spite of perversities that lead to irritation and regret, is by far the most interesting and amusing book of the century. It is also the most various, for it touches on every subject now before the public, includes brilliant essays on the character of Julius Cæsar and the personality of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and probably introduces most of us for the first time to the paradoxical temperament of General Burgoyne. Also, in the meeting of Cæsar and Cleopatra, it provides the reader with one of the most charming pieces of imaginative humour and unexpectedness that he is likely ever to meet with. That it is possible to point to a large number of flaws, the next paragraphs will show; but Mr. Shaw's powers are not thereby impaired, merely clouded.

The Great Foe, Irrelevance. Mr. Shaw's great fault as a playwright seems to me to come from his inability to resist any temptation to raise a laugh or record a private opinion; which is of course a result of self satisfaction, or want of humility. With him, to think of a joke or criticism is to make it; whereas a dramatist who is going

* "*Three Plays for Puritans*," by G. Bernard Shaw. (Richards.)

† "*The Shadowy Waters*," by W. B. Yeats. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

‡ "*An Englishwoman's Love Letters*." (John Murray.)

to hold his audience must, I imagine, reject most of his good things. Mr. Shaw has not the heart to reject anything, not even such poor pantomime fooling as the mispronunciation of a name. In the second act of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" he dares to interrupt dramatic progress and gain a laugh by this wretched device. And the impertinent passage concerning Penny Dreadfuls in the last act of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is permitted to cast a gloom over the joyous movement of the Court Martial. We neither want the interruption nor believe that Drinkwater would have cringed as he did. Again, take this passage from the stage directions to the first act of "Cæsar and Cleopatra"—"The palace, an old, low, Syrian building of whitened mud, is not so ugly as Buckingham Palace; and the officers in the courtyard are more highly civilized than modern English officers; for example, they do not dig up the corpses of their dead enemies and mutilate them, as we dug up Cromwell and the Mahdi." Now these sentiments would be fitting enough in another place; but here they are vexatious. Mr. Shaw is so inveterate a busybody; is so perversely ignorant of the relative importance of the "cackle" and the "'osses."

A dramatist's own opinion, I take it, should be undiscoverable from his stage work. But Mr. Shaw is so much interested in his own opinions, and so convinced that we are also, that this book, instead of being a humble contribution to the literature of the stage, is a huge Confession Album. As it happens, Mr. Shaw is in the main clever enough to make his plays so dramatic and absorbing that his expository mind can be forgotten; but we know, if we stop a moment, that his signature is at the back of every sentiment, in approval or disapproval; just as the back of the statue of the Laocoon at the Vatican is scrawled all over with the pencilled names of sightseers.

The objection to "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is that it is not a play at all. It has a beginning, but no middle and no end. It has at least two acts which have nothing to do with the matter at all—the third and the fifth; one being introduced apparently in order that Cleopatra may be thrown into the sea, and the other that Cæsar may be shown sublimely forgetful of her. As part of a fascinating piece of historical realism (or what we may consider realism if we like—personally, I like to exceedingly), these acts are perfectly right; but as portions of a serious drama, or even a comic drama, they are nothing—merely irrelevant and tiresome. The third act cuts into the story in the most irritating and bewildering way, and the fifth comes as a dull and dispiriting anti-climax to the splendid

melodrama at the close of Act IV. Stripped of these redundancies, and with a brisker and more intelligible second act (omitting that too celeritous and incredible ignition of the Alexandrian library), "Cæsar and Cleopatra" would be as attractive a humorous drama as we have on the stage.

**A Part for
Miss Terry.**

In its present form I know that "The Devil's Disciple" is a good dramatic play, because I have seen it performed. When "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is played on a week day at a theatre that takes money for admittance, I shall, I hope, see that too. With the exception of the opening few minutes (which are, however, not quite so tedious as the opening few minutes of "The Devil's Disciple"), it seems to be a good moving play; and it has one of the most captivating heroines—its only woman part—that I remember. What a chance for a happy actress! I wish that Miss Terry would do it. Miss Compton has a good deal of the required manner, but she lacks the fresh impulsive satisfactions of the character. Miss Terry is full of just such impulses.

**The Old Dialect
Difficulty.**

Mr. Shaw's phonetic spelling of dialect brings the dialect question to a head. The phonetic spelling of the Hooligan pronunciation, in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," kept me from that play for several days. It was like a nightmare. To be confronted by a totally new language is not confusing at all: one simply passes on. But to be offered sentences in which some words are familiar and others are foreign and unknown leads to despair. All dialect in books is hateful; but Mr. Shaw has invented a cockney orthography which is maddening. Surely the case would be met by spelling Drinkwater's words in the ordinary way and stating (Mr. Shaw is fond of directions and finger posts) "Drinkwater's remarks are pronounced in the manner of the London streets." And so with the Scotchman and the American. To be logical—which is what Mr. Shaw seems to wish to be before anything—he should, if he resorts to the device with anyone, write everyone's remarks phonetically, since every one has individualities of pronunciation. As it is, I imagine that most readers will either disregard Drinkwater altogether, or get (as I did) some more zealous reader to paraphrase the opening of the play for them.

**Ireland and the
Comic Drama.**

But when all the fault-finding possible is finished, Mr. Shaw remains a stimulus and delight. He stands absolutely alone. His plays are unflaggingly amusing and suggestive; his wit and imperturbability never fail him; he is never

taken by surprise, never disarmed, never anything but himself. Where do the Irish get this knack of drama, of comedy? "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals,"—without Ireland we should have none of them; nor without Ireland should we have had "The Importance of Being Earnest" and the three volumes of G.B.S. There must be something in the Irish atmosphere. Might it not be a good thing to open an establishment across the Irish Channel where English dramatists could go for a change of air?

**Mr. W. B. Yeats's
New Poem.**

For the completest change possible in dramatic reading turn from Mr. Shaw's glittering exposures of workaday mental processes to Mr. W. B. Yeats' dreamy fantasy "The Shadowy Waters." This is Mr. Yeats at his most wistful, most remote. More even than with Maeterlinck does his poem give the impression of tragedy seen through a mist; it is as though a pearl-grey cloud rose between ourselves and this sorrowful, unsatisfied seafarer, or as if we watched the action in a mirror of beaten silver. The story is of Forgael, the voyager, another seeker of the ideal. With him is Aibric, who believes in compromise, in the happy mean; and certain sailors, who in brown ale find the answer to any questionings of their own; three main types of men. For the rest of the allegory, and for Dectora, the Lochlann queen, the book must be sought.

**Forgael's
Eschatology.**

I am neither competent nor desirous to criticise Mr. Yeats. The pleasure of quoting him is far more alluring. This is a speech of Forgael at the outset:

"I have good pilots, Aibric. When men die
They are changed and as grey birds fly out to sea,
And I have heard them call from wind to wind
How all that die are borne about the world
In the cold streams, and wake to their desire,
It may be, before the winds of birth have waked;
Upon clear nights they leave the upper air
And fly among the foam."

A little later comes the fight with the Lochlann galley, in which men are killed. Forgael takes no part in the attack, but leans over the bulwark and muses. Suddenly he speaks; and to the reader that is at all in Mr. Yeats' power there is something—remembering the passage that has gone before—startlingly and frighteningly uncanny in these first words:—

"A grey bird has flown by. He has flown upward.
He hovers above the mast and waits his kind ;
When all gather they will fly upon their way.
I shall find out if I have lost my way
Among these misty waters. Two! Now four!
Now four together! I shall hear their words
If I go nearer to the windward side,
For there are sudden voices in my ears.

(He goes to the right bulwark.)

"Two hover there together, and one says,
'How light we are now we are changed to birds!'
And the other answers, 'Maybe we shall find
Our hearts' desire now that we are so light.'
And then one asks another how he died,
And says, 'A sword-blade pierced me in my sleep.'
And now they all wheel suddenly and fly
To the other side and higher in the air.

(He crosses over to the other bulwark.)

"They are still waiting; and now the laggard comes,
And she cries out, 'I have fled to my beloved
In the waste air. I will wander by his side
Among the windy meadows of the dawn.'
They have flown away together."

**No Law
for all Poets alike.**

Mr. Yeats often offers a difficulty of metre to a reader who possesses less resourcefulness than he in the art of distributing stress. But one does not resent it in the way that one resents liberties of the same kind in another poet—Mr. Stephen Phillips, for example, as I said last month. Which is another indication that one poet may steal a horse where another may not look over a hedge. Mr. Yeats' title, by the way, runs through the book in a curiously penetrating way. We are on shadowy waters throughout: the haze never lifts, the cool, grey mist envelopes, not only Forgael and Dectora, Aibric and the sailors, but the reader also. It is a beautifully tranquillising poem—so soothingly does Mr. Yeats' Muse run her long fingers through one's hair.

**The Charm of
Love Letters.**

La Rochefoucauld has a saying to the effect that many persons would never be in love themselves if they had not heard of the love of others; and I fancy that this remark accounts for much of the vogue of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which is the book of the hour on both sides of the Atlantic. Not only are they interesting to people who already are in love, but

people who want to be in love find them pleasantly stimulating. People also who have been in love find a melancholy joy in recalling the old raptures. Under the influence of this book I suspect that thousands of young men who neither anticipated nor deserved such an honour are at this moment being addressed as Beloved.

**"An Englishwoman's
Love Letters."**

Had it not been for my Editor's instructions I should probably never have read the Letters at all, for such a title is to me a deterrent rather than an invitation. And now that I have read them I am just where I was. They have never for an instant carried me away, never communicated their emotion: a defect, I think, principally due to their literariness. Before real feeling can be touched there must be simplicity: and simplicity is lacking to this book. I could not help now and then contrasting it with the beautiful self-effacement of Margaret of Newcastle, in her eulogy of her husband, where he is everything and the woman who loved him is nought. In these letters there is talk enough of the woman's unworthiness beside her Beloved, but it never goes beyond talk. Her self-conscious charm is always on exhibition the while. I do not mention this as any defect in her character—indeed she is, I think, in many ways attractive—but merely as one of the reasons why I cannot share her emotion. When she is critical or descriptive she is far more interesting (although always too self-conscious) than in her rhapsodical passages; and her verse is excellent. That little poem about Squinancy-wort—putting the maligned flower's case—is, if her own, as I suspect, a thing to be more proud of than the bulk of the book.

**A Theory as to
their Origin.**

The authorship is, as I write, still a mystery, and so far as it interests me it can continue a mystery until all secrets are known. My own feeling is that the book is the work of a capable man who has prepared himself for the task by thinking woman steadily. His gift of mystification is considerable—but that is, of course, not a great gift; and had he thought a little more he might have done still better. He would have omitted, for instance, the reference to the Life of Tennyson in a letter which purports to have been written many years ago. And he would have simplified and aged the style, which is throughout very much the style of the last decade: a style that, without Stevenson, would never have been quite what it is. Another blemish upon the deception (I am assuming my theory a correct one) is the suggested age of the writer. It is impossible to believe that these letters, with all their mellow self-conscious literary artifice—and very capable artifice too—are the work of

LITERARY LETTER.

a country girl of twenty-one and twenty-two. Of course the author has good reason for this number, since half the interest of a love story evaporates if the heroine is much older than that; but it injures his illusion. In spite of these flaws the work, if my conjecture as to male origin is right, is a brilliant *tour de force*. And if my conjecture is wrong, and the letters are really genuine—are really the work of a girl of twenty-one and twenty-two who is now dead of a broken heart—why then we have lost a very promising writer. But I cannot believe so. I plump for a male author—possibly a cousin of Karl Baedeker, the guide book man.

E. V. LUCAS.



[This tailpiece is a facsimile of a woodcut from the *London Post* newspaper, Jan., 1867.]



PROFESSOR JOSEPH WRIGHT AND THE CHAIR OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY AT OXFORD.

We should like to congratulate Professor Wright (a Yorkshireman by birth) on his elevation to the Professorship of Comparative Philology at Oxford in succession to the late Professor Max Müller.

We happen to know something of the immense labour and the assiduous scholarship that have been expended upon that great undertaking, the English Dialect Dictionary, some of our own contributors having lent their assistance in the reading and "slipping" of dialectal raw material, and we may perhaps express the pious hope that some of our own forthcoming essays on, and vignettes in, the various northern dialects may be of use before that monumental work reaches its final completion. It is said that 70,000 words will be contained in the Dictionary when completed, and when we remember that Dr. Wright, the Editor, has by his own application and unaided talents, raised himself from the factory to the professorial chair at Oxford, we must add to our congratulations on his success admiration for his splendid industry.

FORTHCOMING ARTICLES.

As with this number we are completing our first volume*, our readers will perhaps like to have some information as to the probable contents of the next or succeeding volumes. In addition then to our series of Famous Northern Regiments, by Mr. Walter Wood; Northern Legends by Mr. W. W. Gibson; and the London Art and Literary

* Our publishers, Messrs. Andrew Reid & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Elliot Stock, London, will supply reading cases for the MAGAZINE at 1s. 6d., and will also undertake to bind each volume at the most reasonable rates.

Letters by our present accomplished critics, there will be papers on the Folklore and Dialects of the Northern Counties by various authorities; on the "Statesmen of West Cumberland," by the Dean of Durham; on "Tullie House, Carlisle," "The Last King of York," and "The Gosforth Cross," by the President of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society (Mr. W. G. Collingwood); "Flodden Field" and "William Pearson of Borderside," by Canon Rawnsley; a play (scene laid in Lancashire) by Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis); "Roman Northumbria," by Doctor Hodgkin; "Caedmon," by Professor Duff; "On Birds," by Sir Edward Grey; while short stories by Miss M. E. Coleridge, J. S. Fletcher, P. Anderson Graham, Murray Gilchrist, H. S. Merriman, and other writers of note will also appear in our pages. Also, a Jacobite Song by Mr. Andrew Lang, an illustrated account of Skye, Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald by Rev. R. C. Macleod, and a paper on Fishing by Mr. J. W. Pease.

Other articles, including a paper on Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver, and on John Hancock, the famous naturalist, are either in hand or in course of preparation.

NORTH COUNTRY BOOK COLUMN.

(NORTH COUNTRY BOOKS — NORTH COUNTRY WRITERS.)*

KIRKBY KENDAL.†

Popular nomenclature, following the line of least resistance, omits and alters, transposes and disguises place-names at its own sweet will. It retains the last word in Kingston upon Hull, turns Plymouth Dock into Devonport, snips the shuddering "ugh" from Middlesbrough, suppresses the "up" in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and filches the foreword from Kirkby Kendal. Charters may create, Acts of Parliament ratify, and seals and badges confirm, but the popular voice, firm in its omnipotence, derides, ignores and defies.

Against this restrictive tendency in the case of Kirkby Kendal, Mr. John F. Curwen, local architect and author, unsheaths his pen. He has published a goodly quarto, entitled "Kirkbie Kendall: Fragments Collected relating to its Ancient Streets and Yards, Church and Castle, Houses and Inns;" in which he pleads for the restoration of the full

* Owing to pressure on our space sundry reviews have had to be held over. Ed.
NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

† "Kirkby-Kendal," by John F. Curwen, F.R.I.B.A. (Kendal: T. Wilson. 1900.)

name, every bit of it, with three "k's," two "l's," an "i" and an "e," as in former times it used to be. Why should Stephen and Lonsdale, Ravensworth and Thore, not to mention Fleetham and Overblow, retain their Kirkby, while only plain Kendal designates the home of brown snuff and perennial rain? Why this lopsidedness? Why indeed? A mild suggestion that the old style and title contains too many "k's" for comfortable articulation in a land of lakes and beckes would be scouted from Kirkby Kendal to Keswick, from Crosscrake to Wicker-slack, and back again.

Let Kendal look to it, and copy Curwen's example! For this is an exclusively Kendal book, written for Kendal folk, by a Kendal man, and, as the list of subscribers testifies, has been well received by the Kendal community. It is not, however, a history of the town, but rather a perambulating survey of streets, houses, and public buildings. In a preface that eschews punctiliousness in grammar, the author tells us that the object of the book "is to primarily deal with the town's buildings alone, and with the lives and stories directly connected with them . . . an attempt to bring together the information that I have been able to glean of the history, romance, and legend that is in danger of being forgotten; and to so arrange it, not chronologically, but in the order as the houses range themselves along our streets."

Redeeming this promise the writer, note book and sketch book in hand, conducts the reader through the picturesque and rambling thoroughfares of his native town. Stopping at all the inns (there are a hundred and twenty-seven of them, past and present, in the index), visiting the gabled shops and houses, and exploring quaint old courts and alleys, he describes their peculiarities, the uses to which they have been put, and the characters—if they had any—of the people who lived in them. Thus going to and fro in the town, and up and down in it, he discourses merrily of ancient manners and customs, reviving, as he jogs along, faded memories of brutal sports, as bull-baiting and cock-fighting, old time punishments in stocks and branks, pillory and cuck-stool, cumbersome locomotion on packhorse, waggon and coach, and domestic difficulties with tallow candle and tinderbox.

Mr. Curwen's volume is profusely illustrated with sketches of nooks and corners, by-streets and back-yards, but possesses the added charm of inset blocks reproducing in facsimile municipal proclamations, election squibs, old coaching bills, broadsides and mural literature generally. To a native of Kendal—or rather, Kirkbie Kendall—and those who know their Kendal well, this book must be delightful reading.

RICHARD WELFORD.

"SPEED THE HERALDS AWAY."

The Queen is gone forth!
Speed the heralds away,
East, West, South, and North,
Over headland and bay
To the watch-towers of Winter and Summer, the outposts of
Darkness and Day.

From the Lands of the Bush and the Prairie your sentinel bugles blow!
From the shores of the great Wind-drift to the edge of the Arctic floe,
From the ice-furrowed steppes of Pamere to the Island of coral and
palms;
Commonwealth, Empire, Dominion! sworn brothers and comrades in
arms!

Stand up! free sons of freemen;
And give the last salute!
She sowed the seed of Freedom,
And she shall reap the fruit,
The homage of the roving race that loved her very name,
The omen of their victories, the echo of their fame!

What, though the stars in mist and cloud
Were sinking one by one,
The Ship adrift in seas unknown,
And many a landmark gone?—
Across the storms of sixty years
Her beacon-light had shone!

She watched the war of wind and wave with clear and steadfast eyes,
Calm with the calm of one who sees the blue of upper skies;
And kept her track through the flying wrack of the tempest undismayed,
Swaying the tide of her people's love as the Ocean-tides are swayed.

We give the love we gave her
To him who loved her more,
Who holds the orb and sceptre,
And wears the crown she wore.
—Queen of our hearts! with trembling lips
We bid farewell to thee!
We hear thy roaring battle-ships
Across the shining sea:
And every hill and valley
That hears the challenge ring:
“God and my Right”: makes answer:
“God save our Lord the King!”

’Twixt flashing fort and pealing tower
Bring on thy warrior-train,
Who never fought for lust of power
Or bore the sword in vain!
—Roll of drum, and measured tread!
Let the martial music play:
Soldier’s daughter! go thy way—
England’s living voices round thee,
English hearts in triumph led—
Happy, glorious,
And victorious,
To the King of kings Who crowned thee,
And the Home of England’s Dead!

PERCY.

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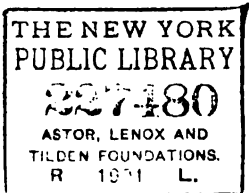
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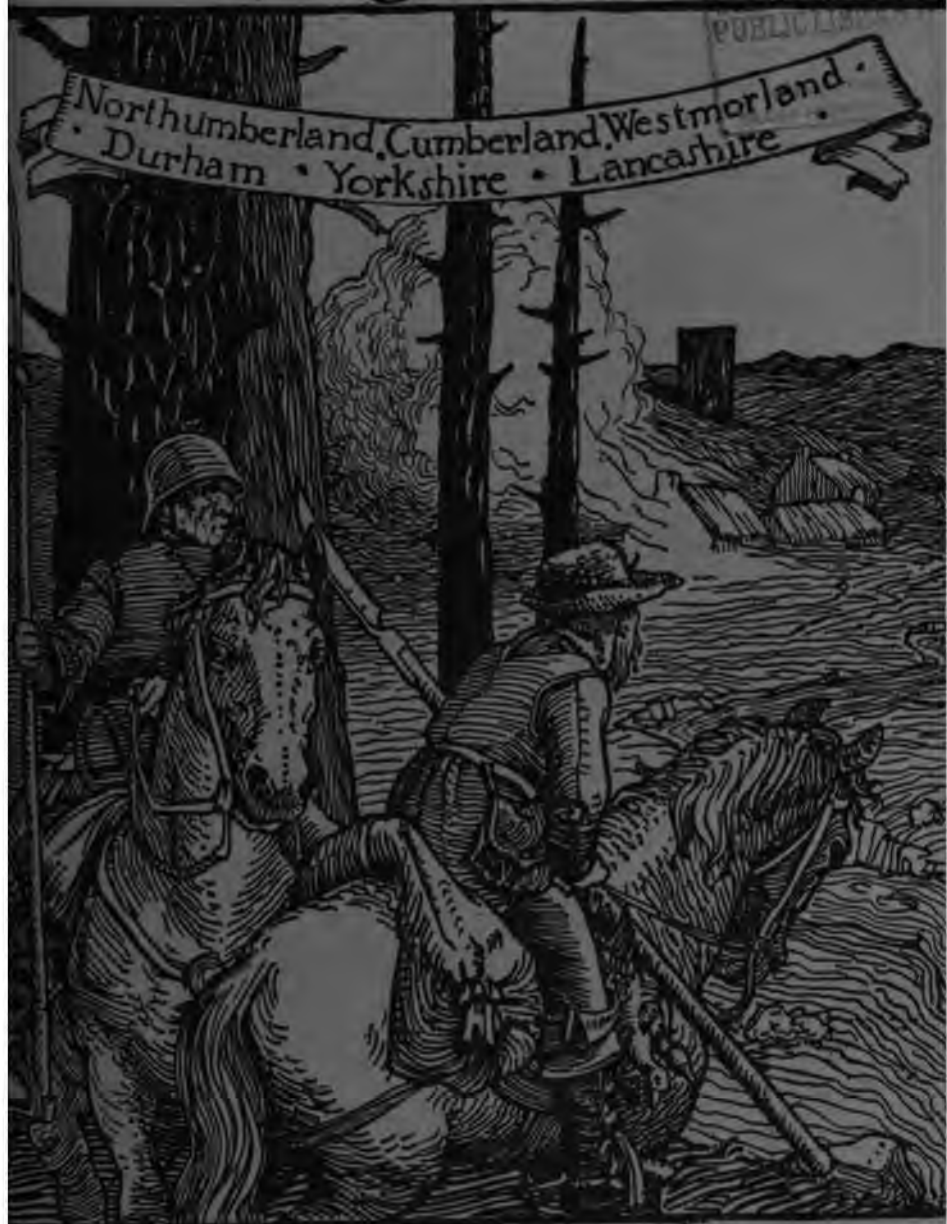
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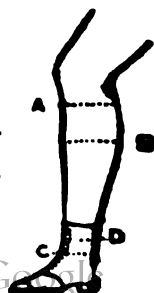
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BERNARD GILPIN.

1517-1584.

Here in the high-towered hall beneath the hill,
 Within this Strength, to his boy's strength he grew,
 No other strangers in the vale he knew
 Than winter snow or spring-tide daffodil.
 God spake unto his heart where all was still,
 And when he climbed Pengerret's crag of view
 Up like the circling glede his young soul flew
 In wider worlds to do his Father's will.

So in a time of fierce confederate storm
 Ripe scholar, saintly leader, he went forth;
 Armed with God's truth and careless of all place
 He dared the wrath of Church and Queen to face;
 Impassioned prophet, hero of reform,
 The conscience-crowned apostle of the North.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

The

Northern Counties Magazine.

April, 1901.

Y. 2.

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS. ✓

III.—THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

There are many things that mark the fine old Twentieth Foot as a famous Northern corps. That regiment—now the Lancashire Fusiliers—is one of the oldest in the Army; it is believed to be the only British regiment that marched into Sebastopol with band playing and colours flying; it was the first British regiment to see active service in Japan,



THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

and it was by twelve grenadiers of the Twentieth that the body of Napoleon was borne to his grave in St. Helena. As interesting as any of these distinctions is a wonderful little volume entitled "Orders, Memoirs, Anecdotes, etc., connected with the Twentieth Regiment,

printed at the 'Minden Press,' by Frederick Watkins Barlow, Lieutenant, Second Battalion, XX. Regiment, MDCCCLXVIII." Of this book only one hundred copies were printed, solely for private circulation. It was a great undertaking for the industrious craftsman who accomplished the task—obviously single-handed and as a labour of love—for a curious label is attached to the cover stating that "This book contains 70,209 letters, 3,700 sheets in the hundred copies, and took forty-eight days to print." Judging from the appearance of the volume the "Minden Press" was a private regimental press, named after the great victory which gives to the Twentieth the first of their battle-honours and the nickname of the "Minden Boys." Of these presses many have come into existence in British regiments throughout the world. For the most part they have been employed in producing the regimental journal, of which there are now many in existence. Several of these publications have outgrown their regimental resources, and are now issued by general printing firms. The *St. George's Gazette* may be instanced—the organ of the Northumberland Fusiliers, one of the very best regimental journals in existence, and one of the oldest—nearly the oldest. It should be a matter of pride to the Northern counties that one of their regiments is able to make this claim to distinction in military journalism.

The Lancashire Fusiliers came into existence three years later than the West Yorkshire Regiment—that is to say, in 1688; and like that and several other regiments, owed their origin to Monmouth's Rebellion. On November 5th, 1688, the Prince of Orange landed on the coast of Devonshire with a Dutch Army, in response to the appeal that he should come and help to crush the tyranny of James II. Marching to Exeter the Prince was joined by large numbers of all classes of society. Amongst those who joined his standard and to whom he issued commissions, was Sir Robert Peyton. Peyton's regiment became known as the East Devonshire, later as the Twentieth Foot, and eventually, under the territorial system, as the Lancashire Fusiliers. Throughout the whole of its career this regiment has been famed for its steadiness in battle and its general devotion to duty. From time to time it has attained an exceptional standard of discipline and behaviour—at no time more so than when it was controlled by Wolfe, of glorious memory.

In view of what has been written in preceding articles concerning the achievements in the earlier years of their existence of the Liverpool and West Yorkshire Regiments, it will not be necessary to treat in any detail of the very opening of the life of the Twentieth. There was the campaign in Ireland under King William III., and subsequent duty in that unhappy country for ten years—from 1692 until 1702, when war was declared with France and Spain. Marlborough was appointed to

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

the command of the British, Dutch and auxiliary troops; but the regiment was not to share in his famous victories. Instead of going to Holland to help the Dutch to resist the French advance against their frontiers the Twentieth sailed from Ireland to the Isle of Wight to join the expedition which the British Government had resolved to send against the port and city of Cadiz. This was in June, 1702; and it is interesting to note that the regiment embarked in four transports—one hundred and four men on board the "Berwick," one hundred and fifty-three on board the "James and Sarah," one hundred and fifty-one on board the "Friend's Adventure," and two hundred and one on board the "Nicholas"—a total of six hundred and nine men. The expedition was not a brilliant success. Admiral Rooke commanded the fleet and the Duke of Ormond the troops. Reaching Cadiz in the middle of August a landing was effected and a considerable success gained over the Spaniards; but Cadiz was found to be much stronger and better garrisoned than had been expected, and accordingly the soldiers returned to the ships. In this expedition the regiment shared in the capture of the Spanish treasure ships in Vigo Bay. That in itself was a notable feature of the undertaking from the regiment's point of view; another was that one of the soldiers of the detachment which had embarked on the "Nicholas" proved to be a woman. Concerning her, however, we have to be content with much less detail than has been preserved concerning the celebrated Phœbe Hessel, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who, after seeing much hard campaigning, retired into private life, and died at Brighton on December 12th, 1821, at the great age of one hundred and eight years.

One of the chief glories of the Twentieth must always be its close association with one of our most famous and beloved generals—Wolfe; just as one of the greatest of the glories of another Northern regiment—the West Riding, old 33rd Foot—is its connection with the great duke—Wellington, whose name it bears. Wolfe exercised a very lasting influence over the regiment. On December 15th, 1755, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, then commanding the Twentieth, issued some "instructions for the XX. Regiment (in case the French land)" which contain many quaint and stern paragraphs. Any officer or soldier who, on any pretext, threw away his arms in action, was warned that he must expect to be tried by a general court-martial for the crime. If a sergeant left his platoon, or did not take upon himself the immediate command of it in case his officer fell, he was to be "tried for his life" as soon as a court-martial could be conveniently assembled. A slight wound was no excuse for leaving a platoon or abandoning the colours, and Wolfe impressed upon the regiment that so long as a man could do his duty,

and could stand and hold his arms, it was infamous to retire. The battalion was not to halloo or cry out upon any account whatsoever, although the rest of the troops should do it, until they were ordered to charge with their bayonets; in that case, and when they were on the point of rushing upon the enemy, they were at liberty to "give a warlike shout and rush in." Swift punishment was to meet a man who showed any signs of cowardice or disobedience.—"A soldier who takes his musket off his shoulder, and pretends to begin the battle without orders, will be put to death that instant:—the cowardice or irregular proceedings of one man is not to put the whole in danger." "A soldier that quits his rank, or offers to fly, is to be instantly put to death by the officer that commands that platoon, or by the officer or sergeant in the rear of that platoon; a soldier does not deserve to live who will not fight for his King and country." "If a non-commissioned officer or private man is missing after an action, and joins his company afterwards unhurt, he will be reputed a coward and a fugitive, and will be tried for his life." "The death of an officer commanding a company or platoon, shall be no excuse for the confusion or misbehaviour of that platoon;—for while there is an officer or non-commissioned officer left alive to command, no man is to abandon his colours and betray his country."

Wolfe, to whom the Twentieth owed so much of its fame at that time, lived only four years longer. His rise in his profession was exceptionally rapid. In January, 1758, he was appointed brigadier-general in America, being then only thirty-two years of age. On his return to England he was given the command of the important expedition against Quebec, with the local rank of major-general. The repulse he sustained near the Montmorenci Falls on July 31st, 1759, convinced him of the need of greater efforts, and he conceived the plan of drawing the French from their unassailable position by scaling the Heights of Abraham. How he died is known to every English schoolboy. He was first wounded in the hand, but of this he took no heed, binding up the hurt in a handkerchief, and encouraging his men to advance. Soon afterwards he was shot in the abdomen; but still he refused to leave his post, and not until a third, and a mortal, bullet in the breast forced him to sink did he allow himself to be carried to the rear. With his wounds telling heavily upon him he begged one who was near to support him, so that he could see how the battle went. But approaching death had dimmed his sight, and he could not tell how the struggle favoured him. A cry of "They run! They run!" raised him from a faint. "Who run?" he demanded eagerly; and he was told the French, and that they were defeated. "Then I thank God, and die contented!" he exclaimed, and almost instantly expired. The body of Wolfe was

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

brought to Portsmouth, and at night on November 20th, 1759, was buried in the family vault at Greenwich. There is at Westminster Abbey a handsome monument to his memory.

To the memory of their late commanding officer, Major-General



"THE XXTH. ERECTED A MONUMENT."

Ross, who had been their lieutenant-colonel, the Twentieth erected a monument in the new church of Ross Trevor, in the north of Ireland. A long and flamboyant inscription, from the pen, it is believed, of Preston Fitzgerald, author of *Spain Delivered*, was put on the tablet of

the sarcophagus. The inscription contained the following:—"When called from the conclusion of one war to effect the object of another, he passed from the shores of France, to those of America, invested with a distinguished command. The choice of his Prince and the confidence of his country were amply justified, by the victory of Bladensburg and the fall of Washington: which wresting from an enemy of superior force, the capital of his states; compelled him to witness, in the heart of his territory, the humiliation of an arrogant policy, and the just vengeance of a mighty Nation."

Of the regiment's association with Bonaparte a very interesting and authentic story is told. While the Twentieth were serving at St. Helena the regimental surgeon, Archibald Arnott, was called in during the emperor's last illness, and remained in constant attendance till death. On one occasion, when urging the patient to take medicine, he said, "You must, sire." Instantly Napoleon replied, "Oh! Doctor, that is the way I suppose you deal with sick men in hospital. You should be kind to them, for there are no better soldiers in the world. Now I am on the subject I will make a present to your regiment, and I don't think I can send one more acceptable than the life of one of your greatest generals." Calling a servant to bring the books—Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*—he said he hoped the officers of the regiment would receive, and place the books in their library as a present from him, at the same time writing his name in them.

Astonishing as it may seem to us in these days, the Governor of the Island, Sir Hudson Lowe, objected to the regiment receiving the volumes, unless the Imperial title was torn out. No doubt believing that such a mutilation was as needless as it was destructive of all interest and value in the books, they were sent to England for the opinion of H.R.H. the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief. With excellent tact and taste he returned the books in their original condition, remarking that such a gift from Napoleon Bonaparte to a British regiment was most gratifying to him, that the safe detention of Napoleon was a sufficient testimony that the regiment had done its duty, and that the presentation of the books was a flattering and satisfactory acknowledgment that a delicate and difficult duty had been performed in a generous and gentlemanly spirit.

A distinguished soldier of the Twentieth was Private Andrew Robb. He enlisted at Preston in 1798, and was present at all the battles and campaigns which were inscribed on the regimental colours from that date to 1847. These were ten in number, beginning with Egmont-op-zee and ending with the Peninsula. Robb went to St. Helena with the Twentieth in 1819, whence the Twentieth relieved the 66th in

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

the custody of Bonaparte; and he was one of the funeral party at the burial of the fallen monarch in May, 1821. On his discharge from the regiment Robb was placed, as a trusty soldier, in charge of the monument erected at Ross Trevor, North Ireland, to the memory of his former commanding officer, Major-General Ross, who defeated the Americans at Bladensburg, and was killed in the attack on Baltimore, September 12th. 1814.

Even more wonderful is the record of James Simpson, who died at Kinaldie, in the parish of Old Deer, Scotland, on December 21st, 1822. He served in the Twentieth, under the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, throughout the Continental wars, and although he was present at thirty-nine engagements yet he was never wounded. In the battle of Minden, of ten men who belonged to the tent with him, seven were killed, and two wounded, while Simpson escaped unhurt. The old veteran enjoyed good health, and the use of every faculty, to the day before his death.

In his most interesting and valuable little book—particularly valuable in view of the comparative dearth of works relating specially to the regiment—Lieutenant Barlow gave a summary of the principal battles and sieges in which the Twentieth had been engaged up to the time of the publication of the volume. He dealt only with the honours then borne upon the colours—sixteen, beginning with “Minden” and ending with “Lucknow.”

(To be continued.)

WALTER WOOD.



THE XXTH.'S COLOURS.



A CUMBRIAN STATESMAN'S (ELIZABETHAN) HOME.

THE STATESMEN OF WEST CUMBERLAND.*

The author of the "Annals of a Quiet Valley" is fully justified when he says that the Statesmen of the Dales are "one of the most interesting classes in the North—the race of yeomen or Statesmen, a remnant only of which remains"; nor is he wrong when he adds that "the history of the Northern yeoman has yet to be written"; for it is very difficult to gather much about this most characteristic group of independent farmers. They tilled their own land; it was freehold, and, if tradition, speaks true, a customary freeholder has owned each of these little estates from time immemorial.

We hear much lament over the extinction of the small farmers and the Statesmen; their independence, their sturdy battle with nature, their simplicity and traditional loyalty. They have passed away so rapidly, that in a few generations it will not be possible to gain a clear idea of their characteristic life. Let us, while we can, try to secure a view of the position, customs, manner of life, and set of opinions of these ancient Freemen of Cumberland. We want all to bring the

* The Dean of Durham has a good right to make this subject his own, for he comes of Statesman's blood. We believe that two farms in Gosforth, and one in Bootle, in Cumberland, are connected with his name. One of these, in fact, is still owned by a Miss Kitchen, who lives in Whitehaven. Both of his parents, again, were of Cumbrian stock.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

THE STATESMEN OF WEST CUMBERLAND.

people back to the land; and yet we see, unmoved, the disappearance of this most remarkable farmer-class in the country; men who with Tory instincts usually voted Whig, who were sturdy Democrats and natural Conservatives. They answer nearly to the free farmers of Switzerland and Norway, and keep alive, as these men also do, the love of liberty and simple independence, grown in the blood of men in mountain regions.

We must begin by enquiring, first what are the geographical limits within which we find this body of Statesmen? and next, what is the origin of this special use of the term? It certainly is not understood in this northern meaning away from the little farms to which it specially belongs. The word can so be applied only in the north-western counties of England. It does not cross over into Scotland; we do not find it in Northumberland; in the Durham moorland the corresponding class of farmers are usually styled "Lairds." The Statesmen are chiefly to be met with in the cultivated lands of west Cumberland, the true home of these men. The land between the fells and the sea is their ancient stronghold: there are still some of them in North Lancashire, in the Ulpha Valley, and down the coast towards Lancaster; they remain still about Penrith, and up the line of the North Western Railway; there are still some in Westmorland; and the slopes of the mountains which form the north-west angle of West Riding, the valley of Dent and other valleys similarly placed, have always provided a goodly band of manful farmers, tilling their own freeholds. In the rest of Yorkshire, where the people are so stalwart and independent, one might have expected to find many of them on the moors and fells: on the contrary, they do not appear to be there at all as Statesmen: the characteristic name seems entirely unknown.

These then are the fairly marked geographical outlines of the class: we must next consider their name of Statesman. At first, tempted by the fact that this peculiar use of the term was limited to the most Scandinavian part of the island, one hoped that it might have come from a name akin to the Icelandic compound, *Stadr-mann*, which Dr. Vigfusson gives as the name for "a possessor of a freehold church-property in Iceland"; so connecting it with the Icelandic *stadr*, an abode, a bit of freehold property. There is, however, no evidence for this; and what we know of the use of the word is against such an origin. Through the kindness of Dr. Murray, editor in chief of the magnificent English Dictionary, I have seen the slips containing this use of the word "Statesman." I learn from these that the word in this sense does not appear in literature before the beginning of the nineteenth century: before 1800, it existed only in popular usage, as no doubt it did for

ages before anyone thought it worthy of a place in print. The earliest example of it we find in the *Annals of Balliston*,* by Mary Leadbeater, published in 1813. She says "Thomas Wilkinson who is a Statesman, which means in Cumberland phrase one who owns the fee simple of his land, but works on it himself"; which is a clear statement of the word with a correct definition of the local usage of it. Good Bishop Wilson, speaking of his ancestors, says, "They, so far as I can trace them, have neither been hewers of wood nor drawers of water, but tillers of their own ground—in the idiom of the country—Statesmen." And Wordsworth says, in his "*Scenery of the Lakes*," published in 1823, "the family of each man, whether *estatesman* or farmer, formerly had a twofold support"; and he adds, "the lands of the *estatesman* being mortgaged . . . fell into the hands of wealthy purchasers"; so that the evil was already working. De Quincey† says "A 'Statesman, elliptically for an Estatesman, a native dalesman, possessing and personally cultivating a patrimonial landed estate." And so great an authority as Sir Bernard Burke‡ writes, "The Statesmen, the peculiar name given to those who live on and cultivate their own estates, being probably a corruption or abbreviation of the compound estates-man." So that we may safely accept this as the origin of the term; though it is not an abbreviation, with initial "e" lopped off. Though the use of the word cannot be traced back beyond the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was an ancient legal phrase which goes to shew that the technical word was not "estate" but "state." Down to the middle of the sixteenth century the proper phrase in will-making was to "make a state" to a man and his heirs; and the inheritor of one of these Cumberland farms would therefore naturally be styled a "states-man."

Looking back for centuries we find Fortescue in his "*De laudibus Angliæ*" (c. xxix) contrasting England, as he knew it, with the kingdoms on the mainland, and pointing out that this country was notable for the larger number of small landowners. For in this country, as Waterhouse says "the yeoman and country Corydon is a great proprietor of land"; and he boasts that "only with us are men of the plough men of estate" (p. 391). This is the ancient and admirable condition from which we have now so unhappily fallen. Before passing from this branch of the subject let us record an early reference to this class of freeholders (though the special name is not used) in a letter addressed by Mr. Ritter to Lord Burghley in 1589. "These people," he says "situate among wild

* *Annals of Balliston*, i. p. 128.

† Works, vol. ii., *Autobiographical Sketches*, p. 192, and Note A. A.D. 1853.

‡ *Views of Families*, Second Series, p. 151. A.D. 1860.

mountains and savage fells, are generally affected to religion, quiet and industrious, equall with Hallyfax in this, excelling them in civility and temper of lyfe, as well as in abstaining from drink as from other excesses." And Mr. Ritter adds that these farmers are "customary tenants," holding, he says, direct from the Crown.

It would be beyond me to enter upon the difficult questions of tenure which face any one who hopes, without any sure legal or literary authority, to place our Statesmen in a class by themselves. Blackstone's definition for Yeoman, "that he hath freeland of 40s. by the year; who was anciently qualified to serve on juries; vote for knights of the shire; and do any other act where the law requires one that is '*probus et legalis homo*,'" answers exactly to our Cumberland Statesmen. These independent farmers with their well-marked qualities of persistence, industry, and suspicion, due to their retired position, are worth careful study. They represent a dying class, crushed out of life by the power of wealth, or allured away into a wider field of life and advancement. We must study them now: ere long there will be none of them left for the student.

The tenure of these men may be traced back to high antiquity, though perhaps, through lack of documentary evidence, it would be hard to prove it. There are some Statesmen who claim that their ancestors tilled the same land before the Norman Conquest; such were the Fletchers of Wasdale, who parted with their ancestral home only a very few years ago. And the Oliversons of Goosnargh also claimed great antiquity for their farm. This might indicate the handing down to our time of some part at least of that complete independence of tenure which was enjoyed by the land-holder in Anglo-Saxon times; or it might only mean that that these yeomen with their small holdings of toft and croft had been at some time enfranchised villeins, raised in this way either for some service performed, or, more usually, with a view to securing for the chief lord a trustworthy band of fighting men in troubled days. This need begot many freeholders or "tenants in socage, or possibly tenants in large honours and jurisdictions, customary tenants, that is, transmitting their estates by copy of Court Roll."*

Such a growth of freeholders would naturally be most vigorous in the Marches, where the land was specially liable to attack. Cumberland, all down the Strath Clyde side of it, was just such a district; there was a

* From a letter from Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, at the end of which, with commendable caution, he adds, "But extremely exact local knowledge is indispensable, and that I have not got."

frontier difficult to protect against the Scots, and a long low sea coast, on which an enemy might land anywhere. Thus everything tended towards the growth of local independence; and towards the multiplication of small freehold farms, each with a stout man and his sons to defend it. In this way there grew up a landed middle class, holding lands under a kind of military tenure. When the pressure of danger of war died out, and security followed, these farmers continued as freeholders, with practically no service to perform, paying rent to no man, and enjoying an absolutely independent life. The Statesmen were formerly very numerous in Cumberland, and held together very closely; there was very little difference in position; in many parishes the "priest" and the schoolmaster formed a kind of upper class of two; though even with them the lines of distinction were exceedingly faint. "In one such district," Mr. Parker, of Park Nook, writes, "it was said that it had had within the memory of man no pauper in the parish, and no gentleman except the clergyman and the schoolmaster: there the richest was poor and the poorest had abundance." A testimony which unfortunately cannot now be borne of any part of England.

We are told that at the beginning of the late century there were about seven thousand Statesmen in Cumberland,* their vote was decisive; it is pleasant to think that it often was cast in favour of such measures as that for the abolition of slavery.

In former days there were many "sma' men" reckoned among the Statesmen, men who tilled less than twenty acres; Parson and White in their introduction say that "the yeomanry, who are here called *Statesmen*, are very numerous and most of them occupy small estates of their own, with from ten to fifty pounds a year, being either freehold, or held of the lord of the manor, by customary tenure, which differs but little from that by copyhold or copy of Court Roll." . . . "They live meanly and labour hard, and many of them in the vicinity of Kendal, Carlisle, and other manufacturing towns, busy themselves in weaving stuffs, calico, etc., to make up a comfortable subsistence for their families." In addition to their home farms, which lay mainly in the arable and pasture districts of the dales, they usually had large rights of free pasture on the fells, for as many as five or six hundred sheep; sometimes even more than this. The work was mostly done by the family—the Statesman, his wife, sons and daughters. Their life was almost as penurious as that of a French peasant farmer, though in other respects it was happier; for the Statesman had no need to hide away his hard-won

* So say Parson and White in their *History and Directory of Cumberland*, p. 26, 1829.

THE STATESMEN OF WEST CUMBERLAND.

savings; he need not dress in rags, as the Frenchman thought it prudent to do, lest he should be suspected of wealth; nor would he think a family of above three children a bit of culpable extravagance. On the contrary, fortunate was the Cumberland man, if he had a goodly family growing up around his table: he had plenty of work to give them all, sons or daughters; one observer grows quite romantic over the rough work done by the girls: "it is painful to one who has in his composition the smallest spark of knight errantry," writes Mr. Pringle, in 1794 (in his "View of the Agriculture of Westmorland"), "to behold the beautiful servant-maids of this district toiling in the severe labours of the field; they drive the harrows or the ploughs, when they are drawn by three horses; nay, it is not uncommon to see sweating at the dung-cart a girl with elegant features and delicate nicely-proportioned limbs seemingly but ill in accord with such rough employment." I fear that if this knight-errant had ventured on remonstrance, he might have been still more pained. These lads and damsels saw no disgrace or degradation in farm-work, and followed it with a due sense of the social unity involved in it, and with the native pride of an independent community. For the farm was their common duty and common pleasure also; the lands were very often called by the name of the family which had owned it, and had lived by it for centuries. The farmhouse was low and plain; a door in the middle, the sitting room on the one side, the kitchen on the other; all plainly and substantially furnished. I once asked an elderly farmer's wife, Mrs. Stalker of Lawson Park, just above Brantwood on Coniston Water, how long her kitchen fire had been burning and she replied that the fire-ilding had never been let die out in her memory, and that went back sixty years; this heart-fire symbolised the permanence of the Statesman's home-life and had almost a religious significance; the last time I visited Brantwood, I was very sorry to learn that the Stalkers were gone, and that the fire on the hearth had been quenched: it was like the snapping of an ancient string, which had vibrated long and tunefully. Behind these front rooms were the offices, the dairy and the cowbyre, and the "hemmel"; upstairs were bedrooms, and a loft in the roof, which covered stores of wool sometimes, and other rougher goods. Nothing could have been more at one with the way of life and labour of a simple community. In the front rooms were always treasured heirlooms, part of the life of the family; fine examples of black oak sideboards or cupboards, carved boldly and well by some long-forgotten hand, shewing initials and a date of perhaps two centuries ago. Such may still be seen in Yewdale, in an old Statesman's house, now occupied by one of Mr. Victor Marshall's tenants; or in Mr. Rigg's farm at Lindale, not far from Grange-over-sands, in Low Furness.

In these fine pieces of furniture were stored precious pieces of china, antique glass, much well-woven linen, pewter plates and cups, and sometimes an ancient mazer-bowl. These things are very dear to the Statesman; if you wish to offend him, offer to buy them! you might as well try to persuade him to sell you one of his bairns. All this bravery typified the strength of the family coherence and permanence, now too often lost through the pressure of modern requirements and machine-gear. It carried these families through many generations of hard and penurious labour. It was not till this century that the invasion of new conditions broke into the dales and scattered them. Suspicious of the outer world, they went on in their ancestral way, shutting their eyes to these great changes, until they were forced to give up the unequal struggle, and to leave the much loved dale, and seek fortune elsewhere.

A writer in "Macmillan's Magazine" (January, 1893) well describes the characteristics of our friends: "You will often see three generations together, which for strength, fine physique, and comeliness, may have their equals, but hardly their superiors anywhere; they are renowned for their strength and stature all over the world": many of them have found their way into the Guards. "Instead of landlord, farmer and labourer, there was there but one class, the class of men." They had a high self-respect and self-reliance as of freemen, traditionally conservative in character, and of generous intelligence; the Dent Statesmen voted as one man for William Wilberforce, and sent him to St. Stephen's as champion of the cause of the slaves. A characteristic saying is recorded; a Dalesman was talking of a youth then just going forth to seek his fortune in the world. "Eh! 'tis a deftly farrant lad; he'll do weel; he's weel-come fra Staetsmen o' baith sides." And Nicholson and Burn in 1777 say that "the inhabitants of this county are generally a sober, social, humane, civilised people; owing in some measure to the institution of small schools in almost every village." They add that the district was populous; "every man lives on his own small tenement, and the practice of accumulating farms hath not yet here made any considerable progress." Unhappily, this evil began directly after the Napoleonic period; now wealth has seized on almost all these patriarchal farms. Let us add Adam Sedgwick's opinion about them: he was born and bred up in the valley of Dent, in the West Riding, though it geographically belongs to the Westmorland district. "Each lived on his own paternal glebe: the estate was small; but each had right to large tracts of mountain pasturage, and each Statesman had his flock and herd. It used to produce much wool, worked for home use, and also exported, as were gloves and stockings knit in the valley. Dent was then a land of rural opulence and glee. Children were God's blessed gift to

a household, and happy the man who had his quiver full of them. Each Statesman's house had its garden and orchard, and other good signs of domestic comfort. These goodly tokens have passed out of sight, or are feebly traced by some aged crab-tree or the stump of an old plum-tree, which marks the site of the ancient family orchard." In this idyllic home of rustic happiness and self-contained prosperity, Sedgwick tells us that their manners paid "a striking allegiance to some of the external rules of courtesy: the Statesman and his family had no polish from rubbing-up against the outer-world: their manners were frank and cheerful, with native and homely courtesy, springing out of a feeling of independence and hearty good will, which were very charming. They never passed a neighbour or even a stranger without some words of kind greeting. . . . Among themselves the salutations were at once simple, frank, and kind; and they used only the Christian name to a Dalesman, no matter what his condition of life. To have used a more formal address would have been to treat him as a stranger, and unkindly thrust him out from the brotherhood of the Dale." (Sedgwick's "Memorial of the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, 1868"). It is with a sad word that he ends his description, "Dent will not again become the merry, industrious, independent little world it was in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, during the reign of the ancient resident Statesmen" (supplement to Memorial, etc., 1870). The destructive nineteenth century has been too much for them; when a true account of the material glories of the age comes to be written, the extinction of the Statesmen should be set down as one of the serious evils, though on a small scale, which our overwhelming materialism and worship of size have brought on our country. For in this century the old world has slowly faded away; coaches, carriages, railways, touched the innocent valley; and we must be grateful to Sedgwick for his faithful and graphic picture of the simple world. In his youth, letters had hardly penetrated into the Dales. They had in Dent no very regular postman, he came in once or twice in the week, or he might send on the letters, if there were any, by some friendly Dalesman. Letters were so rare, that they were often set up on the chimney-piece, to indicate the importance of the family, which, may be, had sons out in the world, patiently carving their fortunes in Manchester or even in London. Sedgwick had been driven back to the Dale in the gloomy days which preceded the great Peace, and he happily describes a scene, which we may well borrow from his rare pages. "I had found," he writes, "a refuge in Dent after the University (of Cambridge) had been broken up by a fatal fever. . . . At that time we had a post three times a week, and each of these days, to the great comfort of the aged postman, I rode over to Sedbergh to bring back the newspapers and the letters to my

countrymen. Gloomy reports had reached us of a battle and a retreat ; but another and a greater battle was at hand : and on one of my anxious journeys, just as I past over the Riggs, I heard the sound of the Sedbergh bells. Could it be, I said, the news of a victory ? No ! It was a full hour before the time of the postman's arrival. A minute afterwards I saw a countryman returning hastily from Sedbergh. ' Pray, what means that ringing ? ' I said. ' News, sir, sich as niver was heard before : I knâ lile aboot it, but t' Kendal postman had just come an hour before his time. He was all covered with ribbons, and his horse was all covered wi' froth.' Hearing this, I spurred my horse to the Kendal postman's speed ; and it was my joyful fortune to reach Sedbergh not many minutes after the arrival of the Gazette Extraordinary which told us of the great victory of Waterloo. After joining in the cheers and gratulations of my friends at Sedbergh, I returned to Dent with what speed I could : and such was the anxiety of the day that many scores of the Dalesmen met me on the way ; and no time was lost in our return to the market-place of Dent. They ran by my side as I urged on my horse : and then mounting on the great blocks of black marble from the top of which my countrymen have so often heard the voice of the auctioneer and the town-crier, I read at the highest pitch of my voice the news from the Gazette Extraordinary to the anxious crowd which pressed around me. After the tumultuous cheers had somewhat subsided, I said, ' Let us thank God for this great victory, and let the six bells give us a merry peal.' As I spoke these words an old weather-beaten soldier who stood under me said, ' It is great news, and it is good news—if it brings us peace.' Yes, let the six bells ring merrily ;—but it has been a fearful struggle, and how many aching hearts there will be when the list of killed and wounded becomes known to the mothers, wives and daughters of those who fought and bled for us. But the news is good, and let the six bells ring." So wisely and thankfully the quiet Dale received the news of the Battle of Waterloo. Men had more ballast then : and it was only Waterloo, not Mafeking.

(To be continued.)

G. W. KITCHIN.



A LANCASHIRE VIGNETTE.

BESS O' TH' MOORGATE.

"Hey, Mestur, han yo seen John Trumble?"

The question was addressed to me by an ill-clad old woman whom I met face to face as I panted up the steep Delph Brow on my way to the Moorgate Inn, in which comfortable old-fashioned hostelry I intended to lodge that night.

The rain was blattering in my face with each wild gust of the west wind, and the higher moors were clad in a dense cloak of driving cloud that saturated everything. The zig-zag moorland tracks were converted into rivulets, while the brook roared through the single arch of the Devil's Bridge as if it would rive asunder those massive stones that had withstood the storms and floods of generations.

It was a wild night for a poor creature such as the woman who had spoken to me to be wandering alone on the moor. Decrepit, old, storm-worn—bent and doubled with the weight of years—the woman hobbled along slowly, leaning upon a staff. Her scanty garments were dripping wet, but of this she seemed altogether unconscious. A steadfast, searching gaze was in her eyes, and the bright luminous orbs peered here and there through the gathering gloom as if she sought a wandering and invisible soul with them.

A great pity for her arose in my heart, but she only shook her head sadly when I offered her some silver. Again that expectant and confident look which I saw there when first I met her came into her great eyes—eyes which in her aged face were wondrous.

"Han yo seen John Trumble?"

"No, my good woman," I answered, "I have not seen anyone for the last hour: no one until I met you."

With that her face changed; the expression became one of utter despair and disappointment.

"What is John Trumble like?" I asked in pity.

Suddenly the face of the ancient woman lit with love and pride. The vacant stare into which her eyes had lapsed brightened into intelligence.

"Eh! but he is a gradely mon, John Trumble is. Big and strong—he stands nar six feet high—he's summat to be proud on. He's a mettled cowl, is John; but he's noan o' your Lancashire lads. He cum fro Scotland, an' they ca' him 'th' Scotchman.'"

Then the momentary flash of bright intelligence went out. Down on the sensitive brain-cells settled the film of unreason, and once more her face told of disappointment and despair as she asked again her question—

"Han yo seen John Trumble?"

I assured her that if he came in my way I would tell him where she had gone.

"Ay, ay! tell John Trumble Bess is lookin' for him. Aw mun go an' seek him, an' eh! Aw would be fain to see th' glent o' his bonnie e'en."

She turned away from me and hobbled down the Brow at a fair rate of speed, the heavy blow of wind helping her greatly.

Her face made such an impression on my mind that even at this distance of time I yet remember it.

* * * * *

The Moorgate Inn lacked company that evening, so I had the only sitting-room, or parlour, to myself. I had just finished a homely supper, when mine host came in to ask if I required anything more before I retired to rest. A love of gossip was written on his face, so without more ado I asked him what he knew of "John Trumble" and of "Bess."

"'Tis a sad tale, Mestur," said Will Dewhurst, "is that abeawt poor Bess—'Mad Bess o' th' Moorgate' we ca' her. Yo see, hoo's never been reet in t' yed since her sweetheart died, an' that's thirty year come Kesmass. Eh, ay! heaw time does fly, but Bess looks owder than hoo is—a good bit owder. Hoo'll only be five an' fifty or abeawt that.

"In those days Bess wur th' finest lass to be seen 'twixt Riviton an' Rossendale, a' mony a weel-doin' chap would ha' bin gradely fain to tak' her for a wife. But hoo would'nt ha' noan o' them.

"Bess's feyther wur owd Bob Greenwood o' th' Moorgate—Aw wur atler here then—an' he wanted her to settle deawn an' get wed to some

dacent lad. He allus had a notion abeawt Bess gettin' wed to one o' th' lads on th' moor, who'd give a help wi' th' 'osses, or do a bit o' waitin' neaw an' again.

"Aw con recollect' owd Bob as weel as if it wur yesterday. One neet he cum to me, an' he says, 'Will, why does ta not have a thry for eawr Bess? It's gettin' time for thee t' be wed. Tha knows aw'll have a bit to leeave her when aw dee, an' there's nobody aw'd sooner see i' my shoon than thee.'

"It wur no use, heawsumever; hoo wurn't for me i' them days. Not as aw hadn't walked her eawt, more than once; but hoo wouldn't ha' me."

These reminiscences of his younger days overpowering Will Dewhurst, he looked into the glowing fire for a few moments, with glistening eyes which seemed to see there the girl he had wooed without success more than thirty years ago. He shook himself free from gloomy ruminations, however, and resumed his narrative.

"There wur one John Trumble—that wor t' name hoo ax'd yo abeawt, wurn't it, Mestur?—he used to travel o'er a' th' country wi' a pack wi' linen an' bits of things sich as th' women likes, an' he sold 'em to th' farmers' wives an' wenchs. He'd come fro Scotland, this side Edinburgh somewheer, but nobody knowed owt abeawt him, an' he stuck to this part; an' they do say as heaw he made a lot o' brass. It may ha' bin so; but he wur never very free wi' it, Aw mun say that.

"This John Trumble had a pleeasin' way wi' him, a' he could talk weel. Sometimes he'd speyk th' broad Scotch o' th' country he cum fro, an' folk could noather make sense or reason eawt o' his gibberish. It wur plain enough to me, as Aw'd bin in Scotland a tuthri year. He wur a greight strong felly, wi' black hair, an' black e'en as looked yo through an' through. When th' lasses see'd him comin' into th' Moorgate they wur like as if th' witches o' Pendle had tean houd on 'em. Aw never see'd owt like it; it wur who could sarve him best.

"But Trumble had e'en for noan on 'em but Bess; and Bess, Aw could see, wur pleased to have him makin' up to her.

"Yo mun understand as Trumble cum reawnd abeawt once a month, an' he allus stopped at th' Moorgate a neet, and, sometimes, two. Bess would be as perk as a robin on them neets, an' hoo would be as fine as a lady, wi' ribbins an' sich-like fancy things on her.

"One day, abeawt a week afore Kesmass—Aw con remember it as if it wur only yestur neet—Trumble cum to th' Moorgate. Bess met him at th' door, an' Aw could see her face goo as red as a rose wi' pleasure when hoo see'd him. Hoo dursn't look in his face, for Bess wur never a forrud wench, a' if he'd seen her e'en just then he mad ha' seen o'ermuch.

"Aw couldn't help hearin' him, as he passed in, speykin' to Bess.

“ ‘Hey, my bonnie Queen Bess,’ he says in a chirrupin’ tung, ‘a guid day tae ye! How are ye keepin’? an the guid man yer faither, I hope he is hearty? Let him ken I was speirin’ aifter him.’

“ Then he whispered in her ear, an’ hoo wen red i’ th’ cheeks again, an’ looked at him keenly, wi’ a sort o’ a fause look. Then he begun singin’ one o’ them Scotch songs—eh! but he could sing ’em reet weel when he liked—as if he wur singin’ to hisself like,

‘ Oh ! my luvie is like a red, red rose,
That sweetly blooms in June — ’

But Bess laughed, an’ ran away, but hoo hadn’t geet far off when hoo turns reawnd an’ says, ‘ Aw reet, aw’ll be there.’

“ He’d ax’d her, d’yo see? to goo eawt walkin’ wi’ him later on; an’ as it geet toward dark Aw see’d her goo up th’ lone by Hornby Fowt a minute or two after he’d gone th’ same road.

“ It wur late when they cum back to th’ Moorgate, an’ Bess looked happier than any mortal can tell. Reuben Slade, o’ th’ Fowt, tow’d me he see’d Bess goo up past him wi’ her arm linked i’ Trumble’s, an’ when they passed by th’ Fowt on the road whoam he see’d ’em again, an’ Trumble’s arm wur happ’d reawnd abeawt her. Aw didn’t grudge ’em their happiness and joy, an’ when, th’ day after, her fayther tow’d me aw abeawt it, an’ said Trumble had come to him like a mon an’ tow’d him what a lot he thowt o’ Bess, an’ he wanted to wed her as soon as hoo could be let away, Aw said as heaw Aw wur gradely fain to see her tak up wi’ a mon as loved her reet weel. Aw wur sure, yo see, as he did love her, an’ as far as we could tell he wur a hard-workin’ God-fearin’ mon.

“ That wur th’ last neet o’ true worldly happiness poor Bess ever had; an’ sorrow, which up to that time Bess had scarcely known—for hoo wur too young when her mother died to know what hoo had missed—come on her cruel hard afore another week had gone.

“ Well, things mun aye be some way, an’ we mun tak’ ’em as they come, as th’ sayin’ is, though mortal man cannot understand em always.

“ Trumble wur to set off soon next mornin’ so Aw yoked th’ owd mare to th’ spring cart an’ gave him a lift for three or four mile. He wur gooin’ o’er to Belle Mount—a matter o’ six mile or theer abeawt o’er a lonely moor. When Aw left him he struck a narrow track which took him a short cut through th’ heather.

“ Aw’ll never forget, Aw think, heaw cheerful he wur as he shouthered his pack, an’ started off. ‘ Here, Wull,’ he says, ‘ here’s twa or three bawbees tae ye. Ye can drink a dram tae my health, an’ tae bonnie Bess’s, when ye gang hame. An’, mind ye, tak guid care o’ her till I come back.’

“ He’d never unloosed his purse-strings for me afore—Aw’m tellin’

A LANCASHIRE VIGNETTE.

yo becose it'll shew ye heaw happy he wur. It wur bad weather for a walk o'er th' moor, as it wur wintry-like, an' th' road wur soft; but

‘It's olez summer where th' heart's content,
Though wintry winds may blow;’

as Teddy Waugh says.

“So, after he'd left me, Aw whipped up th' owd mare an' wur soon at th' Moorgate.

“That wur th' last time as ever he wur seen alive an' in his reet senses.

“Th' neet o' th' same day as Aw'd set him agate toward Belle Mount, a gamekeeper as had been walking o'er th' moor had found Trumble wi' his yed cut open, an' his face cut, lying across a sheep-track. He'd been pummelled wi' sticks till he wur bruises aw o'er him. There'd been more'n one at him, an' they'd had a terrible struggle—for he wur a strong man—as th' footmarks in th' soft clay plainly shewed.

“Two or three on us went back wi' th' keeper, an' carried Trumble to th' Moorgate on an owd door we took fro a shippon—an' it made a good stretcher. He wur unconscious, an' mony a time we thowt he wur deead.

“We put him to bed in th' best room in th' place, an' Bess, who'd never opened her meawth once, oather to speyk or cry, since we took her lad whoam, looked after him. We left her wi' him, for we hadn't th' heart to bring her away; an' in a bit a doctor come an' dressed his wounds. We ax'd th' doctor, an' he tow'd us that Trumble would never get up again: his brain wur damaged. But he thowt he'd be conscious before he went off, an' it wur likely he'd be wild wi' delirium, so we had to wait abeawt, to give help if we wur wanted.

“Th' doctor wur reet, for very soon Bess comes runnin' to us for help, as Trumble wur tryin' to get up. As they thowt me an' Bess together could manage him, nobody else went into th' room but us an' th' doctor.

“When we got to him, Trumble wur sittin' up in bed, babbling like a child.

“Bess had her arm around him, an' whispered, not so low but what Aw heeard her,

“‘Jockie, lad, speyk to me; oh! speyk to thi Bess, love.’

“Then hoo kissed his cheek as leetly as a thistledown falls. He seemed as if he knowed it wur her.

“‘My bonniest o' lasses, Bess! . . . I wasna guid eneuch for ye! . . . Oh! Lord, hae pity upon thy handmaiden . . . shine on her with thy face . . . Oh! my lassie, let me pree yer rosebud o' a mouth.’

“He went on like that for awhile, an' then he shouted out wi' fear an' hate.

“‘ . . . Ye muckle cowards, baith the twa o’ ye . . . an’ Mary too, though ye ken there can be naething betwixt us noo . . . I could—manage—ye baith—ane at a time. . . . But a woman! . . . L-o-r-d, help me, an’ pardon me for my sin.’

“But his strength wur gooin’ fast, wi’ such exhaustin’ wark, shoutin’ an’ fightin’ as if he wur gooin’ through it aw o’er again, just as it had been on th’ moor when he wur attacked. In a bit he geet restless wi’ his hands, a’ he wur weaker an’ weaker. Then he prattled on again.

“‘ Mither, ye forgi’ed yer laddie? . . . In my Father’s house are many mansions—. . . . Ay, an’ the bit burnie, whaur the troots belled. . . . It’s hame again, mither, I’m comin’, wi’ the bonniest bride ever man loved true. . . . Mary Blythe? wha speaks o’ Mary? . . . I was but a laddie, Lord. . . . Na, na, it’s Bess ’at’s my true love. . . . Anither kiss, an’ I’m awa, lass . . . it’ll—no—be—long—or I see ye.’

“He never cum again to consciousness, and passed away quite peaceful-like. Bess hung o’er him, an’ couldn’t be persuaded to leave him, an’ hoo murmured to him wi’ words o’ love an’ kindness; but her face wur stony, an’ hoo never dropped a tear. Hoo never slept a wink for two days, an’ aw that time wur flittin’ in an’ eawt o’ th’ room wheer he wur, an’ makin’ a great to-do wi’ him. An’ then he wur buried. Bess wur kept in her room wi’ one o’ th’ wenches, until th’ coffin wur took away, but hoo geet eawt; an’ when hoo missed him fro his place hoo began runnin’ abeawt wi’ a queerlike face, axin’ everybody th’ same question as hoo ax’d yo to-neet.

“‘ Han yo seen John Trumble?’—that’s what hoo said, an’ hoo’s been noon reet in her mind fro that day to this. Eh, ay! poor Bess. But hoo wurn’t allus that road.

“Th’ murderers? Well, they wur two gypsies fro Yetholm, on th’ Scotch side o’ th’ Cheviots, as killed him for revenge because he slighted a lass o’ their tribe in his younger days. She wur wi’ ’em when they met on th’ moor, an’ hoo egged ’em on at first—ay, an’ helped ’em too. For, yo see, hoo knowed abeawt John an’ Bess, an’ hoo said if he wurn’t for her hoo would spoil his looks for another, but like as not hoo wur reet sorry for it when hoo see’d he wur done for.

“As for John Trumble, he wur a cleean-livin’ chap when Aw knowed him, an’ doubtless th’ wench had taken th’ opportunity for revenge when hoo see’d her chance, but it wur th’ brass th’ men wur after, if yo ax me.

“But it’s late, Mestur, an’ yo’ll want to be turnin’ in. My tale has been doleful; but Aw hope it’ll not disturb your neet’s rest.”

WILFRID W. MORRIS.



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THE ROMAN WALL AT CUDDY'S CRAG.

[Gibson.

ROMAN NORTHUMBRIA. /

The Romans were almost from the beginning a monumental people, and it is fortunate for us that they were so. They had a genius for carving the record of their deeds in fine bold characters on limestone or marble tablets, and these records, gathered together in the many goodly folio volumes of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, are a perfect quarry of valuable information for the student of their laws, their military system and their religion. Still even the wealth of historical matter contained in the inscribed stones which throng our museums does not entirely compensate us for the absence of any continuous literary history of the Roman occupation of our country. We are in the position of persons who should desire in after years to learn something about British rule in India and who should have access neither to the standard works of Mill and Kaye, nor to the brilliant if sometimes misleading essays of Macaulay, nor to the equally brilliant and more trustworthy monographs of our neighbour, Sir Geo. Trevelyan, but should be obliged to spell out the history as

best they could from the memorial tablets of Judges and Generals affixed to the walls of English churches in India.

In this survey one of the first phenomena that we have to observe is a negative one. The monuments found in our part of the island tell us practically nothing as to the civil government of the country. The inscriptions discovered in Italy teem with the names of decurions, *quatuor viri juri dicundo*, *curatores*, *aediles* and so forth, men corresponding roughly to our Mayors and Aldermen, our chairmen of County Councils and County Court judges. Thus in Italy even under the centralised government of the Emperors, we find strong survivals, often more than mere survivals, of these municipal institutions which Rome (herself a world-conquering municipality) had established not only in Italy but in most of the Mediterranean lands. Even in some of the more distant provinces of the Empire, in Dacia, Illyricum, and pre-eminently in Gaul, municipal life was strong. But of all this we find but feeble traces in Britain as a whole and no trace at all in our Northumberland. A few inscriptions keep alive the memory of the town councillors of Glevum, Regnum, Callava, Lindum and Eburacum (Gloucester, Chichester, Silchester, Lincoln and York). But north of York there is not a vestige of municipal life. We are almost certainly safe in saying that the Roman government of the country north of the Tees was a purely military government, that there was not the ghost of anything like a popularly elected magistracy anywhere to be found in it, that the country was obviously and avowedly held by the sword alone, and that the tribunes of the cohorts of infantry and prefects of the *alae* of cavalry reigned here supreme.

Another indication not flattering to our national pride, is furnished by the evident insignificance of Britain as a revenue-producing province. Taking still the evidence of inscriptions, if we compare those relating to the collection of taxes in Britain with the similar inscriptions relating to the *vectigalia* of Asia Minor or Illyricum, we shall find that we are nowhere in the race. If our island paid the expenses of the troops by which it was garrisoned, I fear that this was as much as any *quaestor* or "Count of the Sacred Largesses" expected of it. As a contributor to the expenses of the palace and the funds for the general administration of the Empire, I suspect that Britain as a whole, was a negligible quantity.

In our own county there was probably no agriculture worth taking account of. A few acres may have been tilled round each of the camps, in order to furnish food for the horses and men, and a little coal was scratched out of the seams which lay nearest the surface, but only for use in the neighbourhood: we have no reason to suppose that it was ever ex-

ported. The wide expanse of our county lying north of the Roman Wall would almost certainly be covered with either moor or forest, through which at distant intervals the long straight lines of the Roman roads would force their imperious way. It need not excite our wonder that such should be the aspect of the county. It was emphatically a borderland and we know how, even in centuries much nearer our own times, the mutual raids and forays of Englishmen and Scots kept the Border Country in a backward state of civilisation. The husbandman must have "long patience," and the far on-looking industry which has made some parts of our county such generous corn-lands could not flourish when at any moment the Caledonian warrior or the Scottish mosstrooper might be swooping down upon Northumberland.

Since, then, we are left for those early centuries after Christ face to face with the Roman soldiers who garrisoned the North of England, and with them alone, let us try from the contemplation of their works and the study of their monuments to form some idea what manner of men they were and what sort of life they led.

The one great memorial of their presence here is the Roman Wall from Tyne to Solway. I am not going again to trouble you with the discussion as to the precise date of its construction. Let us keep to facts about which there is no dispute. It is practically certain that it was the work either of Hadrian or of Severus, and therefore that its erection must be assigned approximately either to 120 or to 210 A.D. It is also certain that all the three chief legions then garrisoning Britain took part in its construction. Hither, then, to the valley of the Tyne came the Second Legion from Gloucester or Caerleon, the Sixth from York and the Twentieth from Chester, and laboured at the building of the Wall. It is quite impossible for us to say how long the work took them, but we may perhaps conjecture that the years during which they were thus engaged in one common labour and quartered within easy distance of one another, was a memorable and a happy time in the history of these exiles from civilisation -- the three great Roman Legions in Britain.

But the great work, once completed, was handed over to the keeping not of the legionary soldiers, the picked troops of the Empire, but of their humbler comrades, the auxiliary cohorts. From the very beginning of the Roman State this distinction had been insisted upon, between the pure Roman citizens, who composed the legions and who generally fought in the centre; and the *Socii*, the Allies, who formed the wings of the army when drawn up in battle array. Of course in the second century after Christ the legionary soldiers were no longer all Romans, nor even all Italians; from what provinces of the Empire they were recruited it would be difficult to say. But happily the combined evidence of inscriptions

and the still extant Army-List of the Empire, the *Notitia Dignitatum*, enables us to say with confidence what was the nationality of the several auxiliary cohorts stationed along the seventy-three miles which stretch from the Tyne to the Solway, or at least of such of them as guarded the Northumbrian portion of the Wall.

We start from Wallsend, so long celebrated for its colliery, now crowded with iron works and chemical works and shipbuilding yards, a manufacturing suburb of Newcastle. Here, where the Wall came down to the river Tyne, covering three acres and a half, rose the camp *Segedunum* and it was guarded by a cohort, probably about 600 strong, of Gauls from the east of France, from the province which in the Middle Ages was called Lorraine. These were the Lingones, who have given their name to the high fortress-city of Langres.

From their camp at Segedunum the Lingones would look across the river to the two camps of Jarrow and South Shields (their Roman names we know not, as they are not mentioned in the *Notitia*) and sometimes they may have exchanged visits with their neighbours in some long-vanished camp on the cliff where now stand the ruins of the Priory of Tynemouth.

In our own Newcastle the bridge over the Tyne, named after Hadrian, *Pons Ælii*, was guarded by a cohort of mysterious and unknown nationality named Cornovii.

So far we have been dealing with foot soldiers only. Now as we mount Benwell Hill and come to the camp of *Condercum*, high lying, seen for many miles up the valley of the Tyne, we find that it is garrisoned by an *ala* or squadron of horse from the province of Asturias in Spain. How little these Astures could foresee the future of their native land, which 500 years later was to prove a refuge and a hiding-place for the Gothic Christians from the wide-ravaging conquests of the Mussulmen invaders! Goths, Christians, Mussulmans—all unknown and unintelligible names to the Astures, who stabled their horses on the heights of *Condercum*.

We travel by the straight Roman road up hill and down hill and reach *Vindobala* a little to the west of Heddon-on-the-Wall. Here is a cohort of Frisians, whose eyes, accustomed only to the dead level of Friesland, look with wonder when they first arrive on the steep hill of Heddon and on the distant outlines of Simonside and Cheviot on the northern horizon.

Again we have a body of troops of unknown nationality in the *Ala Saviniana*, a squadron of horse who occupy the station of *Hunnum* above Corbridge. Then when we plunge down the steep Brunton Bank into the valley of the North Tyne and find ourselves in the beautiful glades of

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Cilurnum, we are again in presence of an *ala* of Asturians who leave traces of their presence by the plants of Spanish origin, which fifteen centuries after their departure still climb round the hypocausts of *Cilurnum*.

At *Procolitia*, that somewhat desolate station which stands on the moor of Carrawburgh, was stationed a cohort of Batavian—or, as we should say, Dutch Infantry. Just outside their camp was situated the far-famed Well of Coventina, whose water was probably believed to cure all sorts of diseases. For two centuries at least, officer and private, who had found benefit from “drinking the water” at this Northumbrian Harrogate, showed their gratitude to the nymph Coventina by throwing a *sestertius* or a *denarius* into her well, and thus was formed that huge collection of coins, some 16,000 in number, which now enrich the museum at Chesters.



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CAMP OF BORCOVICUS
(looking eastward).

[Gibson.

Holland and Belgium, for a short time foes, but now reconciled, seem to be intended by nature to be sister countries. Even so, hard by the Hollander Batavians, came the Belgian Tungri from the valley of the Meuse (where they have left their name on the modern city of Tongres) to occupy the fine high-lying camp of *Borcovicus*. A century ago it was called the Tadmor of Britain, so great was the number of statues, columns, altars that were still strewn about over its hill-side. Now these works of

art are for the most part housed in some museum, at Alnwick, Chesters or Newcastle; but the camp remains, and has abundantly repaid the examination of it, begun and carried through by the Northumberland Excavation Society, under the able superintendence of Mr. Bosanquet, of Rock.

The next camp *Aesica* (which has also of late felt the spade of the excavator) was guarded by a third detachment of Asturian soldiers, this time, however, not an *ala* of cavalry but a cohort of infantry. We have not, I think, come upon any explanation of this preponderance of Asturians among the sentries of the Wall. It is a distinction which it shares



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"THE HEIGHTS OF AMBOGLANNA"
BIRDOSWALD

[Glasgow.]

with two other nationalities—the Lingones and the Tungri, of each of whom there were three cohorts stationed in the North of Britain, while of the Nervii there were two. In this case we have the Asturians figuring three times within a distance of thirty miles. One would like to know whether any remembrance of their common origin united the dwellers in these three camps; whether the foot soldiers from *Aesica* and the dragoons from Chesters and Benwell ever met at one of their camps and drank in such fermented liquor as the barren north country could furnish to the memory of their old Spanish home.

The next camp, *Magna*, large in name but small in nature, situated

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near the last of the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall, was occupied by a cohort of Dalmatians, and its next door neighbour, *Amboglanna*, most picturesquely situated of all the camps, looking down as it does from its high limestone cliffs upon the winding Irthing, was guarded by a cohort of Dacians.

I will here end my enumeration of camps and cohorts, for it is with Roman Northumberland that we are dealing, and we are already a little over the border of Cumberland when we are standing on the heights of *Amboglanna*. Moreover, it is a remarkable and perplexing fact, that from *Amboglanna* onwards we have no such undoubted identifications of the camps along the line of the Wall as we have had up to this point all the way from *Segedunum*. The *Notitia* continues to give us names, but they do not correspond with the inscriptions, and it is, I believe, the generally accepted conclusion that at least in their present order the names in the *Notitia* do not represent the camps in Cumberland along the line of the Wall.

Up to this point, however, and so long as we are dealing with the Northumbria camps, pray observe how largely the garrisons are drawn from the West of Europe. One from France, three from Spain, two from Holland and one from Belgium, occupy seven out of the eleven camps that we have visited. There are two of unknown origin and two (the Dalmatians and Dacians) from the lands east of the Adriatic. No British auxiliaries in any of them, though we find an *ala* of Britons in the Egyptian Thebaid and a British cohort among the mountains of the Tyrol. But it was a settled maxim of Roman policy to "divide and rule," to keep down the inhabitants of one province by soldiers raised in another, and thus in the event of a national insurrection to exclude the possibility of the garrison-army siding with their insurgent countrymen.

This well-known maxim of Roman statesmanship, suggests to us a question of much interest, which, however, I fear we have no means of answering. Were these auxiliary troops who occupied the several camps frequently recruited by fresh drafts from the lands in which they were originally raised, or did the camp itself supply its own waste of men? In other words, are we to think of fresh drafts of Asturians coming every four or five years from Spain to take the place of the veterans at *Cilurnum* who have dropped off by natural deaths or been slain by the barbarians? Or are we to consider—according to the classical quotation—

"Uno avulso non deficit alter,"

that, for instance, when Rufus Sabinus, a centurian at *Cilurnum*, died, his place was practically taken by his son, or by a young Asturian who had come across the seas at the command of the Emperor. There are difficulties in either supposition. The perpetual replacement of troops in Britain

by troops raised in a distant province involves a great deal of marching to and fro, of which, so far as I know, the Roman writers on military matters do not give us any hint. On the other hand, if the Asturians are left by themselves for a century or two, intermarrying as they certainly would do, regularly or irregularly, with the British women round them, it is easy to see that they would in course of time lose their foreign, Asturian character. They would come to speak the Celtic language; in colour of eyes and hair they would grow more and more like the Celts around them; they would become Britons at heart, whatever might be their designation in the *Notitia* of the Empire, and Rome's great security, derived from the isolation of the soldiers in the midst of the inhabitants, would be gone.

It is a difficult question, but I incline to the former alternative.

The total number of men employed in garrisoning the Wall in Northumberland alone was fully six thousand. In addition to this, which represents the bare fighting strength of the garrison, there would be undoubtedly a large number of camp followers. The officers, as we know from the inscriptions, were often married men, and the high-born matrons of Rome would require a large staff of servants to wait upon them and their children. Probably, also, as I have just said, many of the soldiers would form matrimonial connections with the British women of the neighbourhood. We may probably conjecture that the non-combatant population would be at least equal in number to the fighting men, and we thus get a total of some twelve or thirteen thousand collected on the northern bank of the Tyne and the uplands between Tyne and Irthing. The supplying of such a large intrusive population with food, in the extremely backward state of civilisation of Britain, would be a problem of some difficulty, and would of course involve the aggregation of another population of agriculturists and petty traders round the centres of Roman occupation. Assuredly we make a mistake if we imagine the relation of the Roman soldier to the British or even to the Caledonian population to have been always warlike. Once or twice in a generation the barbarians north of the Wall, roused by the eloquence of such a leader as Galgacus, or desecring their opportunity from afar, in the unconcealable demoralisation produced by the rule of a Commodus or a Gallienus, would hurl themselves against the mighty barrier. Their open assault would sometimes be aided by treachery or rebellion on the part of the subject Britons and the garrison cohorts attacked on both sides would find it hopeless to maintain their position. The barbarians would pour into the camp, would plunder it of every precious thing that the inmates had not had time to hide (as they did hide the *fibulae* in the guard-chamber at Aesica) and then they would give it to the flames and a lurid light would gleam

by night and a sullen cloud of smoke would hover by day over the ruins of Cilurnum or Borcovicus. But these events would after all be only the occasional, the exceptional incidents of the sojourn of the Romans in Northumbria, as exceptional, perhaps, we may say, as an Afghan war in the history of the British occupation of India. For long years together, sometimes perhaps for a whole generation, there would be no actual war, only a *Paix Armée* between the Romans and the barbarians. Then the Celtic inhabitants on both sides of the barrier would find their best customers in those square camp-cities, strung like pearls upon the long line of the Wall. The women from some such rude settlement as the British village on the top of Gunnerton Craggs would bring their eggs and their poultry, the shepherd by the Northumberland lakes would drive his sheep to market in the Forum of Cilurnum or Borcovicus. Partly by signs, partly in the horribly debased Latin of the camp, or with attempts to comprehend the shrill Celtic of the natives, the process of bargaining would be carried on and the henwife and the shepherd would return to the squalid huts of the village with one or two *denarii* and many heavy *sestertii* in their wallets.

I have sometimes thought that it is probable that the long stretch of lonely highlands which lies between Sewingshields and Gilsland was busier, more lively, and in its way more prosperous in the second or third century, when these somewhat imperious customers claimed the attention of the British farmer, than it is to-day, under the reign of King Edward VII., when nearly all the people have flowed down into the cities, and you may walk sometimes for hours along the high way without looking on "a single kindly face of man."

(To be Continued.)

THOMAS HODGKIN.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

By MRS. BLUNDELL ("M. E. FRANCIS"), Author of "*A North Country Village*," etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JIM LUPTON	Carter.
WILL WRIGHT	General Messenger.
BOB	Small Boy.
MARGERY LUPTON	Washerwoman, wife to Jim.
NANCY WRIGHT	Daughter to Will.
SUSIE	Little Girl, sister to Bob.
LADY FEMINA FADDINGTON	Eccentric Maiden Lady.
FRAULEIN EWIGWEIB	Her Companion, an enthusiast.
JOHANNA THOMASINA	Foot-girl.
DOROTHY	Cook.

ACT I.

MOSSLEY HALL IN LANCASHIRE.

SCENE I.—*Yard outside Mossley Hall.*

(Enter JIM LUPTON carrying basket of clothes.)

JIM: My word! I believe theer's a ton weight in this basket! 'Twas as much as I could do to carry it. Dear o' me, it took a mortal time, and I were late a'ready. They poor beasts o' mine 'll be nigh famished by the time I get to 'em. But our Margery wouldn't leave me no peace if I hadn't have carried it up for her. "Anythin' for a quiet life," says I. When our Margery gets agate o' saucin' she's a rare one—

(Enter WILL coming from opposite direction.)

JIM: Good-day to you, Will. Wheer may you be runnin' in such a hurry? Take it easy, old lad—take it easy—else you'll have no breath left to cool your broth wi'.

WILL: Eh. I've just been carryin' a load of wood up yonder. I were just about gettin' to work to chop it up for 'em—for things were in an awful muddle—and there didn't seem to be nobody to do nothin', when up comes a queer lookin' old lady wi' blue spectacles, and a red face, and the oddest fashion o' talkin' you ever heerd. "Why, what's this?" she hollo's. "Here's a man," says she. "There are no men allowed here anymore," she says.

"You must immediate out of this go," says she, in her queer talk—"Run, run, for if my lady finds that you here are, she will angry be"—"Very well," says I, "chop your wood yourselves then," says I, and I coomed my ways home.

JIM: And pretty quick too. Ho, ho, seems as if you were a bit frightened o' th' old lady, mich as she was frightened o' you. She must be a queer one if she's never seen a man before. Hark, what's that? Sounds like a child cryin'.

WILL: That's just what it is. Here's little Bob of the Lane End, runnin' and shoutin' loud enough to frighten all the crows in th' parish.

(Enter BOB, crying and holding his hand to his ear.)

JIM and WILL *(together)*: What's to do? Who's been hurtin' you?

BOB *(whimpering)*: Boo-hoo-hoo. The lady yon give me a crack on the head.

JIM: What for? You'd been a naughty lad belike.

BOB *(indignantly)*: Nay, I wasn't. I wasn't doin' nothin', nobbut standin' yonder lookin' about me, and an old lady come runnin' out and hit me. Boo-hoo. "We want no lads here," says she, and she smacked me agin t' other side.

JIM: Why, that's a funny tale. Did she hit you for bein' a lad, Bob?

WILL: It must have been my old lady as was angry with me for bein' a man. See Bob, was she a little fat old lady wi' a red face and blue spectacles?

BOB: Nay, she wasn't. She was a great big tall old lady with a yellow face and a big green veil on her bonnet, and after she'd hit me, she pulled down the green veil all over her face, and she says, "Boy, begone!"

JIM: And you didn't need to be told twice, did you? When a woman begins o' using her hands like that, it's worse than when they begin usin' their tongues. Talk o' tongues, heer's our missus!

(Enter MARGERY puffing.)

MARGERY *(to JIM)*: What! you're there, are you, you good-for-nought? I thought you told me just now you were that busy you couldn't carry my basket for me.

JIM *(interrupting)*: Well, didn't I carry your basket for you? The heaviest basket I well nigh believe as is to be found in the whole village. I don't know as what you put into it, missus, without it's all the cross words and the sour looks you seem to have such a good stock of. Eh! if I thought that, I wouldn't grumble

at having to carry 'em away. But I don't know how it is, there always seems to be more where these come from.

MARGERY (*scornfully*): Hark to him. H'd moider Job himself. It 'ud be a good thing for me if I could fill that basket with all your foolishness and all your idleness. You said you were in a hurry, didn't you, and that the horses yonder were waitin' to be fed, and here you are gossipin' and talkin' with folks as should know better nor be encouragin' you to waste your time, if they can afford to waste time themselves.

WILL (*good-humouredly*): That's one for me, Mrs. Lupton. Thank ye kindly, I don't think I'm often found idle—my daughter could tell you that. There are no idle folk in our house. See how hard my daughter works! You never find her gaddin' about like other lasses. I'll wager if you were to look in at our place now you'd find my Nancy wi' her head over the wash-tub, if she wasn't diggin' in the garden.

MARGERY (*derisively*): That's a bad shot, William Wright. Your daughter at this very minute is runnin' up the hill, see!

(*Enter NANCY running. Starts at sight of WILL.*)

NANCY (*hastily*): Oh father, oh father—I didn't know you were here, father.

WILL (*grimly*): I'll be bound you didn't. What brings you up here at this time o' mornin', wench? Hadn't you work to do at home?

NANCY (*breathlessly*): Please father I'd swept the house, and fed the chickens, and done for the pig, and filled the kettle, and got up the taters, and cut the bacon, and made up the fire, and there didn't seem to be much else for me to do.

WILL (*sternly*): I'd have found you somethin' to do, I'll warrant. Did you clean my boots?

NANCY: No, father.

WILL (*louder*): Have you mended my shirt?

NANCY (*twisting her apron nervously*): Not yet, father.

WILL (*still louder*): Have you darned the elbow of my Sunday coat?

NANCY (*beginning to cry*): Please father I'm just goin' to do it when I get home.

WILL (*angrily mimicking her*): Please father I'm just goin' to do it when I get home. This is the lass that says there didn't seem much for her to do! There's three jobs that you should have done and haven't done, and how many more besides. Couldn't you have weeded the garden? Couldn't you have swept the path? couldn't you have cleaned the windows? There didn't seem to be much for you to do, eh?

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NANCY (*crying*): I'm sure father there isn't a lass in the village as works harder nor I do. I am slavin' from morning to night.

WILL: Well, and you should be glad and proud to work hard. Do you ever see me idle?

NANCY (*dropping her apron and pointing at him*): Yes I do. You're idle now.

MARGERY (*clapping her on the back*): So he is, my dear, so he is. He and my master have been gossipin' there this hour an' more. Ah! these men folk. I've no patience wi' 'em. They do nothin' but gad about themselves and go pleasin', and leave the woman to do all the work. Who'd be a woman? say I. I've no opinion of the men folk, and it's my belief the Lord hisself hadn't neither. Why what was Adam doin' when Eve was made? Lyin' dozin' in the sun and lettin' all the fruit go to waste! And before that he couldn't find nothin' better to do but to go about callin' the animals names and that. Ah! the Almighty knew there should be somebody to see after things a bit—and so he took and made the woman.

NANCY (*laughing*): Just what I think, Mrs. Lupton—

WILL (*angrily*): Just what you think, Miss Impudence, is it? Who gave you leave to think, and what are you doin' here at this time of day? You haven't told me that yet.

NANCY (*injured*): I am like to hear enough on it if I do run out for one minute! Eh, father, I only ran after Mrs. Lupton to tell her a funny tale I heard just now.

JIM (*good-naturedly*): Coom, let's have it then. We's all be fain to hear a funny tale—theer's none too many in this sad world. Let the lass speak, Will—do. She's a good lass and not often idle, you must confess. Eh! the young things must frolic and stretch themselves a bit.

WILL (*aside mollified*): I know she's a good lass, neighbour, but I never think as it's well for young folks to be set up about themselves, and so it's not my way to make much o' Nancy. If my father hadn't brought me up, same as he did, wi' a plenty of the stick, and a good few hard words, I wouldn't be the man I am now. Eh! he was wonderful good, my father was! (*Turning up his eyes ecstatically*) How he did lay on to be sure! Well (*turning to NANCY who has meanwhile been whispering and laughing with MARGERY*) let's hear this tale of yours! Don't keep all the fun to yourselves.

NANCY: Well, when the postman passed through the village just now and saw me standin' at our door, he stopped and said, "There's

fine times comin' for you women, Nancy. The old lady as has taken the Hall yonder won't have a man about the place. She sent a servant maid to meet me this morning and take the letters from me, and the lass told me that all the men up yonder were gettin' the sack!" "Never!" says I. "It's true though," says he. "I met the coachman comin' away myself, and he told me the old lady said she didn't want no coachman. she was goin' to have women to drive her, and rub down the horses, and everythin'."

JIM and WILL (*together*): Why she must be cracked! She must for sure.

WILL (*alone*): It's my old lady for sartain. Ho! ho! ho! Well you were in the right on it to run out and tell us that piece o' news, Nancy. I never heard anythin' so foolish in my life.

MARGERY (*partly*): I'm not so sure that it is foolish, then. I reckon the old lady knows what she's about. I reckon she's heard that the men in this village aren't good for much, and she thinks if she's goin' to live here she'd better do without them.

JIM (*ironically*): Well, old woman, theer's a chance for you. Go and ask her to engage you as coachwoman, or some such thing. I reckon you'd fancy yourself sittin' on a box with a fine pair of prancin' horses in front of you, and a big tall hat on your head. Ho! ho! You'd be a first-rate driver—you'd know how to use the whip at any rate.

MARGERY (*with spirit*): If it comes to that I could sit on the box and hold the reins as well as another—perhaps a bit better nor some folks as falls asleep in th' cart, and nearly tumbles on the roads.

JIM (*still sarcastically*): Well, nip up yonder and ask her to hire you, do. It's what you've always wanted—to get the whip hand! Things 'ud be wonderful quiet at our place if you was to go up yonder—

BOB (*excitedly*): Mr. Lupton, Mr. Lupton, heer's the old lady comin'—her as gave me the box on the ear.

WILL (*who has been walking meditatively away suddenly stopping and turning round*): Why, heer's my old lady too. My word, I think I'll be off out of this. Come on, Jim, old lad, "no men are wanted here."

(*Exit WILL and JIM laughing. BOB retires to a little distance on the left, sits down whittling a stick.*)

(*Enter LADY FEMINA and FRAULEIN EWIGWEIB from the right. They do not notice the women or boy.*)

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

LADY F.: Yes, my friend, it is indeed a joy to find that this project of ours is on the point of being realised. The plan suggested by that sadly incomplete and disappointing work, "The Princess," is now about to be put into execution.

FRAULEIN: Ach! you have right ven you say dat de book disappointing vas. It began so vell, did it not? but one could see dat the autor—voolish young man—not in earnest vas. He vas laughing! laughing all de time at his own suplime greation. He vas too plind to see dat de notion sblendid vas! Ach! when I of it think! A palace, a city, all vomen—de very stable poy, no poy but a girl!

LADY F. (*a little anxiously*): Yes, that just reminds me, positively I must see about getting somebody to take the place of that man Jones. He is gone, yes, but meanwhile my horses will want to be groomed and fed, and I myself must have my afternoon drive. I almost think it was a pity to send everybody away at once.

FRAULEIN: It was perhaps a pity all at once everybody away to send.

LADY F.: How foolish you are Fraulein. How could it be a pity? Everything must have a beginning.

FRAULEIN: Of course, of course, as you say, it the first step vas, and it vas imbortant that there should a peginning be.

LADY F.: Meanwhile it is very inconvenient—it may not be easy to find a woman competent to undertake the situation.

FRAULEIN (*shrugging her shoulders*): Ach! Dat is of course an objection! It may not at all easy be!

LADY F.: Really, Fraulein, I don't understand you. Surely you know that there is nothing a man can do that a woman cannot do better.

FRAULEIN: But gracious lady, I tink with you. Vat! cannot a voman rup down a horse even so vell as a man? I vill a vager venture dat your horses petter groomed will be, and with skins more shining dan before. As for triving—cannot a voman like a man trive? You vill see. Let us to the village go and for ourselves enquire.

LADY F. (*still abstractedly*): Then I must see about getting a person to replace the odd man. I almost wish you had allowed the man who brought the wood this morning to stay until he had chopped it up. The evenings are chilly now.

(*To be Continued.*)

COUTTS & CO.*

(THE PREMIER PRIVATE BANKERS.)



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"Some thirty or forty years ago the title of 'Banker' conveyed a certain notion of dread to the mind; an aureole, as it were, played about his head—a halo of gold encircling him as it might have done King Midas of ancient fame. The customer removed his hat when he entered the sacred precincts, and a smile from his banker was as a morsel of ambrosia. 'As for entering the private parlour at the back,' wrote the author of 'The Newcomes,' 'wherein, behind the glazed partition, I could see the bald heads of Newcome Bros. engaged with other capitalists or peering over the newspaper, I would as soon have thought of volunteering to take an armchair in a dentist's studio, and have a tooth out, as of entering into that awful precinct.' Everyone has heard of the apologist who wrote to his bankers praying their forgiveness for having issued a cheque which would lower his balance to some figure a little short of £10,000, and protesting it should never occur again.

"But all this is changed now-a-days. The private banker—*quantum mutatus ab illo*—not unfrequently stands in some awe of his 'customer' himself. No more is the hat respectfully laid aside on entering the no longer awful precinct. The prosperous butcher, conscious of his worth and of having been respectfully 'approached' by the new Joint Stock Bank lately established over the way, walks boldly in, with hat on head, cigar in hand, and coolly demands an increased rate of interest or a decrease in the commission charged on his 'turnover.' The senior partner may experience a strong inclination to tell the butcher to remove his hat and throw his filthy cigar into the fire; but he recollects in time the Joint Stock siren over the way (fragments of whose song have before now been wafted to his ears), and, smothering his wrath, will come to terms.

* "Coutts & Co., Bankers, Edinburgh & London," by Ralph Richardson, F.S.A., Scot. (7s. 6d. illustrated. Elliot Stock, London.)

"Private bankers, indeed, some fifty years ago, may be said to have had almost a monopoly of banking business; for legislation favoured them, they ruled the Clearing House, they respected each other's territory and interfered not in the neighbouring diocese, while the principle of the joint stock institutions as applied to banking had not then made much progress. The causes of this change may be found in the enormous increase of business, much of it small, for which the Joint Stocks with their numerous branches offered great facilities, and the removal of disabilities by Parliament. The Joint Stock Banks appealed to a new class of customer—to those namely who had never kept accounts before—by their opening out small branches everywhere, by accepting smaller accounts than had hitherto been usual, and by allowing interest on deposits of small sums.* Then again, their large uncalled capital and reserve funds created a confidence which only the greater private banks, like Coutts's, could rival; and finally, by allotting shares to likely customers and offering a place on their Board of Directorate to men of influence, they created for themselves a wide 'connection.'"

So wrote, some few years ago, the present writer, and the progress of events since then has not belied his anticipations, for the amalgamation of Private Banks with the larger Joint Stock Banks has gone on apace, so that now-a-days one may almost count the Private Banks left remaining on the fingers of his hands.

"Yet the private banker still has," to quote from the same article, "in many cases a far superior connection to that of the company bank. What he lacks too often is the old energy and perseverance of the founders of his house. He has, furthermore, this great advantage, that he is in no way hampered by any restraint of officialism or red tape. After a few questions asked and answered, he can at once give a 'yes' or 'no' to the request of an influential customer desirous of an advance at a moment's notice; whereas a Joint Stock Bank manager has his board of directors to consult, and the fear of a reprimand before his eyes. If, then, the well-established private banker with his advantages of freedom from restraint and antiquity of connection, cannot hold his own he must in some measure blame himself."

The famous firm of Coutts and Co. who were certainly, if not the earliest banking firm in London, the oldest banking house in Edinburgh, have a record and reputation which no Joint Stock Bank, however enormous its totals, can ever hope to equal, any more than the rich

* Extract from the Circular recently issued winding up the business of the Cheque Bank :—

"Bankers who formerly objected to their customers drawing cheques for small amounts do not now object to cheques drawn for any amount, however small."

parvenu can ever attain to the same regard amongst his county neighbours as the Laird of that ilk on the adjoining estate possesses by right of birth.

As for the date 1692, given in the device on Messrs. Coutts and Co.'s cheques, it is not definitely stated in Mr. Richardson's interesting volume to what event it has reference, but perhaps it may refer to Patrick Coutts who "was born in 1669 and removing from Montrose to Edinbro' became a general merchant there," where he "engaged in the export trade and attained opulence," or, possibly, but this is mere conjecture on our part, to Thomas, an elder brother, who "migrated to London and became a leading merchant (in the English sense) there, for he is named with other promoters in the Act which was passed by the Scottish Parliament in 1695 for establishing the "Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies," otherwise known as the ill-fated "Darien Co."

The foundations of the great commercial and banking business of the Coutts were laid by Bailie John Coutts who was "a merchant in Montrose in 1672," a dealer in retail goods, and also engaged, it would seem from the Burgh records, in the wood trade there.

His fourth son was Patrick, as mentioned above, who removed to Edinbro' and proved himself a successful man of business like his father.

Of the two sons, again, of Patrick Coutts, James and John, James went to London, and, after a successful business career as merchant, died unmarried and left his brother "what was then deemed the large fortune of £20,000."

"John Coutts," Mr. Richardson tells us, "general merchant in Edinburgh, was the first member of the family to become celebrated.

"Born in 1699, he left Montrose for Edinburgh in 1719, and after five years apprenticeship embarked on that business which was to bring to himself and his descendants fame and fortune.

"Commencing as a commission agent and dealer in grain, he gradually became negociator of bills, and thus entered upon the sphere of Banking with which the name of Coutts will be for ever associated.

"Of pleasing exterior and admirable address, of tireless industry and remarkable intelligence, John Coutts eventually achieved the brightest distinction as a citizen and a Banker."

A very good reproduction of MacArdell's portrait forms the frontispiece of the volume, and amply bears out all that Mr. Richardson says of this famous Scotchman, the founder of Coutts' Bank and Lord Provost of Edinburgh from 1742 to 1744.

This Lord Provost and Sir Walter Scott's ancestor, Thomas

Haliburton of Newmains, were the original partners in the private Bank which had its office in "the second floor of the President's Stairs in the Parliament Close."

At his death his four sons, with Mr. John Stephen and his son, established a London house also, under the name of Coutts, Stephen, Coutts and Co., "acting as correspondents of the house in Edinburgh and transacting any other business with which they were interested, either in money or in the buying and selling of goods on commission."

Their place of business was in Jeffries' Square, St. Mary Axe.

One of these four sons of the founder, viz., James, entered into partnership with Mr. George Campbell, originally a goldsmith, but at that time a Banker in the Strand. He then withdrew from the Edinburgh partnership, and the firm became Campbell and Coutts.

This Bank, by the way, was the Whig Bank, which was started in opposition to the Tory Bank of Andrew Drummond, a son of Lord Strathallan's, who had been "out in the '15." "George Campbell, began life as a goldsmith, but being patronised by his chief, the Duke of Argyle, and other Whigs, he started a bank, which became the Whig resort west of Temple Bar."

These two Banks were the only two Banking Houses at that time situated west of Temple Bar.

A little later, after Mr. George Campbell's death (it should be mentioned incidentally that a descendant of the Duke of Argyle who helped to start the firm is now a member of the present House of Coutts and Co.), the two Coutts, who were most devoted to business, James, that is, of Messrs. Campbell and Coutts, and Thomas, of Coutts Bros. and Co., went into partnership under the name of James and Thomas Coutts. These two furnish presumably the initials below the device of the three crowns which appears on our heading.

Of Thomas, the eccentric but capable man of business, many are the quaint stories related; suffice it to say here that he married first his brother's housemaid, Elizabeth Starkie, by whom he had Susan, who married the third Earl of Guildford; Frances, who married the first Marquess of Bute; and Sophia, who married Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P., whose daughter is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

He married secondly, Harriet Mellon, the celebrated actress, who after his death married the ninth Duke of St. Albans. She inherited all Mr. Coutts' personalty, amounting to £900,000, in addition to Holly Lodge, and dying without issue, generously returned her wealth to her former husband's family, her heiress being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

In regard to the "sign of the three crowns" it is said "that the business of the firm was originally carried on at St. Martin's Lane,

Charing Cross under this symbol, till in 1737 Mr. Middleton erected that capacious and extensive building in the Strand, which has ever since been the Banking House of Messrs. Coutts and Co."

For further details of the Coutts family and of the Bank in Edinburgh and in the Strand we must refer the reader to this gossiping and entertaining volume, wherein he will also obtain many an old-world glimpse into the Edinburgh of the past—Sir Walter Scott's "own romantic town." Here, too, he can read of an old-time connection between the Coutts' family and the Scotts; of the romantic episode of the "Lady of the green mantle;" of Sir Walter's "Three years of dreaming and two of awakening," and of his rivalry with Sir William Forbes (of Coutts' Bank),—"In what scenes have Sir William," wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1826, "and I not borne share together—desperate and almost bloody affrays, rivalries and deep drinking matches, and finally, with the deepest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring much within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting for me. . . . Down, down, a hundred thoughts."

At the meeting of his creditors, as Sir Walter wrote in his Journal under the same date, "Sir William Forbes took the chair, and behaved, as he has ever done, with the generosity of ancient faith and early friendship."

Mr. Richardson's book, indeed (which we are glad to hear is now in its second edition) is written round the interesting characters of various members and connections of the famous family rather than confined to the historical growth of the actual Banks in Edinburgh and London, but it is probably the more entertaining reading because of this method of treatment.

Musing over the records of such a firm as Coutts and Co., and bethinking one of the rapid extinction of so many private banking firms in these latter days, one is tempted to pen an epitaph upon their virtues, which will not be perhaps sufficiently remembered till after their departure.

* * * * *

Hail to thee, Private Banker, for in the on-coming century the prophetic eye perceives thee no longer.

Thou art like to be merged in the ranks of the English Country Gentleman, and the world of commerce will know thee no more.

Thou wert a Bishop amongst business men, the Episcopus of the savings of thy poorer customers. Famed for thy charities oftentimes—not unknown in the hunting-field, or by covert-side, sometimes even

THE NORTHERN SHEPHERD.

winning fame in the realm of literature, thou hast led a well-ordered and dignified life, and hast amply fulfilled the duties of good citizenship.

Hail to thee, then, for under the stress of modern competition thou art like to retire still further into thy privacy, since Banking in these days, having largely lost its hereditary and professional character, is fast becoming a purely commercial undertaking.

This further prophecy may perhaps be hazarded, that as Messrs. Coutts and Co. were the first Private Bankers in Edinburgh, so they will be the last of the Private Bankers in London.

Τραπεζίτης.

THE NORTHERN SHEPHERD.

Bleak Winter has come again
With April out of the North!
The sky and the open fell
Are white with his whirling wrath.
Beneath the lash of the wind
And sting of the driving snow,
To the ease of the labouring ewes
The hardy shepherds must go.

Under a pitiless sky,
By striving elements torn,
Into a perilous world
The innocent lambs are born:
Mid fury of winds at strife
The young lives struggle for breath;
And the herds must fight for their flocks
With the ancient shepherd of death!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



✓ A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

(Continued from page 381, vol. 1.)

We now give what we think to be a fair example of the North Riding dialect which whilst it shows striking differences of pronunciation from the West Riding, cannot claim much distinction of vocabulary or grammar. As for the East Riding so little difference is there between its character and that of the North, that the following piece might very well pass as representative of either.

A SONG.

When Ah was a wee lahtle tottherin bane
 An 'ad nobbat just gettan shooat frocks ;
 When te gan Ah at fust was beginnin to lane,
 O' mi broo Ah gat monny hahd knocks.
 For sa wake an sa silly an helpless was Ah,
 Ah was ollus a tumlin doon then,
 Whahl mi muther wad twattle ma gently, an crah
 Hunny, Jenny ! tak care o' thi-sen.

* * * * *

A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

Ah 've a sweethaht cums noo uppo Setthada neets,
 An he sweers at he'll mak ma his weyf ;
 Mi mam grows se stingy, sha scanda an' sha fleets,
 An twitthers ma oot o' mi leyf.
 Bud sha may lewk soor, an consate hersen wahs,
 An' preeach ageean likin young men ;
 Sin ah 've grown a woman, her clack ah'll dispaahs,
 An' Ah's—Marry ! tak care o' mi-sen.

A specimen of the North Riding dialect is quoted by the Rev. M. C. F. Morris in his "Yorkshire Folk-Talk," which is especially interesting both on account of its own antiquity, (1685) and as showing how well the dialect has preserved its identity for two hundred years. We can only spare room here for the briefest quotation :—

"Strahd, lass, an' clawt sum eldin oot o' t' hurne (corner),
 Then gan thi ways an' fetch a skeel o' burn,
 An hing t' pan ower t' fire i' t' reckon crewk,
 An' Ah'se wesh t' sahl an' dishes up i' t' neuk."

The Yorkshire dialect has sometimes been used for comic purposes by dramatists. It is generally thought that a representation of it is intended in Ben Johnson's "Sad Shepherd," but that to us does not seem quite certain.

A very good example, however, appears in a play of the eighteenth century, entitled "The Register Office," where a girl from "Canny Yatton" has an interview with the proprietor, Gulwell. She gives an unflattering account of her last mistress. "She ommast fleeted an' scauded ma oot o' mi wits. She was arrantest scaud at ivver Ah met wiv i' mah boocan days. She had sahtanly sike a tung as nivver was iv onny woman's heead bud her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a laram fro mooan te neet. Then she wad put hersen inti sike flusthers at her feeace wad be as black as reckon-creeak. Neeah, fo' matther o' that, Ah was nobbat reetly sahv'd; for Ah was tell'd afooarhand bi sum varyry sponsible fooaks, at she was a mere donnat."

The best literature that we have in the dialect never rises above this. Often-times it is completely farcical, at its best it is of the domestic and homely kind such as we have just quoted. But in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the county could boast a more ambitious style. Richard Rolle de Hampole (died 1349) was a native of Thornton, near Pickering, but settled in the latter part of his life at Hampole, near Doncaster. He embraced the religious life when quite a young man, and became a hermit and popular preacher. His writings are voluminous, and sometimes of high excellence, the "Pryck of Conscience," the "Form of Perfect Living" and a Poetical Version of

the Psalms deserve special mention. It may not be altogether uninteresting also to note by the way that he was the author of a piece beginning

"When Adam delf and Eve span, spir, if thou wil spede,
Where was then the pride of man, that now merres his mede?"

of which two lines John Ball, the socialistic friar of Richard II.'s reign, and associate of Wat Tyler, made a paraphrase to serve as the text for his inflammatory discourses.

"When Adam delfed, and Eva span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Moreover Richard Rolle was really a great genius—he had many admirers and imitators, of whom the best-known is W. Hilton, and through them the Northern dialect for a time bade fair to become a rival with the East Midland for the literary supremacy. But the East Midland was the language of the court, and a succession of popular authors with Chaucer and the "moral" Gower at their head, ensured its final settlement as the "Standard English." The short extract given below is taken from the "Pryck of Conscience." It contains the quaint comparison of man with a tree.

" . . . What es man in shap bot a tre
Turned up that es doun, als man may se ?
Of whilk the rotes that of it *springes*
Er the hares that on the heued *hynges* ;
The stok, nest the rot *growand*
Es the heued with nek *folowand* ;
The body of that tre tharby
Es the brest with the bely ;
The bughes er tle armes with the handes
And the leggs with the fete that *standes* ;
The braunches men may by skille calle
The tas and the fyngers alle.
This is the leef that hanges noght fast,
That es blawen away thurgh a wynd-blast
And the body alswa of the tre
That thurgh the son may dried be."

This will illustrate the use of the North Riding dialect, as it was spoken and written by a man of education nearly six hundred years ago. The reader will observe many points to compare with the speech of to-day. Meanwhile the words that are italicised are especially interesting—"springes," "hynges," "standes" all follow correctly enough the Yorkshire form of the 3rd person plural verb in the present tense. [See the remarks above on the verbal inflexions.] The forms "*growand*" and "*folowand*" are in strict accordance with the A.S. participle (-and).

The form in *-ing* is a mistake of literary English, through a confusion between the Southern form *-ind* and the suffix of verbal nouns (rightly *-ing*). The oldest remains of the West Riding dialect prove that the participle in *-and* was current there also in the fifteenth century. At the present time concession has been so far made to the literary form as generally to make the present participle in *-in'*. It is interesting, however, to note, that though the vowel has been sacrificed, yet hitherto the dialect has refused to admit the further mistake involved in *-ing*. "*Hinc illae lacrimae*"—the schoolmaster waxes wroth and his pupils tearful. A yet more primitive form in *-an* still obtains in some places, notably in Swaledale. Thus the poem called "Reeth Bartle Fair" (Capt. Harland's Glossary) opens with

" This mworking as I went to wark,
I met Curly just *cumman* heeam."

The dialect also of the West Riding had assumed a fairly settled character in the fifteenth century. It is represented to us especially in the *Maectatio Abel*, and the *Secunda Pastorum* of the Towneley Mysteries, which used to be acted in and about the town of Wakefield. "Cayn," writes a native (temp. 1865), "talks like a fractious Wakefield black-guard of twenty years ago." To say truth, however, this is an extreme case, and the language is usually more refined than such a remark might lead one to expect, although peculiarities that distinguish the West Riding can be observed in the speeches of other characters besides that of the truculent and blaspheming Cain. Amongst these peculiarities is very prominent the strong preference which exists, for the diphthongal *-oy-* and for *ō-y* as in *loyn* (North and East *loo-ān* for lane), and *sō-yŋ* (North and East *secan* for soon). The passage here quoted is taken from the *Secunda Pastorum* or *Shepherds'* "Second Play of the Nativity," a comedy of very remarkable power.

The shepherds have discovered that one of their sheep is missing. They enter and listen at the cottage-door of one Mak, whom they suspect of having stolen it. They hear singing within.

3rd Shep. : Will ye here how they hak ? | our syre, lyste, croyne (croon).

1st Shep. : Hard I never none crak | so clere out of toyne (tone : tune).
Call on hym.

2nd Shep. : Mak ! undo youre doore soyne (soon).

Mak : Who is that spake, | as it were noyne (noon),
On loft—
Who is that I say.

* * * * *

They enter the cottage : they find Mak and his wife who pretends to be ill : A cradle on one side. Mak welcomes them thus :

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Mak : Now how fare ye ?
Ye have ryn in the myre | and are weytt yit :
I shall make you a fyre | if ye will syt,
A nores (nurse) wold I hyre | thynk ye on yit.

* * * * *

I have barnes, if ye knew,
Well mo then enewe,
Bot we must drynk as we brow.

* * * * *

The Shepherds say they have lost a sheep. Mak assures them the thief would not have got away so lightly had he been there at the time.

Mak : Had I been thore,
Som shuld have boght it full sore.

1st Shep. : Mary ! som men trowes that ye wore ;
And that us forth nkys.

2nd Shep. : Mak ! som men trowys | that it shuld be ye.

3rd Shep. : Ayther ye or your spouse, | so say we.

Mak, with a show of indignation : Now, if ye have suspowse | to Gill or to me,
Com and rype oure house, | and then may ye se
Who had hir,
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stote ;
And Gill, my wyfe, rose not
Here syn she lade hir.

Of course Mak is the culprit after all. The sheep has been killed and hidden in the "credyll," and the attempt made to pass it off as a new-born child. The fraud is at length discovered, and Mak is tossed in a blanket. It is most curious after this broad farce to have so sudden a transition as to the Angel's Carol and the visit of the Shepherds to Bethlehem, where they offer gifts to the infant Jesus.

(To be continued.)

J. HANSON GREEN.



A BOER PHOTOGRAPH OF SPION KOP.

"GEORDIE" ON SPION KOP.

February 27th, 1901.

The pit was "lousin' oot," but, though the signal had been given, the cage did not descend again at once owing to the bratticing having splintered, it was thought, at the top of the shaft, so a little group of hewers stood chaffing each other as they waited.

"'Tis th' n'anniversary day o' Majoobar, this is, an' o' the capture o' Crongy, an' as seun as Aa get above grund Aa's gannin' ti celebrate th' occasion," exclaimed "gobby" little Dick Arkless, who, having been "spun" for the Yeomanry, was a master of military strategy and the equal of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in his pessimistic view of English military genius.

Fearing, however, that he might be misunderstood, he hastily added " 'Tis the only chance ov a gill—is a n'anniversary, an' when ye caal ti mind all them tarrible mistakes, blunderin's here an' 'blind-man's buff' there ——"

"Haud on," interrupted a burly hewer, sitting on a tub's edge hard by, "haud on, little man, for there's a chap here that wes on Spion Kop

an' helped ti relieve Ladysmith an' aal," and therewith pointed with his cutty stem to a tall pitman who was leaning against the timber casing beside him.

Dick turned swiftly, and scrutinized the stranger sharply with the air as of a president of a court martial.

"Well, an' what for didn't ye keep haud on it when ye had once got it, ye beggar?"

"Wey," responded the returned warrior slowly, "hev ye nivvor seen a game o' skittles?"



AFTER THE EVACUATION.

"Wey does a skittle tumble doon when the bool bats it?"

"If thoo'd been there an' could hev got the guns up tiv us, wey, we'd hev been all reet, but there wes *ne* possibility o' gettin' them up."

"But," interrupted Dick the critic, "hoo wes that? Aa followed it reet through, an' in a drawin' i' the 'Illustrated London' there wes a way up at the back side ——"

"Haud yor gob, Dick," the burly hewer here broke in, "an' let the Man on the Spot tell us aal aboot it."

"No, Aa tell ye," continued "Geordie," "there wes *ne* possibility o' gettin' the big guns up, an' a mountain battery was perfectly useless. I' my belief 'twes a trap—same as at Colenso where wor General waaks

"GEORDIE" ON SPION KOP.

in heid forst; if it had been worth onythin' the Boers wad hev had it, but they knew they could *dominate* it on three sides o't, se what wes the use o't ti them?

"Aa wes in the Imperial Light Infantry—an' us bein' ordered up as reinforcements, we lay there frae 12 at noon till 3 o'clock the next mornin' wivoot bite or sup save what a shell or a bullet might give us.

"Phit, phit, sings a bullet, an' brurghsh, a shell buries itsel' beside ye, an' ye darsn't look up for fear o' another followin' it—like one wopse comin' up efter another.

"One battalion lost two hundred men, an' even a mule back ower that wes bringin' up ammunition wes shot through the heid, se ye can imagine what sort o' gruel the Boers give us for wor breakfasts that day.

"It wes fair maddenin' ti hev ti lie there an' hearken ti poor cheps groanin' an' cryin' for watter the neet through, an' nivvor a chance o' dein' owt ti help them, or o' gettin' a prod at them Boers wiv a bayonet.

"He's a good runner is the Boer, forst class, champion at that, but for a stand-up fight, wey, an Englishman is worth ten ov him.

"'Twas a tarrible slaughter," continued "Geordie," "an' Aa hev some photographs up above where Aa's lodgin' which I can show ye—taken by a Boer just efter wor retreat frev Spion Kop, but for aal that Aa think the saddest thing ov aal wes the helpin' the poor invalids an' wounded soldiers across the Tugela efter the relief o' Ladysmith.

"Wey, there wes some there just livin' skeletons—that had been wounded months ago—lingerin' on an' wastin' awa wi' ne proper medicines; even when they had dysentery there wes nowt but salt for a cure; *plain salt*.

"By Gox, Aa's warn'd but some o' them had suffered fair torture,—for they wes just white an' wasted like paralytics"—

Here, as he paused, the rapper sounded thrice, the "waiter on" replied, the "cage" descended, into which the men stepped silently; even Dick had momentarily lost the use of his tongue.

HOWARD PEASE.

[NOTE.—"Geordie" is not the real name of the narrator, and we do not give it, as we believe him to be as modest as he is brave. Suffice it to say that he was out in South Africa when the war broke out, that he joined the Imperial Light Infantry, and went through some of the hardest fighting of the campaign. We understand that he is as good at "hewing" as he was formerly at fighting, and that he is likely to receive promotion and be made a deputy shortly.

The photographs were taken by a Boer after the evacuation of Spion Kop, and were presented by "Geordie" to Mr. R. A. S. Redmayne (viewer of Seaton Delaval Colliery) who kindly handed them on to us.]



THE BERNARD GILPIN MEMORIAL IN KENTMERE CHURCH.

When the members of the Cumberland and Westmorland Archaeological Society visited Kentmere last September, Canon Rawnsley called attention to the fact that there was absolutely no kind of outward and visible sign that the parish remembered Kentmere's noblest son, Bernard Gilpin. He proposed that those who had that day visited the church, and the ancient Pele Tower of the Hall in which Gilpin was born, should join him in erecting, by leave of the Vicar, some suitable memorial brass to the memory of the Apostle of the North. The idea was supported by the President of the Society, the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness. It was talked over by the members of the Association who met that night at Belsfield, and it was agreed that, though as a society they could do nothing, as individuals they would gladly contribute.

Mr. Wilson of Kendal kindly promised to receive and forward subscriptions; meanwhile Canon Rawnsley undertook the writing of a suitable inscription and the superintendence of the execution of the tablet at the Keswick School of Industrial Arts. A pathetic interest is given to the tablet by the fact that the late Mr. James Cropper, of Ellergreen, who, on the occasion of the visit of the archaeologists to Kentmere Church, read a paper on Bernard Gilpin, threw himself heartily into the plan of this simple memorial and lent his kindly criticism on the wording of the inscription.

The cost of the memorial is £15; we understand that Canon Rawnsley has obtained the sum from friends interested in the movement.

There may be amongst our northern readers those who would wish to refresh their memories of one, whom Bishop Lightfoot once spoke of as the English Reformation's "noblest exponent." We would strongly recommend them to read "Memoirs of Bernard Gilpin" by Collingwood

and the account that the Bishop of Durham gave of Bernard Gilpin on the occasion of the celebration of the saintly man's tercentenary at Houghton-le-Spring. It is published in a volume entitled "Leaders of the Northern Church," p. 123.

The memorial tablet,* an illustration of which we give, was designed by Mr. Maryon, Art Director of the Keswick School of Art, and has been worked by T. Clarke. It is of gilding-metal three feet five inches in length by two feet in height. It is mounted on an oak frame. This as well as the oak tree introduced as ornament is chosen as symbolical of the oak-hearted man, whose life and work it commemorates. (p. 70 MSS.)

It is a simple and, considering the amount of work in it, a not very costly gift, but the solitary Kentmere valley will be enriched by it; the scenery of our English Lake district is doubly dear to British hearts for the memories of great and good lives it has enshrined. No pilgrim to the lonely parish church where Gilpin worshipped as a boy but will henceforth feel this brave reformer a more real and abiding presence in the dale.

Some of our readers will also doubtless remember that in Durham Cathedral one of the aisle windows commemorates the staying of the Borderers from feud in Rothbury Church by Bernard Gilpin.

* The inscription thereon runs as follows:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF HIS SERVANT
BERNARD GILPIN.

Born at Kentmere Hall, of honourable lineage, he became fellow of Queen's and student of Christ Church, Oxford. He accepted the principles of the Reformation and was one of its noblest exponents. In a perilous time he faced the persecution of the Church and the anger of the Queen for truth and duty. A pattern parish priest, he was as saintly as he was brave, as generous as he was just, as practical as he was enthusiastic. An ardent student of Scripture, he did not undervalue primitive tradition. An impassioned missionary, he won the name of the Apostle of the North. Refusing all honour save the honour of serving his Master Christ, he kept a tender conscience unspotted from the world, and left behind him an imperishable name. 1517-1584.

The coat of arms of the Gilpin Family is thus blazoned: on a field or, a boar passant sable. armed gules. This has been introduced, to keep in mind the legend of how in the reign of King John one Richard Gilpin for extraordinary exploits, shown in the killing of a ferocious wild boar, which had infested the district, had bestowed on him lands in Kentmere and thereafter displayed a boar passant upon his family shield. With the shield is worked in the family motto of the Gilpins—*Verbis factisque simplex*.

THE NORTHUMBRIAN MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DR. CREIGHTON.

We are pleased to learn that the movement initiated by Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., for commemorating the late Bishop Creighton's

ten years' connection with Northumberland has met with so ready a response, and that the success of the scheme for erecting at Embleton "a building which shall provide a good Club room, a Reading room, and if possible a Public Hall" is already practically assured. A memorial Font for the Church will also be provided.

As it has been thought desirable that subscriptions should be limited to those who knew him and were personally associated with him in Northumberland, it is very satisfactory to learn that so much has already been subscribed, over £1,000 having already been promised.

Sir Edward Grey has generously given £500, we understand, Mr. Robertson (a former Churchwarden of Dr. Creighton's) £300, Mr. J. W. Pease £100, and Dr. Hodgkin £100. This is but to mention a few of the larger subscriptions.

At Carlisle, where Dr. Creighton was born, the Town Council,* we believe, intend to obtain a painting of their celebrated towns fellow, and it is satisfactory to know that the North Country has commemorated in such practical fashion the former residence in her midst of so great an historian, ecclesiastic, and man of affairs, as the much-mourned, widely-lamented late Bishop of London.

ON THE INCREASING APPRECIATION OF ART IN THE NORTH.

We have had occasion previously to note that progress in art appreciation has recently made great strides in the north, and we desire to congratulate Rochdale on its prospect of obtaining an Art Gallery through the generosity of Mr. Thomas Ogden, an ex-Town Councillor, who has offered the town £4,000 for this purpose.

Lord Ashton again has offered to present to Lancaster a statue of the late Queen, at an estimated cost of £3,000. This offer naturally enough has been gratefully accepted.

"THE LAST RISING OF THE NORTH; 1715."

Doubtless our readers who have enjoyed with us Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's scholarly and able papers on "the '15" will be interested in the following quotation from a letter which Vice-Admiral Murray Aynsley has forwarded us on this subject:—

"The aunt of the gardener of Little Harle, who died a very old woman in about 1830, told me her mother had told her, that when she was a young girl in 1715, the young ladies of the house had stripped the south wall of all the white roses to send to Lord Derwentwater. As I

* We are now informed that Mr. R. Creighton, J.P., C.E., of Carlisle (the late Bishop's nephew) has offered to present to the Town a portrait of Dr. Creighton, and that his offer will in all probability be accepted.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

believe that the Aynsleys of that day were Protestant it shows, I think, a more general feeling in favour of Lord Derwentwater than page 293 in 'the Last Rising of the North' would lead one to believe. And as Mr. Aynsley was High Sheriff in 1747 it must have in great measure passed away before the '45."

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, who was "extremely interested by Vice-Admiral Aynsley's information," points out that it bears out what he had said in the article as regards Northumbrian feeling in 1715, viz., that most of the rural population was favourable to the enterprise, but that the Catholics were more ready than the Protestants to carry their sentiments into action.

"Pulling white roses to send to Lord Derwentwater' is thoroughly typical of the attitude of Protestant Jacobitism in 1715, in spite of Mr. Forster's heroism, and a few other such exceptions.

"The action of the second Sir William Blackett of Wallington that year (of which some account is given in the note appended to the second part of my article) is also typical of this attitude."

MR. LUCAS' LONDON LETTER.

Owing to the fact that there were no novels or poetry of immediate importance to be criticized this month from London, and also that our own North Country Book Column was somewhat overloaded, we have no letter from Mr. Lucas this month, but hope to publish another of his incisive and graceful epistles in our next number.

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER FROM YORKSHIRE.

We have had sundry letters pointing out various errors and shortcomings on our part, usually accomplished by a sure recipe for pleasing—at least that one individual writer—but often also, as in the extract given below, a kindly welcome is sent us from a distance.

"When you started your monthly on its journey I casually purchased a copy, more in an inquisitive spirit than with any idea of becoming a regular subscriber, but I was so pleased with it, as I have also been with its successors, that it feels already like an old friend, and is, I am sure, an acquisition to readers of the 'North Country' particularly and English readers generally."

A LIKE TRIBUTE FROM LIVERPOOL.

Another letter comes from Liverpool in which the writer desires to express his high appreciation of our contents from the start, and testifies his "great pleasure in these days of scrappy magazines at being able to obtain such a highly satisfying little magazine as the 'N.C.M.'"

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

NOTES AND QUERIES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

It has been suggested to us that we should open out a "Notes and Queries" heading or a correspondence column, but for the present we cannot entirely comply with this request as we have not sufficient space, but all letters sent us will receive attention, and where we can, we will endeavour to find room for them if of sufficient general interest and importance.

HISTORIC TOWNS.

Finally, in addition to our projected series of Northern Castles and Abbeys, with which some progress has already been made, we are arranging for a number of articles on the Historic Towns of the Northern Counties, illustrated by early views and prints in each case, so that we hope our readers, in whatever Northern County they may be situated, will in each volume find something to interest them.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG.

Mr. Watson-Armstrong's magnificent gift of £100,000 to the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in memory of his uncle, is worthy of its object, but we hope the City will itself commemorate its greatest citizen by erecting a statue within its boundaries to the memory of one who did more than any other to make it prosperous and famous by his influence and gifts.

At Rothbury, we understand, about £500 has already been promised for the local fund, which will probably be expended upon a memorial cross on the village green.

OBITUARY.

The Diocese of Carlisle has sustained a great loss in the death of Canon Richmond, who was laid to rest in the beautiful Churchyard of St. Kentigern's, Crosthwaite, on March 11th, beside the grave of his old friend, Bishop Harvey Goodwin.

Coming into the Diocese in 1874, he went to Crosthwaite in 1878; five years after, becoming Residentiary Canon of Carlisle, he took charge of St. Mary's.

Since that time, as member of the School Board, as Bishop's Chaplain, as Rural Dean, as editor of the Diocesan calendar, he did good work for the Church he loved. A son of George Richmond, the portrait painter (and brother of Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.), he inherited something of the artistic temperament, which, if it gave rise to unconventionality, was attractive in him, and if he were ever brusque in manner his tender heartedness was well known to lie below, as men's memories in Keswick bear witness to this day, of kindly acts done at Crosthwaite some eighteen years ago.

NORTH COUNTRY BOOK COLUMN.

(NORTH COUNTRY BOOKS—NORTH COUNTRY WRITERS.)

LANCASHIRE HUMOUR.*

The Lancashire dialect dies hard; yet it is doubtless true, as Dr. Prevost recently pointed out in his admirable article, "The Study of Dialects," that the advance of civilisation is "doing much to destroy the simplicity of the natives in thought, tongue and mode of expression." The *patois* of the Palatinate, however, will not succumb without a struggle, as is evident from the fact that its vitality to-day is not yet very seriously impaired—not at least in the country districts. There is still left, especially in the neighbourhood of Bolton, Blackburn, Clitheroe, Burnley, Colne, Oldham, Bury and the Rossendale valley, a large number of sturdy, independent, rough-and-ready Lancastrians who will not readily renounce the use of a vernacular which has served them so well.

Lancashire is a land flowing, if one may be allowed the expression, with humorous anecdote. The work of Waugh and Laycock and Brierley proves this statement up to the hilt. Now, if further testimony were needed, Mr. Newbigging comes along with a collection of comic stories indigenous to Lancashire, which one may fairly claim could not be excelled for quantity and quality by any county in England.

Lancashire humour has a flavour peculiar to itself, and is of the kind which provokes unconventional hilarity. One does not snigger at it; one laughs outright. It does not merely tickle; it rather demands Homeric laughter. Full-blooded, in short, it is, for there is nothing anæmic about the fun of the county of the Red Rose.

Of course it would be idle to claim that Lancashire humour is without any objectionable feature. Even Mr. Newbigging admits that "it does not belong to the school of high culture." This is an admission the present writer is bound to echo. Sometimes the humour is coarse-grained—almost Rabelaisian. Which reminds one, by the way, that Mr. Newbigging might have omitted the pill story on page 31 without disadvantage to his book.

The humour of the County Palatine is very often "frosty but not kindly." There is too much acid about it to be entirely pleasant.

Take the story Mr. Newbigging tells of the temperance orator, who, addressing a gathering in a Lancashire village, and waxing pathetic, observed:

* "*Lancashire Humour*," by Thomas Newbigging, author of "*History of the Forest of Rossendale*," "*Lancashire Characters and Places*," etc. With illustrations by J. Ayton Simmington. (London. J. M. Dent & Co.)

"How pleased my poor dead father must be, looking down on me, his son, advocating teetotalism from this platform!"

One of the audience, interrupting him, rose and interjected:

"Nay, nay, that'll do noan, mon; if aw know'd thi feyther reet when here live, he's moor like lookin' up than deawn!"

Or, to give another illustration of pawkiness, the story of a stingy party of the name of Eccles who was

Talking one day to his coachman, whom he was trying to impress with his own super-excellent quality, though he had never been very generous in the matter of wages—

"John," he said, "there's two sorts of Eccleses; there's Eccleses that are angels, and Eccleses that are devils."

"Ay, maister," responded John, "an' th' angels ha' been deod for mony a yer."

Mr. Newbigging does not take up too much of his reader's time with a laboured analysis of the Lancashire humour. He cuts the jaw and comes to the "'osses" in a most praiseworthy manner. Moreover, he has shown considerable industry, and, with the one exception alluded to, discretion, in the collation of what he modestly terms "chestnuts."

Some of them (anecdotes) are "chestnuts" I am aware—though chestnuts are generally good or they would not deserve to be chestnuts—but they illustrate certain traits of character, and that is sufficient reason for reproducing them.

Quite so. Mr. Newbigging need not have added: "Neither are we prepared to vouch for the absolute truth of the stories. Some of them are probably due to an effort of the imagination."

Touchstone averred that the truest poetry is the most feigning. Surely one may claim as much for humour. To the present writer the following chestnut is not quite so well-roasted as some to be found in Mr. Newbigging's book.

An Oldham chap, who, for some misdemeanour, had found his way into Preston House of Correction, was put on to the tread mill. After working at it for some time, till his back and legs ached with the unwonted exercise, he at length exclaimed!

"Biguz! if this devil had been i' Owdham, they'd a had it turned by pauer afore now!"

Here is another excellent story:—

A tramp between Bolton and Bury accosted an old stone breaker by the roadside and asked him how far it was to the latter place.

"There's a milestone down theer, thae con look for thi' sel', ' was the reply.

"But aw conno read," pleaded the interrogator.

"Well, then, that milestone 'll just suit thee, owd lad. It has nought on it. Th' readeng's getting o' wesht off. Go look for thi' sel'. I' thae conno read, that milestone 'll just suit thee."

Mr. Newbigging does not appear to know the cuckoo clock story. At all events it does not appear in his book. The story is so good that one hastens to remedy the defect; it may serve in a future edition.

Two Lancashire women were bragging of the merits of their respective husbands. One claimed that her good man was "a rare 'and at jinery-work." The other, not to be out-bragged, replied: "My mon's a reamer at owt in th' mechanical line. He mend's aw th' clocks in th' neighbourhood. Well yo mun think: t' other day Alice o' Bob's won a cuckoo clock at a raffle—one o' them clocks wheer a cuckoo flies eaut and 'cuckoo's' th' toime. Well, just as hoo wur gettin' it whoam, hoo slipped and smashed clock to atoms. Eaur Bill wur passin' at th' time, picked up th' bits, took 'em whoam and mended it gradely. Ay, it wur aw reet. Well, when aw say aw reet, aw mean welly. It's aw reet except th' two wheels as works cuckoo; he get them reversed. *And now it 'oos' afore it 'cucks'!*"

In conclusion let me compliment Mr. Symington on his illustrations. They are full of humour and character, and the draughtsmanship is excellent. "Lancashire Humour," in fine, is a capital little volume, and is doubtless destined to grace the shelves of many sorts and conditions of book-lovers.

H. BESWICK.

KITTY FAGAN: A ROMANCE OF PIT LIFE.*

This is an interesting book, for it touches new ground in that it deals with the Durham pitman. Scenes of pathos are relieved by abundant humour as in the author's previous work "On God's lines."

The story carries us back to years of bitter memory and depicts the struggles of the early days of unionism when capitalists and managers denied the workmen's right to combine for the increase of wages or for the removal of grievances.

The foremost figure is that of Shadrach Reaveley, manager of the pit—"Rack," as he was curtly styled—once a pitman himself, he nevertheless ruled with a rod of iron, bearing out Teddy Turner's aphorism, that "a gaffer that's the son of a gaffer is always a canny man, but the gaffer that's the son of a Geordie is as cruel as Nero." "Rack" is endowed with a wife in disposition the very opposite to himself—a very angel in the eyes of the pit people—and one whose sympathies are with the class from which she had sprung. She recoils from her husband's harsh measures and nearly sacrifices her life in her unsuccessful efforts to save him from himself.

Teddy Turner is the agitator from a distance, who by his fiery speech, descriptive of the undoubted wrongs and grievances of pitmen

* By Ramsay Guthrie. (3s. 6d. The Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co., Limited., London.)

of bygone days, illustrated by a graphic recital of his own sufferings, rouses the men to form a local branch of the union, whose attempts to compel all to join it met with Shadrach's unbending opposition, and thus brought about all the trouble—including the eviction which, with its dire consequences, constitute the main theme of the story.

Kitty Fagan is the nominal heroine of the book. She is quite a character in her way, and comes in to relieve the melancholy interest of the eviction scenes on more than one occasion. Her husband, Tony Fagan, plays the spy, and Kitty is so indignant at his meanness that she utterly disowns him, locks him out of doors, puts up a white blind in token of mourning, declaring that the man she married is dead, and when, backed up by the policeman and neighbours, Tony demands admittance, she says it must be his ghost. Tony disappears for some time and she keeps up the farce, proclaiming herself "a widda" until at length Tony is set upon by some desperate villains, baulked in their plot to murder the manager. Kitty now exemplifies her favourite dictum "Circumstances alter cases" and the quondam "ghost," who had been soundly beaten and then thrown down bound, gagged and bleeding at her door, is taken in and cared for with all a wife's tenderness, and maledictions are hurled at his assailants. As may have been gathered, she is a perfect contrast to her husband, physically and morally. Kitty was big and stout; Tony smart and lean. Kitty in her passage down the row was "like a procession," Tony was always "off like a shot." Kitty outspoken and independent; Tony, true to his role of spy, is crafty, deceitful—in fact a hypocrite—but Kitty proves more than a match for him in the end.

Dr. Maloney is a kind-hearted Irish doctor, more outspoken than regardful of consequences, as we suspect colliery doctors sometimes are. He is the steady friend of the evicted miners, and in many ways relieves the situation, and he it is who, by telling "Rack" in most dramatic fashion that his wife is dying of a broken heart occasioned by the distressing scenes around them, and that he would be her murderer if he persisted in his unbending attitude, brought about a happy settlement.

How the eviction was carried out; how it took the bailiff all day to turn out deaf Neddy Flaxman and his bairns, and all to no purpose when it was done; how Maria Anderson's heavy chest of drawers defied removal; how Lucy Gallon begged leave for her credit's sake to dust the furniture prior to its removal and "accidentally" dusted cayenne pepper into the "bums'" eyes; how the clerics—Catholic, Wesleyan and Episcopal—acted in the crisis and proved that "a united ecclesiasticism in arms is absolutely irresistible"; how Alec Hedley, of the wooden leg, watched the pit-heap and how he succeeded in not catching Kitty

when she came to gather coals, and how he sought a superfluous forgiveness; how Peter Golightly rendered "something suitable" as a violin solo at a Revival Meeting and finally gave the bailiffs an effective send-off with his fiddle. All this and much more the reader must learn for himself from the volume itself.

The author frankly confesses that the conditions he describes are very different from those known at present. From personal contact with all classes we believe that a much kindlier feeling obtains between masters, managers and men than formerly. A manager who would act in the high-handed fashion of Shadrach Reaveley is not likely to reappear. Great improvements have taken place in the position of the miners. The law recognizes their right to combine, prohibiting only undue interference with individual liberty. Mining operations are carried on under regulations and restrictions that greatly tend to diminish former risks. But with all this coal-mining must necessarily be a perilous occupation. Unexpected falls of rock give rise to daily accidents and the shifting of timber to be re-used as supports is particularly dangerous, and on this account miners deserve much sympathy. In presenting to the public, therefore, the better side of the life and character of Northern pitmen, and in the ample justice he has done to the moderation and self-restraint in most cases exercised, even in trying circumstances such as those of an eviction, the author has, we think, rendered good service to all classes. The tone of the book is good and we wish it a wide circulation.

DELTA.

EARLY METHODISM IN DEWSBURY.*

"Here Paulinus baptised," runs the legend that holds a high place in Dewsbury parish church. From Calder and Ouse to Ninian's pellucid well and Pallinsburn, this first Christian preacher to Northumbrian Angles proved himself a father of British Baptists. Eleven centuries later another church-father reached Dewsbury, which pawky John Wesley in his *Journal* calls "one of the pleasantest towns in England," almost falling into poetry over it in 1770. Mr. Robinson states this (p. 54) and presents a great store of information carefully gleaned from original sources, where from he is a diligent collector, as indeed his father was before him.

The spot is still shown where Methodist preaching began in 1740. The first prophet was John Nelson. A busy man was he, working from

* "*Early Methodism in Dewsbury, etc.* By John Ryley Robinson. Published by J. Fearn-sides & Sons, Batley.

5 a.m. to 6 p.m. as a mason, preaching every evening, and in his dinner-hour studying the Bible, if not preaching. He would rise to preach "with his hammer stuck in his apron-string on one side and his trowel on the other"—an odd picture. His face is interesting. The *Spectator* recently claimed for ancient saints a spirit of "heroic adventure"; and Mr. Robinson's "artless testimony" shows that this existed among early Methodists (pp. 8, 12, 15, 29, 93, 97, *et freq.*). Then what strange effects the preaching had on hearers! "Two or three," we read, "were convulsed for some time, and shook like an aspen leaf; another dropt down on the floor; and several others felt a wounded spirit." What long sermons moreover! In one case Wesley went on "near an hour longer than usual." An *Independent* Methodist chapel fell into orthodox hands, and a tablet had to be erased, which read:—

"Come, sinner, come, however poor,
Christ's grace is free, draw near;
This place is for a house of prayer,
There's no collection here!"

The last line being doubtless heretical.

The ungallant ways of the fathers amuse our author, as when in 1839 they relegated the ladies to the gallery. But his unconscious humour is more catching. A boy jumped on a stone just "laid." "He is still alive," is the next sentence; and one breathes freely to think that he escaped Uzzah's doom.

For the use contemplated in the Introduction, this work is valuable. Its many excellent illustrations increase its utility. The Sunday-school references and other notes are of great interest. These "fragments" offer suggestive material for a good book; but—looking at the kindly face fronting the title-page one does not like to say it—this is not the best book that can be made of it. It irks a critic to meet, in a nice volume, words like "migh" (p. 44), "werethe" (p. 129), "Wesley's" (p. 8), and "Charles Hopper" (p. 51). The punctuation is crude, and faults abound. For these, our wrath falls by turns on the printer and the Rev. James McTurk. But, as obscurity arises from the style, the author must bear the brunt also. "Vain repetitions" are pronounced "heathenish" on the highest authority; but the pathetic appeal (p. 138), ends our complaint. What "Deed was disputed" (p. 94) no fellow can tell. It is not always clear whether the writer speaks, or his father, or Wesley, or another. As the volume must have cost much, and is hardly likely to pay, we regret that some person of greater literary power was not consulted beforehand, for it is a work to which we own a great sympathy and should be of use in any history of early Methodism.

HUGH ROSE RAE.

AMONG THE HALIWER FOLK.

If the uplands of Durham contrast in their aspect with the eastern parts of the county, the character of their people differs from that of the inhabitants of the plains as much as the scenery itself. Weardale, shut in by great fells on either hand, in the recesses of the Palatinate, is still a primitive place whose inhabitants may be said to represent the succession of the Haliwer folk. The history of the Dale is one of unusual interest, beginning with the cave men of the bronze period, and leading on to the Roman Prefects who chased the wolf or speared the boar and, for the sport enjoyed, left votive offerings to their god Silvanus. It was here, too, that the Princes Palatine held their great autumn battues. But it was its possession of mines of lead and iron which made the district a fertile source of revenue to the Bishops and caused the settlement of a considerable population in this mountain valley.

The "Wardale man," who usually combined in himself the pursuits of cultivator and miner, formed part of a community where tradition was of long life, where dialect retained the forms of old times, and where customs remained unimpaired. Up to the middle of the century, for instance, the *skee* was in use and *skeeing* was as much the favourite winter pastime as it is at this day in Norway. But, above all, the people inherit a notable reputation.

"The Weardale men they have good hearts;
They are as stiff as any tree,"

sang the minstrel of the Rookhope Ryde; and in other fields than those of the ballad their descendants are no less sturdy.

In a district where life is spent face to face with nature, where natural phenomena in the formation of hill and valley are everywhere conspicuous, and where the depths of the earth have been pierced by the mining of generations, it by no means follows that these things are held in any special regard. But Weardale has been the birth-place of not a few men eminent in the pursuit of geology and natural history, and to this fact the Weardale Naturalists' Field Club owes its origin.

In their *Transactions*,* just published, they present no mere brochure, but a substantial and well-illustrated serial of a hundred and thirty pages, containing fourteen original articles and eight pages devoted to miscellanea. From these the scope and objects of the club are well exemplified. Geology and natural history are chiefly represented by a series of articles which embody valuable research. These are supplemented by papers of a historical and archæological character

* "*Weardale Naturalists' Field Club Transactions*," illustrated. Part i., vol. i. Edited by William Morley Egglestone. (2s. 6d. Brithwaite & Son, Bishop Auckland, 1900.)

and illustrated with views of the characteristic scenery of the Dale. The editor, Mr. W. M. Egglestone, who contributes much of the material, may be congratulated on having begun his work with every promise of success.

R. OLIVER HESLOP.

"SHADOWS OF THE WAR."*

(MRS. BAGOT.)

The book is true to its title. Dark enough as the shadow-side of things therein so graphically described surely are, the story of the Portland Hospital is told so brightly that one can read the book from cover to cover and be thankful.

The times of querulous fault-finding with those whose business it was to look after the wounded and the sick are not yet past, but no one can hear this plain unvarnished tale of suffering heroically borne and as heroically ministered to, without the thought that a change has come over the spirit of our country's dream in the matter of hospital and ambulance work at the front, and that in no other war which Britain has waged has it seemed as if she was more earnest in her efforts under grievous difficulty to do a mother's duty to her wounded sons.

The very fact of the Portland Hospital will stand as a monument of what England by the sympathetic heart of a single woman could do to inspire a golden deed of mercy and loving-kindness. Here was a lady, the wife of a member of Parliament, busy with all her household duties upon her and her children about her knees so moved with compassion for the sorrows of war that she, with a natural shrinking from public work, would dare to do her best to rouse and inspire enthusiasm for the cause of nursing the wounded at the front. So well did she succeed, that by the end of eight days she had by dint of writing to personal friends, raised £4,500 out of the £10,000 needed for the complete equipment of a field hospital with sustentation fund for six months. At this juncture she was joined by another Westmorland lady, Lady Henry Bentinck, who worked as hard and heartily as she herself did in the good cause, and just when a public appeal seemed necessary they were joined by the Duke of Portland, whose munificence made such appeal needless.

But to organise the funds and working staff of the Portland Hospital was not enough. These brave ladies, Mrs. Bagot and Lady Henry Bentinck, would go themselves to give themselves in service to the soldiers they hoped to succour for Queen and country; and never in our County annals was prouder day than that which heard how Lady Henry

* *Royal octavo pp. 214. 10s. 6d. Edward Arnold.*

Bentinck and Mrs. Joscelyn Bagot set sail on the "Tantallon Castle" on the 9th December, 1900, as volunteers in the service of the sick and wounded in South Africa. Those who know the beauty of the Underley lawns by the banks of Lune, or the quaint witchery of the ancient "topiary" of Levens Hall and all its associations of old time garden pleasure, can realise what sacrifice was involved in voluntary exile from such fair homes in peaceful Westmorland to the hardships and the horror of war and its red fruitage of suffering.

Not one of the least interesting parts of this book, "Shadows of the War," is the undertone of brave bearing of all discomforts for the sake of the good cause. It makes one proud of English gentlewomen to find they can with such spirit and heart face the trouble and the anxieties of camp life as those did who went with the Portland Hospital upon its errand of mercy.

The first chapter gives one an insight into the anxieties that was indeed one of the Shadows of the War on all hearts at the end of December, 1899, and the beginning of the year 1900. The question, Would the Dutch in Cape Colony rise? was then waiting for an answer.

The next chapter takes us to Rondebosch, and allows us to enter into a darker shadow, the shadow of mortification and bitter disappointment, which had to be borne as best it might be by the proud Highlanders who had been brought down from the terrible Magersfontein reverse to be nursed back to health but not to happiness.

In the third chapter we are made to realise something of the Shadows of a hospital camp, but in the fourth chapter that shadow is mixed with sunlight and a delightful picture is given to us of the humours of men who are convalescent, and of the electric effect upon the tent inmates by the presence of the soldier's own poet, Rudyard Kipling, and of the pride men felt in the Queen's chocolate.

Chapter V. deals with more patients and with prisoners of war. Mrs. Bagot and Lady Henry Bentinck went up to Bloemfontein, and an interesting account is given in the chapter entitled "Trekking" of the difficulties and dangers of train service in an enemy's country. One feels almost the dreariness of the lonely veldt as one passes along with them upon their perilous way.

The Military Hospital at Naauwpoort is described, and Chapter IX. plunges us again into the Shadows of War as it describes the outbreak of the terrible epidemic of typhoid at Bloemfontein, which, last April and May, was indeed a city of death.

In Chapter X. we have a cheery account of the country and country roads round Bloemfontein, and a very heart-breaking account of the Horse Hospital near the town to which the broken down or wounded

horses were sent from the front. Mrs. Bagot is evidently a great lover of horses, and enters sympathetically into their sufferings. She pleads that at least under the Red Cross flag some succour should be extended to the poor horses that fell wounded in battle, and suggests that the Geneva Convention might, by extending its merciful aegis to them, allow non-combatants to pass to the battle-fields to put an end to their misery by the short shrift of the merciful bullet.

In this chapter we have an account of the Tea-Hut at the station which in her forethought the writer appears by the help of her friends to have established for the wayfarers and the weary soldiers en route to the front.

In her last chapter Mrs. Bagot tells us of her voyage home on board the "Dilwara," and in a chatty way introduces us to many of her fellow passengers—the sick and wounded who were invalided home. The chapter closes with the tragic story of the poor fellow Weston who died as the ship dropped anchor in the Solent, from sheer excess of joy. It is indeed a book of Shadows of the War until the end.

But as one closes the book one is thankful for the story. It is, one feels, a good thing to have been allowed to pass under the cloud, and to have been, by the very tenderness of the recital, made to feel how dark a thing is war.

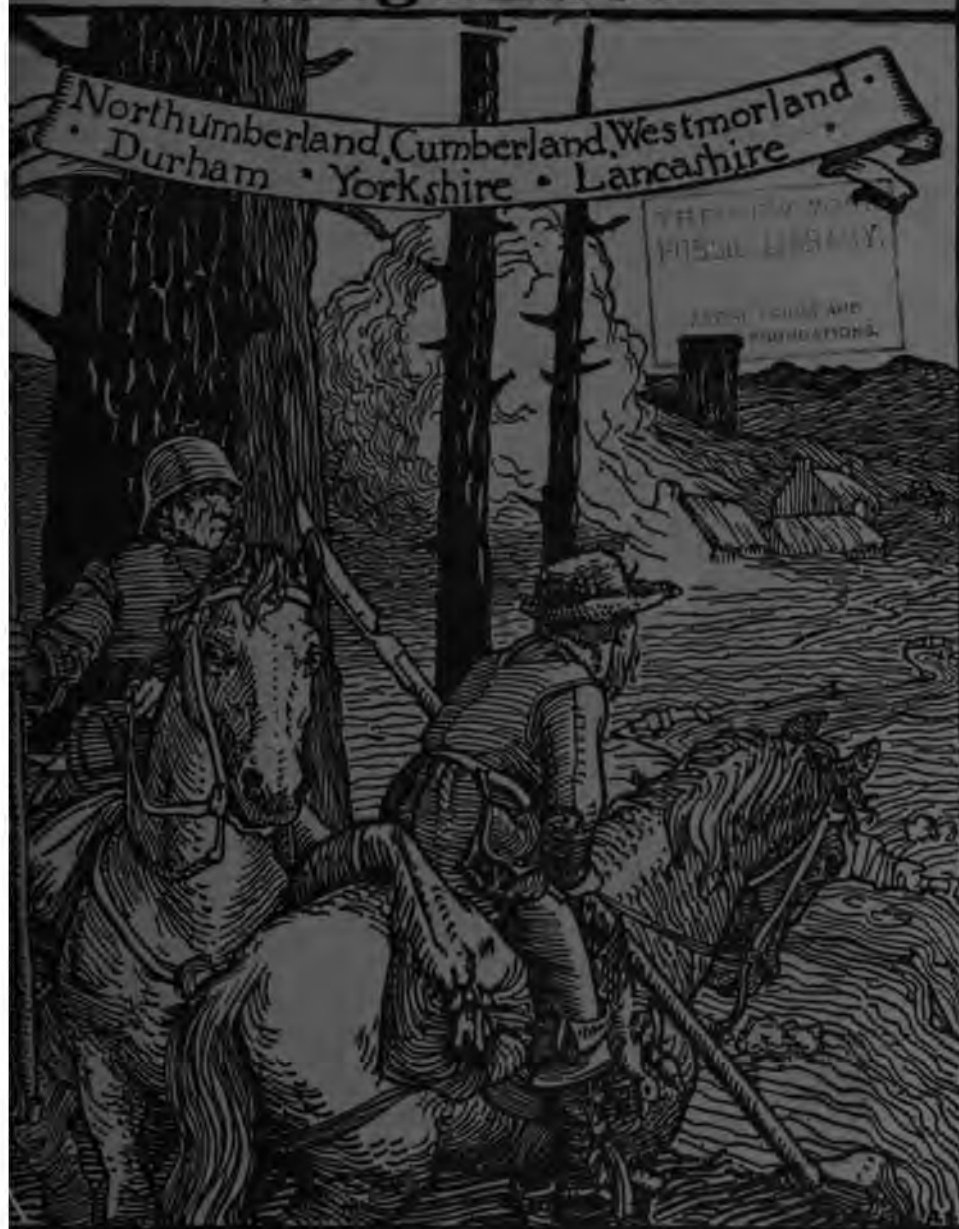
It is a pleasure to read the clear type in which the book is printed, and the illustrations help materially to our realisation of the hospital life described. The publisher is to be congratulated.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.



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The Northern Counties Magazine.



Frontispiece.—The Lost Child.

Samuel Bewick, by the late J. W. Pease.
Various Northern Regiments, by Walter Wood.
Steamers of West Cumberland, by Dean Kitchin.
Everything in its Place, by Mrs. Blundell.
Roman Northumbria, by Dr. Hodgkin.

The Lough Maiden, by W. W. Gibson.
Survey of Yorkshire Dialect, Rev. J. H. Green.
London Literary Letter, by E. V. Lucas.
North Country Chronicle.

Obituary, by Earl Grey and Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P.

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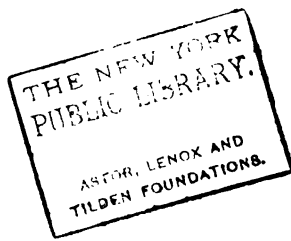
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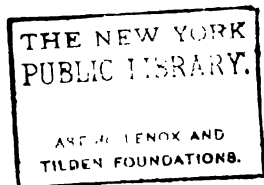


Photograph]

"THE LOST CHILD."

[by Hurman, Limited.

(Painting by James Ramsay, with portrait of Thomas Bewick.)



The Northern Counties Magazine.

May, 1901.

THOMAS BEWICK. ✓

Is the work of our great engraver sufficiently appreciated in the North? The question has been asked and answered in various ways. An answer was given by the two surviving daughters of Thomas Bewick some time ago; an answer which, pondered over for years and very deliberately given, most unfortunately for Newcastle and the North, sent the best and the choicest specimens of his work in water colours to the British Museum. Another answer to the question, and one, I trust, which conveyed a more accurate opinion, came from the Executors of Miss Isabel Bewick, when in 1884 they, without hesitation, presented the Natural History Society in Newcastle with the portraits, drawings and engravings which now adorn its walls.

Their discretion was uncontrolled. They were simply directed by the daughter to place these six hundred original drawings where "they will best perpetuate and keep alive the memory of my late father, Thomas Bewick." And surely this second answer was right, and the work of Thomas Bewick most suitably rests with his people of the North. As one who holds that this second answer was entirely correct, I have been asked to add a few more words to the stream poured forth for a hundred years in praise of our great artist, engraver and naturalist.

His work has been so often described, his life has been so often written, that to do it once more, and to say anything new, is not easy.

We have the volumes of Clayton Atkinson, of Austin Dobson, of Croal Thompson, of Miss Boyd, of Robert Robinson. We have the notes of Stephens, and essays and articles without number, all ready for reference, and, above all, we have the autobiography written in 1822 for his daughter, Jane.

"Get that volume," says Ruskin to his Oxford students, "it is one of the first art books you ought to obtain." Well, my small contribution to Bewick literature must be a description of his work, as illustrated by

my own collection. My love of Bewick goes back sixty years. At first he came before my young eyes as the blessed creator of animal pictures for the small boys of long ago to colour and to daub, then as the heaven-sent guide to youthful ornithologists, and afterwards as the great engraver of his time, who understood the art as no one else ever understood it before, and who will ever remain the wonder of the student of nature and of art.

My collection of his work has been steadily growing for nearly half a century. It began seriously as soon as I moved across the Tyne in 1859, and breathed the air of "Canny Newcassil." I was early introduced to the two daughters of the great engraver, and often paid a visit to the old house in Gateshead, and listened to the memories of hard work, and the success which followed it, in the last years of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century. It was then that my chance as a collector began, and in looking back I sometimes think I might have made even better use of my opportunities. I watched the gradual formation of those big volumes of water colour drawings of which Newcastle was not deemed worthy, and it has often occurred to me that it might then have been possible to keep those drawings at home, and oblige the visitor to the British Museum, of whom we hear so much, to come to Newcastle for once if he wished to view the wonderful work of the North. But it was not to be. Jane Bewick made up her mind that Newcastle did not appreciate her father, and her sister agreed with her view.

Let us see what manner of man we have before us, judging by our portraits and the descriptions which have been preserved. Behold a Northumbrian indeed, about whom there can be no mistake! His life, his work, his character, his methods were all of the far North; Thomas Bewick indeed could not have been born out of Northumberland. Look at him as he stands in St. Nicholas' Square, under the shadow of the great church, where he is by right, for he belongs to the picture and the place, and very near him, if we could only see it, is the little workshop which poured forth those marvellous works of his to delight all lovers of truth and honesty in art and nature henceforth. The portrait by James Ramsay is very similar to the one engraved by Bacon; in fact it must have been taken out of the large picture for the engraver's guidance. Bacon represents Bewick standing, however, on the other side of the Tyne, with the town and St. Nicholas in the distance, and looking, not at his much-loved river, or at the great town on her banks, but straight before him into the county of Durham. In the large oil-painting of St. Nicholas, called by Ramsay "The Lost Child," and exhibited at the second exhibition of the Northumberland Institution for the Promotion of Fine Arts, in September, 1823, our engraver is

THOMAS BEWICK.

placed in his right position, very near his workshop and close to the old church he delighted to draw. The figures of the artist and his wife are given, and the mother of the child, whose loss is being proclaimed



From photograph

THOMAS BEWICK.
(By T. S. Good.)

(by D. Cameron Swan, Esq.)

by the town bellman, stands near. The portrait of Bewick is finished with wonderful care, almost as minutely as if it were a miniature.

* Mr. Swan kindly supplies the following information. "My old friend—the late John Hancock, who was with me in the Museum when I photographed the picture—said it was a striking likeness of the great engraver, whom he knew well, and said, moreover, that he was represented in a characteristic attitude, just as he remembered him one Sunday when he walked over to Cherryburn, when Bewick greeted him thus:—'Well, John, I'm right glad to see thee. I'm gladder than if the King himself had come!'"

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Murray's clever engraving, executed at Miss Boyd's request for her "Bewick Gleanings," gives the principal figure very clearly, but, in order that the whole scene may be presented as it is in the picture, I have had it taken again for our present purpose. On the whole, I believe it



"THE GRAVE OF THOMAS BEWICK," OVENHAM-ON-TYNE.
(By John Storey, 1844.)

may be considered the most satisfactory and characteristic likeness produced, and Bewick himself considered Ramsay's portrait the best. His daughter, Jane, agreed with this view, but in a copy I have of the Fables in 1820, she has made many notes strongly praising Bailey's bust, and

the portrait by Good, which was the last, and which now hangs in the Natural History Museum, and is here given by the kindness of Mr. Swan from an excellent photograph of his. I have also a miniature by William Nicholson (from J. Trotter Brockett's collection) the water colour drawing which was engraved, as well as one or two more. And there are other portraits in existence, several of them strongly condemned by Miss Bewick, with that outspoken criticism in which she excelled. In the book I have already alluded to there are many notes.

"This is a dreadful caricature," she says of one; "very bad," of Murphy's work; and of Barnett's, "This is intolerable." "Mr. Ramsay is very much inclined to prosecute Mr. Charnley for publishing this hideous thing."

But it is not to the painter of portraits alone that we must go for a likeness of Bewick. We have his *Memoir*, where we find his character as drawn by himself. It is a charming story, so simple, and so strongly told. I have often given it to my friends; once to a charming and most fastidious old lady friend of mine, who simply delighted in its quaint pictures, and the force and life of its pages; and once to a young lady friend, as charming and quite as fastidious, who amused me by describing it in almost the same terms as her elder sister; in fact over and over again I have found it to be welcome. You must read the book to understand the man, to enjoy his quaint philosophy, his shrewd views of men and of manners. It is not sufficiently known. Let us dip into its early pages and view with him the country where he was born. The whole aspect is changed now, the old house is altered, although part of it remains, but the Tyne runs below as of old, and the ancient tower of Ovingham Church is seen on the other side of the river. And so the birthplace and the tomb of this simple lover of Nature are not far removed. One of the water colour drawings I have shows the family birthplace just under the shadow of the old Early English tower. Another gives the river and the view of the church on its steep banks, whilst a third is a drawing in quiet colouring by Robert Johnson, one of the most talented pupils of the Bewick School, showing part of the old Church, close to the Parsonage, where the two brothers, Thomas and John, went over the ferry to school. On one of the tombstones in the Churchyard sits Dr. Gregson, the pastor and schoolmaster of their youth. The history of the early education at Cherryburn is interesting. There was no idea in those far-off days of sparing the rod. The interposing father of the school board scholar did not exist, and the first Mickley master flogged the boy so severely and often, both in season and out of it, as the pupil himself thought, that in the end "I rebelled" (says the *Memoir*), "I broke my master's shins with my iron-hooped clogs, and

ran off," and thus the needful duty of correction was retransferred to the home, and "I got many severe beatings from both my father and mother in the interval between my leaving school and the appointment of another master."

Perhaps on the whole the flogging was overdone, but it did not seem to do harm; it was often doubtless well enough earned, and it was clearly recognized as the right and regular treatment. It checked a certain amount of mischief during the week, when the boys, like "Bedlamites, ran about the fell stark naked," in imitation of the savages described in their boyish books, and on Sundays it was reinforced by attendance in church. One Sunday a "clownish fellow" came uninvited into the Bewick pew which young Thomas did not approve of, and the offence being continued Sunday after Sunday, it seemed to be needful to take notice of the intrusion. "I did not think these visits quite right and wished to put an end to them," and the method of proceeding was as follows:—"A dumb man ('Dummy of Wylam'), a constant church-goer, had a seat in the pew before ours, where regularly during the services he fell fast asleep," whilst our embryo engraver, as he tells us himself, was busily employed in drawing various figures upon the soft painted book-board before him with a pin, holding down his head, and to all appearance, absorbed in his devotions. Poor "Dummy of Wylam," slumbering thus at his ease on this particular Sunday, became aware of a smart blow on the head, which came suddenly from young Thomas, who "reached aside" for the purpose, kept his gravity undisturbed, appearing intent on looking at his Prayer Book, whilst the pew intruder immediately behind "Dummy" was "putting on a broad grin." The grin and the blow together were more than could rightly be borne. "Dummy" was fairly aroused and enraged, and with a disturbed countenance he kept thumping the intruder in the face and head, at the same time making a hideous noise, which was heightened by the fellow shouting and calling him a fool, at the same time assuring him that "it was I who gave the blow and not he." To the deaf man a waste of words, and to the congregation, greatly disturbed, small satisfaction.

But the object was attained, the pew was left to its rightful occupants, and the good father and the patient Pastor were alone able to explain the catastrophe.

There was some progress at school, and meanwhile the process of self-education went steadily on. "My propensity for drawing was so rooted that nothing could deter me from persevering," but there was no encouragement in those early days, either at home or at school. "My father found much fault with my idle pursuits." The early efforts with chalk on the hearth and tombstones were laughed at by his master.

but there was no pause. The master passion still pressed him on, and soon we find our young artist in possession of "Pen and ink, of camel-hair brush and pencil, and shells of colour," and returning from long wanderings in the woods, he began that most successful method of his which was followed to the end.

In the true "Pre-Raphaelite" spirit he put down on paper Nature as he saw her, and thus in his own way, without training of any kind, began to create those faithful representations of the wild things around his peaceful home, which are so simple, so true and so imbued with the spirit and the character of the man himself.

"As silent time stole away in the varied seasons of the long measured years changes gradually took place" in that young and ardent life:—"I was led to enquire into the nature of the objects which attracted my attention: among the first were birds, their nests, their eggs, their young, these to me were sources of great delight, and many a spring morning I watched and looked after them." Thus was the seed sown, and thus were those drawings commenced which soon were to expand into the finished and truthful studies of our English birds which appeared in his greatest work. A little bit tedious, perhaps, towards the end, the Memoir deals with many things. Bewick gives us his opinion of the state of Society "at large." He has methods for altering the suffrage. He would change the punishment of criminals; he would have our balls held in the clear light of day, if they must be held at all; he would entirely alter our training of children. He was always ready to discuss and think out the questions which were raised for discussion, either by the Press, by Parliament, or in private. He knew many of the Newcastle public men of the time. His lawyer was Armourer Donkin, so famous in his connection with Lord Armstrong; he was intimate with our Newcastle Clerk of the Peace, and our Recorder. Dr. Hedlam, Dr. Trotter, and Dr. Ramsay were his friends, and many were the visits paid to his workshop and his house by well-known strangers on visits to the North. He was a Quaker in the matter of taking an oath, and sneered at our custom of "kissing the Book," and thus piously appealing to Providence "in all the little dirty transactions between man and man which come into our law courts." "Remember," he says "that an honest man's word is as good as his oath, and so is a rogue's too." And as to marriage he has much to say. Some of his remarks are very practical, others a little difficult. "One cannot help wondering at the uncommon pains a man will take in buying a horse, to see that the animal is at any rate perfectly sound and without blemish, and why not take the same pains in choosing a wife, which is of infinitely more importance to him. No man need look far

from his home to choose a helpmate, possessing every requisite to make him happy," and so apparently thought one of his neighbours—the writer of the following letter, which reposes peacefully among my autographs, and which perhaps may be here quoted without impropriety, since in these days the love letters of our English damsels are freely given to a wondering world. There is no gushing sentimentality about our letter; here it is in its entirety, written in a clear, bold hand, quite unaffected by the trembling agitation of the lover:—

Dear Sir,

Permit me to ask you two or three questions.—First, whether you think Miss Jane Bewick would have any objection to marry me?

Second, if you think she would not object, whether there would be any objection on your part? and

Third, what fortune will you give her?

Yours truly,

John A. Pybus.

April 4th, 1828.

To Thomas Bewick, Esq.,
Gateshead.

I have no answer, unfortunately, in my collection to these questions one, two and three, but, as Miss Jane remained Miss Bewick to the end of her well-spent ninety-four years, it would seem that the lover sighed in vain. It would have been interesting to read the answer.

In some of my Bewick letters there comes much vigour of expression. I will give a specimen or two of this vigour. A request in 1818 had come from the great collector, John Thomas Brockett, for certain India paper proofs of the cuts just finished by Bewick for his "*Æsop's Fables*," which proofs were greatly desired. No doubt they are very beautiful as proofs, without the letterpress, and I am fortunate in having the only complete set, as Miss Bewick writes, in existence. But the Brockett request came at an inconvenient time, the India paper was returned, and a short note says, "I cannot at present take off the impressions you want." The impatience of Brockett cannot be controlled. He tells Bewick that his refusal "is unhandsome in the extreme," and says that "sad littleness of mind is betrayed by the refusal." Then quickly back to Brockett of Gateshead this message flashes forth from the little workshop in Newcastle—

St. Nicholas Church,
12th Dec., 1818.

Mr. Brockett,
Sir,

By your arrogant and offensively impudent letter you have prevented me from answering it any other wise than by merely saying it has put an end to all future correspondence and connection between us. Farewell.

I am, etc.,

THOMAS BEWICK.

And so again when Charnley contemplated his issue of "Select Fables," two years later, long letters passed between the publisher and the engraver, all of them now in their places amongst my autographs, in which there is much plain speaking "I believe," says Bewick, "that I anticipate the sentiments of every enlightened mind when I declare your undertaking can alone be supported by the cunning and tricks practised by needy adventurers or those regardless of character. I have no motive otherwise than honestly to protect property of which



BEWICK'S TOOL-BOX.

I am guardian, and to prevent the illiberal and unhandsome use of my name which must evidently tend to bring it into contempt, and therefore materially affect the sale of my works."

And now perhaps we may look more closely at some of these works themselves, and say something about the various editions which very rapidly appeared. The letters to Charnley are interesting in many ways. They rightly protest against the publication of crude and clumsy speci-

mens of work done in haste and with little skill, without explanation of the circumstances under which the work was accomplished. There is often a tendency amongst collectors to bring together every trifle connected with their idol, and thus much is preserved and cared for which might rightly be allowed to perish. It is a mistake to pretend to admire all Bewick's work, and to allow your uncontrolled admiration even to include things which he had never seen.

Some of my great volumes of his work are spoiled by this system of collecting without discrimination. Hundreds of miserable cuts have been carefully inlaid and mounted by ardent idolizers of the past, which should have been put into the fire. Hugo, the greatest authority of all, and the king of Bewick collectors, sinned much in this respect. His historic collection was sold at his death twenty-four years ago, and now his fifteen volumes of engravings take up much room on my Bewick shelves. Then there are huge folios near me: the collection formed by George Rutland, of Newcastle, with some interesting original drawings; the two Robinson-Charnley folios, with many autograph letters and rare proofs; the big Robert Pinkney volumes, illustrating Mr. Croal Thompson's life; and more interesting than all, a grand collection of one thousand five hundred proofs in various states formed by Bewick himself with the help of his son, for their Liverpool friend, Mr. Vernon, a collection made when the blocks were first proved, and accompanied by letters from the engraver and his friend, written at the very time.

But all the volumes have the same fault, they are too bulky to move without the help of a crane, and they all show a sad lack of discrimination.

Bewick, in one of the Charnley letters, says:—"I have no desire to feed the whimsies of the bibliomanists. I date the volume of Quadrupeds to be my commencement of wood engraving worthy of attention. Before that period, 1790, I was engaged in the general work of a country engraver's shop; one hour employed on copper, another on wood, another on silver, another on brass, and another on steel: ready and willing indeed to undertake any description of work, and feeling no doubt, all the time, the impossibility of bringing forth any fruit to perfection." The advent then of "The General History of Quadrupeds," printed by and for Hodgson, Beilby and Bewick in 1790, marked an era in the history of engraving. The volume is very rare in its larger size, and the paper is poor and thin, and does not show the animals to advantage. There were four copies, however, printed on thick atlas vellum paper, of royal size, and in one of these, bought by Karslake, the Bristol bookseller, from Miss Bewick, just forty years ago, for £20.

there was an interesting letter from her father, stating that of the four copies, John Bell kept one, one was given to Mr. Hodgson, one to Mrs. Beilby and one to Mrs. Bewick. "I often wished my wife would allow me to give hers away to biblomanists, to whom I thought I owed obligations, but she always expressed her unwillingness, and she still, in 1824, has it in her possession. What you may be able to get for Mrs. Beilby's from those book-mad gentry I cannot even guess, for the mania seems to me not yet to have got to its height. Anything that is deemed rare or unique sells now monstrously high."

I missed the precious volume then by a single post. One of the "book-mad gentry" in the South carried it off, but sixteen years later I heard of it as having been sold at Christie's, to Toovey, the London bookseller, for £30 9s., and once more it appeared in a London sale room, soon afterwards, as having changed hands at £50. And in the end, as everything comes to him who waits, Mr. Quaritch introduced it at last to my library, and I found, curiously enough, that for years it had been lodged, after its visit to Bristol, in the collection of a neighbour in Newcastle. The engravings come out well in later editions; the paper and the printing improves, the book becomes quite an imposing volume in the edition of 1807, and in this state I have more than one presentation copy from father to daughter, with an autograph inscription in that distinct half printed character used on occasions of ceremony by the engraver in all his presentation copies.

In 1820 some extra imperial copies were printed, and one in boards, also given by the father to the daughter Elizabeth, came into my hands from Jane Bewick in 1862. Of the same edition I also have Isabella's copy, carefully bound, with proofs on India paper, every cut in the volume placed side by side with the impression forming part of the issue. Bewick often gave his books to his friends. I have several dozen copies containing his well-known autograph, and in each case the volume obtains an added interest therefrom.

The gifts of this kind to his daughters seem to have been quite numerous, and the inscription often quaintly stately and formal. I have one very interesting water colour of Ovingham and Prudhoe, with the following dedication:—

"This slightly washed sketch was done by my dear brother John, when only a boy, and which I beg my daughter Isabella's acceptance of as a memorandum of his drawing abilities and his worth. Witness my hand, this 26th July, 1826.

THOMAS BEWICK."

In 1797 appeared the greatest work of all, the first volume of the "History of British Birds," the figures engraved on wood by T. Bewick,

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

and printed by Solomon Hodgson for Beilby and Bewick. The drawings, engravings and cuts of the first volume were begun in 1791, the



From painting]

A FRIEND OF BEWICK.
(Rev. H. Cotes, a former Vicar of Bedlington.)

[by T. S. Good.

letterpress, as in the quadrupeds, was by Mr. Beilby. In the second volume, published in 1804, the literary work was accomplished by Bewick himself, but carefully revised by his friend, the Rev. Henry

Cotes, Vicar of Bedlington. I have a very fine Rembrandtesque portrait of this naturalist clergyman by that very clever artist T. S. Good, which is reproduced here. On good paper, and in the rare imperial size, this is a grand volume. I saw a copy with its fellow volume of 1804 sold in December last year for £90 at a London sale, and when the second volume was issued seven years later, the demand increased so quickly that many editions followed. Those of 1821 and 1826 perhaps were the most perfect in printing and paper; and some of the engravings without letterpress, valuable to connoisseurs, principally perhaps, yet not entirely, on account of their rarity, are to be found in many collections. There was a pretty little volume of this kind issued in 1800, the object being to show the birds and tail pieces to the best advantage without letterpress. I have several of this edition, the best being the one bought in 1863 at the sale of the library of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III. The volume is rare and esteemed amongst collectors, and not considered complete without the last page, which for some unexplained reason, contains a somewhat obtrusive impression of the very coarsest of the cuts in its first stage, before means were taken to tone down its impropriety. On the whole, with the exception, perhaps, of the Vernon proofs mentioned before, the best and the most beautifully printed impressions in my possession are those contained in two volumes which came to me from the Hamilton Palace library sale, from the celebrated Beckford collection, nineteen years ago. The two volumes contained an elaborate bookplate unknown to Mr. Quaritch, but recognised at once when the books came back to Newcastle, as the property, oddly enough, of a well-known book collector of the North, eighty years ago. They were sold at Sotherby's sale rooms in 1823, and again went through the same process at the same rooms in 1882, and I see I marked the volumes on the latter date as containing the finest impressions known. But time and the pages of this magazine are short, and we cannot continue long prosing over these wonderful engravings and the various editions now before me,—yet how the power of these simple cuts has continued to impress itself upon mankind! The poet and artist are alike carried away in their enthusiasm. In comparison with them Wordsworth, the foremost singer of Nature, was even willing to barter away his songs:—

“ Oh ! now that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne,
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose;
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.”*

* “*The Two Thieves.*” (Composed and published, 1800.)

Similarly Ruskin, the greatest of critics, "I know of no drawing so subtle as Bewick's since the fifteenth century, except Holbein's and Turner's." It is worth while turning to the end of "Ariadne Florentina" for the rest, and to note there the pretty apology to Miss Bewick for some former incomplete reference to her father, and for the pain caused to the daughter by this reference "to the man of all English artists, whose histories I have read, I most esteem."

To see this subtlety of delineation it is needful to examine some of the water colour drawings of the birds. There is one by my side of an



FIELDFARE.
(By Thomas Bewick.)

owl, exhibited twenty-one years ago, at the Bewick exhibition in London. Mr. Stephens says "it is one of the best in the exhibition, and possesses a delicacy of colour which is almost Japanese." He speaks particularly of the way in which the feathers are represented. "The russet, brown, grey and white of the bird, the minute work," he says, "should be most carefully examined with the lens." It is indeed a beautiful specimen of his minutest skill, of exactly the same size as the woodcut in the book.

Another example which has been photographed for this article is the Fieldfare (not the one engraved, but a larger work) the colour is

very delightful in the original, and I always look upon it, as I pass it every day of my life, as the most beautiful representation of a bird I have ever seen.

Bewick's method of drawing his birds in colour, clearly helped him when he was turning his idea into black and white. By his "white line," and the modification of it, he could give colour and the various tints required in a way unequalled, I think, by engravers. He had evidently closely studied Albert Durer, and rejected the effects this great master obtained by "cross hatching." I have several of the larger works by Durer, which came from Bewick's house in Gateshead, and the comparison of style is interesting.

As a clear and simple result of Bewick's method of dealing with his birds, and giving as it were the exact tints of plumage, it is worth while looking with care at a good and clear impression of the Yellow Bunting,—a very simple cut, and one which gave much satisfaction to the engraver. Or examine the Bittern, with his rich plumage and most harmonious background; or the Woodcock, standing in one of the nooks he loves so well, with his great soft eye ever on the watch; or at that marvellous piece of feather painting which the cut of the Tame Duck gives us, where we see the beautifully blended colours of the Mallard in his perfect spring plumage, standing out against a charming little bit of country scenery; or look closely at the grand sweep of the tail of the Peacock; or the masterly rendering of the rare colour of the Pheasant.

"THE CHASE OF THE CHILLINGHAM BULL."

But let us leave our birds of the air for a moment; let us leave what Walton calls "the wing'd people of the skie," and go back to the four-footed things of the earth. Let me speak of my Chase of the "Chillingham Bull." You often read in the catalogues of the advertising bookseller of a volume, which, if it is only sufficiently costly, is described as the corner stone of an Englishman's library. All Bewick collectors know that their particular corner stone is the original vellum "Chillingham Bull." It has all the special characteristics of this particular kind of corner stone. It has great merit. It has considerable dimensions, and it is exceedingly rare. Above all things it is very expensive. Indeed, if it had not this last quality it would, I suppose, be hardly recognized as a corner stone at all. For forty years I have been hunting this elusive "Bull." Let me remind my readers of its history. Marmaduke Tunstall, the owner of that Wycliffe Natural History Collection, which came at last to Newcastle, asked Bewick in 1788 to engrave a bull of the Chillingham breed. The request was made in the autumn,

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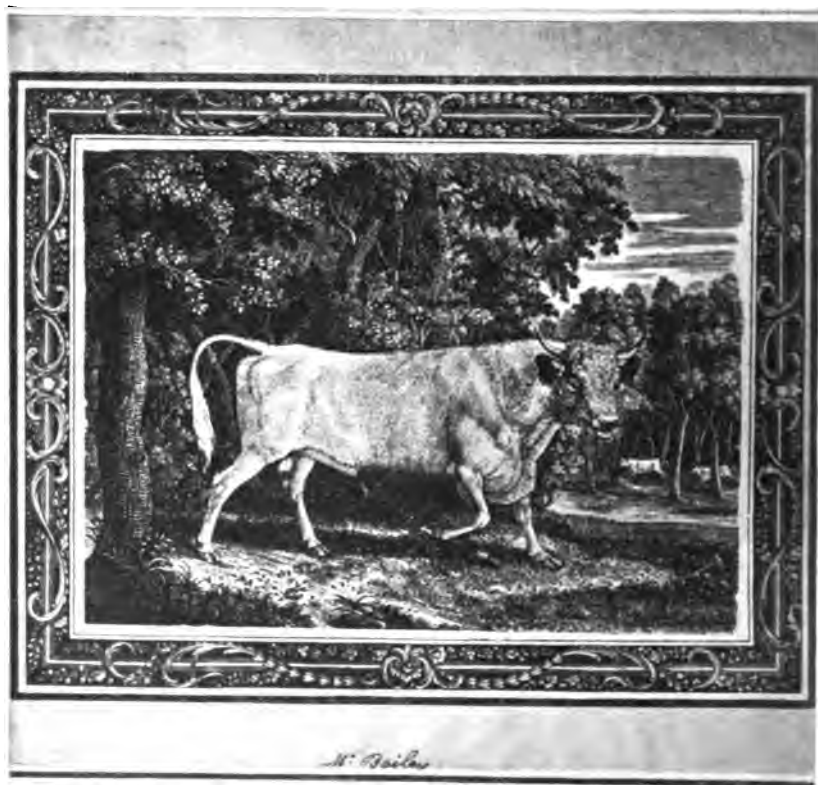
and on Easter Sunday of the following year off went our artist on foot for the house of John Bailey, the Chillingham steward, and a sketch was made after some difficulty, and the engraving was quickly commenced.

Fortunately the idea of a copper plate was given up, and very soon

THE CHILLINGHAM BULL, 1789.

PROOF IMPRESSION ON VELLUM ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY THOMAS BEWICK.

THE SKETCH OF THIS BULL WAS MADE BY JOHN BAILEY, LAND STEWART OF CHILLINGHAM, THE
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a large engraving on wood was produced with the figure of the bull enclosed in a rather elaborate border, more than half an inch broad, the engraved surface of the block measuring nine and three-eighths inches by seven inches. The artist was pleased with his work, and so

was Mr. Tunstall. It was finished in the summer of 1789, and the block was carried to Mr. Hodgson, the printer of the "Newcastle Chronicle" in those days, so that proofs might be taken.

The block was placed in the press; a few very careful impressions on vellum showed the beauty of the work. It was Saturday afternoon, and the block was left until Monday. The hot summer's sun on Sunday found out our woodcut in its resting place, and enviously split that block in two. On Monday morning the misfortune was discovered, the block, considered by Bewick as his masterpiece, was ruined, the elaborate and enclosing border was no more, and the proofs of the beauty of the work, as a whole, can only now be found in those few impressions of Saturday. I have said that for forty years I have hunted those vellum proofs. It used to be said there were only four specimens to hunt, then the collectors made the number six, and at last the four and the six have been added together, and it has now been conceded that the world holds



ten animals of the pure breed. One of them at any rate is where it ought to be. It is in the Newcastle Natural History Museum, another is safely stabled in the South Kensington Museum, and a third was bought many years ago by Lord Spencer, for £50. Two are in private hands, one of them, I think, in America, and the other half of the original Chillingham herd is in the collection of which I write. Mr. Croal Thompson, in his work on Bewick, describes them all. Miss Boyd in her Chillingham chapters gives more information. I have a drawer full of notes as to the wandering of these "Bulls" during the last half century and more. The five I have succeeded in running down are 1, 3, 6, 8 and 9, in Mr. Croal Thompson's list. One other I missed in London thirty years ago. I tried hard to follow him up, but, as I said before, I think he found refuge on the other side of the Atlantic. No. 1 I lost sight of twice, but through the mists of many years he emerged at last, and in the end was found to be the identical animal given by

Bewick to his "old friend, Bailey, the Chillingham steward," with the engraver's writing as proof. No. 3 was in Pollard the engraver's possession, with a pedigree certificate in his writing, vouching for its being sent to him "as a present from my old friend Thomas Bewick, and worth, I am told, fifty pounds or more guineas," the date of the certificate being May 20th, 1833.

Stalking is an interesting and exciting occupation. Some of my bulls have given me many a long chase; but now the five are safely enclosed, each with his separate pedigree above his place of abode—and as a rule they show little sign of the wear and tear of one hundred and twelve years. And then, besides the beasts and the birds, there are the inimitable vignettes. Austin Dobson has admirable remarks about them all. They are so small and yet they convey so much that the story told is quite marvellously distinct. Every little line has its own precise object—value. Not a dot is thrown away, or of no use. I have a book



full of the original drawings, all worthy of most close observation. They are always healthy and harmless, sometimes a little coarse, as was the way of a hundred years ago, but ever with the redeeming quality of true humour, and it is sometimes irresistibly comic. It is not needful to describe more particularly. Those who know their Bewick will recall such scenes as the one depicting the sailing of small boats by a little group of small boys in a lake of inadequate dimensions, or the passing shower which besprinkles the group of tourists journeying along under that little hillock in the meadow crowned by the ever bountiful milk cow.

But it is time to bring this little history to a close. In doing so I see many things around me I might describe. There is the well-used tool-box on the other side of the room, with all its twenty gravers, burnishers and eyeglass, now enclosed in an oak glass case, but otherwise just as it was left by Bewick himself on the 8th Nov., 1828. It

THOMAS BEWICK.

now stands on a little mahogany table, at which the engraver used to sit, and where most of his work was done, and in the long drawer of this table repose now those beautiful wood blocks cut by Thomas Bewick from his brother's last designs for Bulmer, to show what his Shakespeare press and Whatman's paper could do in London with the poems of Goldsmith, Parnell, and Somerville of the Chase. There is one of the blocks cut for the Chase which, I think, is the finest specimen of landscape rendering I know. Then there are the various editions of the various books, and the proofs, on papers of various kinds. Satin impressions, impressions on vellum, and on silk, all of some interest to the collector of these things. There is the bust by Bailey; many drawings by those clever pupils,—Clennel, Johnson and Nesbit. There is the Corncrake preserved most carefully in its case, exactly as it appeared in the book, by Wingate, the friend of the family, who, Bewick says, coloured some of the impressions of the birds, comparing them as he coloured, with nature, and "working as though he was on his oath." There are a vast number of letters,—one of them Frank Buckland, long ago, took away with him and published, because it seemed to contain the very first suggestion of the modern Salmon Ladder, proposed then for the river Tyne. The letter contains a drawing of the suggested arrangement, and is for the information of Mr. Brandling, the Newcastle member of those days. It speaks of the price of salmon thus:—"When I was a boy, from about the years 1760 to 1767, I was frequently sent by my parents to the fisherman at Eltringham ford to purchase a salmon. I was always desired not to pay 2d. per lb. and I commonly paid only 1d." These things all remain in Northumberland to show that Miss Bewick was not entirely correct in her judgment. As I said at first they are the work of a true son of the North, and in the North they should remain.

"For my part," says that son, "I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley bank top than remain in London, although for doing so I was to be made Premier of England."

This healthy view brought our engraver home again after a taste of London which only deepened his love for his home. It is sad we cannot bring that British Museum bequest back also, but let us take consolation in the fact, that here at our doors, in our Newcastle Natural History Museum, we may at any hour of leisure go and rejoice in what has been left to us there. "We have regarded the claim of Newcastle-on-Tyne, as paramount," say the Executors of the last of the great engraver's daughters, and so let us return thanks to Mr. Crawhall and Mr. Barnes for their precious gifts. Let us glance again at the words so well written by Mrs. Ritchie on the contents of our Museum, and let us wend our way very often to the building at Barras Bridge.

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Shortly before his death Bewick was asked what he was thinking of, his answer was "new tail-pieces for my books;"—here is the last of all, intended, it is said, to represent his own funeral.

JOHN WILLIAM PEASE, D.C.L.



BEWICK'S LAST VIGNETTE
(The Original Drawing of his last Tailpiece.)



PROOF OF THE LAST VIGNETTE.
(View of Cherryburn, and Funeral Procession on its way to the River,
and to the Churchyard at Ovingham.)

[There is a pathetic interest in the choice of this "last vignette" by the late Mr. John W. Pease, as the tailpiece to his admirable paper, for this article was the last activity of his active life, the proofs even never having reached his hands. An additional interest will attach to the paper itself, for Mr. Pease has bequeathed to the Newcastle Public Library his splendid collection, as above in part described.— ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]

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FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

III.—THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

(Continued from page 9.)

Minden was fought on August 1st, 1759, during the Seven Years' War, between the Allied Army, composed of English, Hanoverians, and Hessians, under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick: and the French, commanded by Marshal de Contades. At a loss of two thousand men the Allies gained the victory. Minden as a fight was for us a great triumph, for the loss of the French was seven thousand in killed, wounded and missing.

Minden is the most celebrated of the honours of the regiment, and with good cause, for in that great battle the Twentieth, then known as Kingsley's Regiment, had six officers, one sergeant and seventy-nine rank and file killed, eleven officers, twelve sergeants and two hundred

and twelve rank and file wounded. For its share in the battle the regiment was particularly mentioned. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, commanding the allied army, gave directions, in general orders, that "Kingsley's regiment of the British line, from its severe loss, will cease to do duty." The surviving officers and soldiers, however, mindful of the ancient reputation of their corps, and determined that not even their shattered ranks should be a ground for shirking or escaping work, however desperate, begged to be allowed to take every duty which came to their turn, and accordingly two days later it was stated in general orders that "Kingsley's regiment, at its own request, will resume its portion in the line."

This famous honour of Minden is borne by the Suffolk regiment—the old 12th Foot; the Lancashire Fusiliers—the old 20th; the Royal Welsh Fusiliers—23rd Foot; the King's Own Scottish Borderers—the old 25th; the Hampshire regiment—the old 37th; and the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry—the old 51st. It is singularly interesting to note that of the six British regiments upon whose colours this cherished distinction is borne, no fewer than three are Northern regiments. They are all "Minden Boys," and on the anniversary of the battle roses are worn in commemoration of the victory, because tradition has it that the most desperate part of the struggle took place in some rose gardens. According to tradition the Twentieth were posted in or near some rose gardens, and the men during the fight decked their hats with these beautiful flowers. Ever since, that is to say, for nearly a century and a half, the battle has been commemorated by wearing roses on the first of August.

The authors of that admirable and painstaking work, "Badges, Mottoes, and Records of the British Army," in the excellent little summary of the Regiment's history, stated—"It seems regrettable that the 'Lancaster Rose,' which might fitly typify the picturesque Minden tradition, should not have found a place beside the 'Sphinx and Wreath' in the territorial distinctions of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The Sphinx and Wreath, as the sole badge of the Twentieth Foot for eighty years, has time-honoured associations of its own. But the services of the regiment in Egypt in 1801 were briefer than those of most corps entitled to display the Sphinx, with or without a Wreath, whilst, on the other hand, the old Lancastrian emblem, which has been assigned to most other Lancashire regiments, is conspicuous by its absence from the territorial badges of the 'Minden Boys.'"

"Egmont-op-Zee" is an honour commemorating the battle fought on October 2nd, 1799, in which the Duke of York, Sir Ralph Aber-

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crombie and Sir John Moore, with thirty thousand English and Russians defeated General Le Brune at the head of twenty-five thousand Dutch troops.



"OLD TWENTIETH" UNIFORM.

"Egypt," with the Sphynx, represents the work of the Twentieth in that country. On March 8th, 1801, the expedition under Abercrombie landed at Aboukir, and a few days later the French attacked him; but were quickly repulsed. The battle of Alexandria followed, on

the 21st of the same month, and again the enemy were defeated. The regiments which took part in this campaign have a sphinx on their colours.

"Maida" is an honour conferred upon the Twentieth for the battle of that name, fought on July 4th, 1806, near the village of Maida. An English force of about four thousand eight hundred men under the command of Sir John Stuart having effected a landing in Calabria, on July 1st, attacked and defeated the French, who were entrenched in a strong position near the village of Maida. Of the French force, which numbered seven thousand, four thousand were lost in killed, wounded and prisoners; the British loss being forty-five killed and two hundred and eighty-two wounded.

"Vimiera"—General Junot attacked Wellington near the town of this name on August 21st, 1808. The French were completely defeated, with a loss of fourteen guns and many prisoners. The loss of the regiment in this action was one officer killed and one officer and five soldiers wounded.

"Corunna" stands not only for the victory of that name, but also the privations of the Twentieth before the battle. The regiment was usually employed in the rear-guard, a duty which caused it to be constantly exposed to the attacks of the pursuing French. In January, 1809, the retreating army reached Corunna, and after its terrible sufferings got a little rest. The troops took up a position a little distance from the town to wait for the coming of the ships in which they were to leave the country. On the 16th they were fiercely attacked by the enemy, in greatly superior numbers, and scored a decided victory. The gallant Moore fell, mortally wounded, and with him many officers and men of his force of fourteen thousand. Of the French Army of twenty thousand no fewer than two thousand were killed or wounded.

For this hard mountain work the Twentieth bear the honour of "Pyrenees," representing a succession of engagements from July 28th to August 2nd, 1813. In his dispatch the Duke of Wellington said, "In the course of this contest, the gallant 4th division which has so frequently been distinguished in the Army, surpassed their former good conduct. Every regiment charged with the bayonet and the 40th, 7th, 20th, and 23rd, four different times. Their officers set them the example, and Major-General Ross had two horses shot under him."

"Orthes" is another Peninsular distinction borne by the regiment. On February 27th, 1814, Wellington defeated Marshal Soult, inflicting upon him a loss of nearly four thousand men and six guns. The loss of the English was about two thousand three hundred men in killed, wounded and prisoners. On the morning of the battle the Twentieth

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.

marched a considerable distance to gain the enemy's right. The Twentieth covered the division guns, and were ordered to recover some ground which had been lost by a Portuguese brigade. Major-General Ross being wounded the command of the brigade of which the Twentieth formed part devolved on Colonel Ellis, of the 23rd Fusiliers. He directed the Twentieth to reserve their fire and charge, with three cheers. This the regiment did, and did so well that at the point of the bayonet they drove back a strong body of the enemy. The Twentieth, however, became exposed to the fire of the French artillery, and suffered heavy loss. Later, however, they were recompensed by capturing a couple of the enemy's guns. In this hard fight the Twentieth had its commanding officer, three other officers and six privates killed; one officer taken prisoner, and five officers, two corporals and ninety soldiers wounded.

In the severe engagement for which "Toulouse" is borne the Twentieth took part in the assaults of the French redoubts and the capture of the heights. "Peninsula" was added to the inscriptions on the colours to commemorate the work of the regiment generally during that great campaign.

"Vittoria" represents the victory of that name over the French in which the Twentieth shared. This battle was fought on June 21st, 1813, Wellington being in command of the British troops and Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan of the French, who numbered seventy thousand. The victory was bought at a heavy price, for the loss we sustained was thirty-three officers, nineteen sergeants, five drummers and six hundred and eighty-three privates killed, and two hundred and thirty officers, one hundred and fifty-eight sergeants, fourteen drummers and three thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight privates wounded. The loss of the French was more than six thousand men. Vittoria marked the overthrow of Napoleon's troops, for so complete was the rout that six days after the battle not a French soldier remained on Spanish soil, except as a prisoner. The Twentieth were one of the regiments which continued the pursuit of the remnants of the French forces to the Pyrenees. After halting a short time in one of the passes the regiment withdrew and formed part of the blockading force under Pampeluna.

The next of the honours of the Twentieth relate to the Crimea—"Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sebastopol." In the Crimea the Twentieth were in the First Brigade of the Fourth Division, and suffered heavily through battle and disease. At Inkerman one officer was killed, one died of wounds, and eight other officers were wounded. Colonel

Frederick Horn, who was amongst the wounded, came out of action the senior officer of his division. During the siege of Sebastopol five officers were wounded, of whom one died.

During the relief of Lucknow—for which the honour of that name is borne—the Twentieth formed part of the column, under Brigadier-General Franks, C.B., which arrived before the city on the 5th of March, 1858—seventeen days before the recapture by Sir Colin Campbell.

The 2nd Battalion of the Twentieth was formed early in 1858. In 1863 the battalion embarked at Portsmouth for service in Bengal, but re-embarked in the same year—indeed, almost immediately on reaching Calcutta—for service in China. On January 5th, 1864, a detachment embarked at Hong Kong in H.M.S. "Vulcan" for service in Japan, amongst the officers who accompanied the detachment being Lieutenant Barlow. Six months later the headquarters proceeded to Japan from Hong Kong, on active service.

"In March, 1865," says Lieut. Barlow in his little book, "a half-battery of 9PR field guns, fully horsed and equipped was raised from the ranks of the battalion, and under the able instruction of Lieutenant W. L. Hutchinson, Royal Artillery, (who was specially detailed for this purpose,) attained a high degree of efficiency, calling forth the marked approbation of His Excellency Major-General Guy, C.B., Commanding the forces in China, and Japan. This being almost the first instance in which an efficient Field Battery has been raised from the ranks of a British Regiment, a place is given to it in the history of the battalion: and the names of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men composing it are here recorded. . . . In February, 1866, the battalion being under orders for service in India; this battery was broken up and the non-commissioned officers and men, returned to duty with their regiment.

It may perhaps be not out of place to give a list of the horses in the half battery, which may be interesting to all who had the honour of serving with it."

These names were wonderful and varied. The commanding officer's charger was "Sass"; the trumpeter's horse "Spectre"; spare horses, "Dodger" and "Kettledrum." Amongst the rest of the horses were "Crusher," "Pantaloons," "Trumpeter," "Mountain Hare," "Bouncer," "Sheep," "Gladiator," "Drummer," "Itzeboo," "Seagull," "Forester," "Warrior" and "Suspicion."

From the time of Lucknow almost to our own day there was no fresh battle honour for the Lancashire Fusiliers; but the regiment shared in

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the brilliant and brief campaign which gave for it "Khartoum," and we may reasonably assume that the 2nd Battalion, which has fought so hard and suffered so much during the present war in South Africa, will add fresh laurels to the colours.

There are now four Line battalions of the regiment, the depôt of which is at Bury; two Militia battalions, the depôt of which is also at Bury; and three Volunteer battalions, with headquarters at Bury, Rochdale, and Salford. The uniform is scarlet, with white facings, and the headdress is the fusilier cap instead of the helmet common to most of the regiments of the Line. The regiment enjoys, in common with the other Fusilier regiments in our Army, the privilege of marching past to the "British Grenadiers."

WALTER WOOD.



THE XXTH'S COLOURS.



A CUMBRIAN STATESMAN'S (ELIZABETHAN) HOME.

THE STATESMEN OF WEST CUMBERLAND.

(Continued from page 18.)

The grave spirit with which the Dalesmen received the news of Waterloo was like the careful prudence of their character. They knew that even a victory brings loss in its disastrous train; though they could not foresee that peace with bad years and heavy taxes would ruin their happy community. From this time they began to be squeezed out of their little freeholds; many sank into poverty and took wages; the younger men, and the more capable, migrated, and often prospered well in that greater world which had been fatal to their class; even if they prospered ever so much they rarely returned to the sweet idyllic life of their childhood.

The wealth of the Dales did not consist only in agricultural produce, which was small. Their prescribed right, the so-called "right of heaf," gave them pasturage on the fells for a fine flock of sheep; and in these, the sheep of the Herdwick breed, lay their main strength. The legend runs that an unknown ship (the story is also attached to the Spanish Armada) was wrecked on the coast; from her a number of sheep swam ashore; these the Statesmen, who usually came down when there was a disaster to see what they might pick up, divided among themselves, and drove them off to their farms. There they found at once that these Herdwicks, as they are called, were hardy, quick, and apparently

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accustomed to mountains: for when there came down a great snow-storm, instead of following the other sheep and taking refuge in a water-course for shelter, and there being snowed up, the Herdwicks at once made their way upwards to the highest point and there bravely fought the storm, finding some browsing on the hill top, which was usually swept clear by the wind. They have what is sometimes called two fleeces, a longer one and a warm waistcoat inside, which is the close fine wool of the next year's fleece, and this enables them to defy the bitterness of mountain storms.

No one can explain the special name of Herdwick; the truth probably is, as Mr. Ellwood* has put it, that these sheep are of Norwegian origin, and may be derived from the Scandinavian settlers of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Dalesman had also a good breed of horses: the Galloways of Dent were well-known. They had also cattle, hardy and rough; and exported much butter. The women were active and thrifty: intelligent housewives, famed for many a practical gift. A clever lass could do four things at once—

“ She knows how to sing and knit,
And she knows how to carry the kit,
While she drives her kye to pastures.”

Their wool became famous in the towns; and so did the produce of their clever fingers; they knitted or wove all that was needful for clothing. In this way they were very like the corresponding farmers of Norway, who are entirely clad in the well-known “wadmál,” the homespun and woven cloth which in almost every cottage is made for the use of the family.

Some of the more active men became middle-men, and rode to Manchester or even to London, to deal with the mercers of Cheapside. In the days of the Seven Years' War there were government agents at Kirby Lonsdale, Kendal, and Kirby Stephen, engaged in buying the produce of the Dales for the clothing of the soldiers in Germany: and sound material and conscientious labour made their stockings famous, and created a profitable trade. It was knitting which formed the connection between work and entertainment in the Dales. The knitters were always lively gossips; and it was usual to find the whole “*laatin*”† (a North-country word signifying the group of houses which were within distance for invitation, so that the *laatin' rá* is simply the “inviting row,” or “seeking row”). The entertainment was styled “ganging a

* We have a very interesting paper on this very subject from Mr. Ellwood which we shall publish very shortly.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

† The old A.S. word *ladung*—a congregation or assembly, and so late as Bailey's Dictionary, 1761, we find “*Lathing*, entreaty, invitation.”

sitting," which began with a kind of contest in speed of knitting, knitting gloves or stockings; and all the time there was gossip and laughter. One girl would then be asked to read, and could do so quite comfortably, without stopping her work; all sat silent, listening, as the reader gave them page after page of "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Pilgrim's Progress." After a bit, to give rest, the reading was suspended, and the women talked over what they had heard, or resumed the interesting threads of local talk and gossip. The *Laatin'* was also called together on great occasions—for a birth or a funeral: if a birth, then the essential dish was "rum butter," a terrible compound of spirit, sugar and rum, with, I take it, a little flour, served up in a noble china bowl. I remember it well; it was given us to eat on bread or biscuit; it appeared at the birth of my youngest brother in 1832. There were romps too: there was a relic of the old merry violence, when at "an old wives' do" the lads would burst in on the women and steal, if they could, the bowl with the sweet butter off the table. And the women also had their own sport—they set a can on the floor, with a brush broom in it, without a handle, and each of them had to jump over it, if she could; the clumsy or the stiff got no mercy if they upset the can. There was a merry simplicity about it all. When a marriage came, the whole district far wider than the "*Laatin'*" was roused to the utmost excitement; the men in their bravest homespun; the women in bright blue, the bride's colour, or white or red; no green was possible; was it not the colour of the forsaken one, the willow green of disgrace? After the marriage ceremony was over, and the country priest usually gave them some homely good advice, instead of the "amazement" sermon, they went into the Churchyard, where there was laughing and some kissing and play—till the young fellows had pulled off their shoes and stockings, shewing the varied coloured ribbons which crossed over their legs. Then at a signal they started for a race from the church to the bride's new home. The winner had the right to return, hot and breathless, to meet the bride and her party, who had meanwhile been leisurely walking to the house. And he returned to claim a kiss and a piece of ribbon as his prize. After that came merry feasting and often some dancing. Adam Sedgwick gives us one parting touch. In the end the girls of the party attended the bride to her chamber and helped her to undress. With her stocking, it must be off the left leg, in her hand she climbed up into the bed, and sat down facing the pillow, and with her back to the lasses, who stood round; then, without looking round, she flung the stocking over her right shoulder, and the girl on whom it lighted would be the next bride.

There were also peculiarities of burial usage. There was a lyke-way in every parish, on which the coffin must be brought to the Churchyard.

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In rainy weather the lane might be full of water, while the neighbouring meadow was dry; still, the bearers would not swerve, they waded through the flood, with the body on their shoulders, while mourners and friends escaped the ducking by leaving the path, though the body must go through with it. After the burial there was a solemn "lyk-wake," open house with such hospitality as the people could afford; and after that anyone who came to the door, would receive the "arval-bread," a word used in Mrs. Lynn Linton's novel, "Lizzie Lorton," (1867) and so scarcely to be treated as obsolete. This was a small loaf; a cake spiced and sweet, having in it cinnamon, nutmeg, sugar and raisins. The *arval* was a distinctly Scandinavian word; we find it in the old Icelandic in *erfi* and *erfi-ol*, which meant a wake or funeral feast. In the Danish word *arveöl*, the thought of inheritance is prominent; it was the heir's act, a firstfruits of his new wealth offered to his friends and neighbours. Another ancient usage of Cumberland Statesmen was the keeping of Beltain-day; round which clustered a whole group of picturesque doings. The word is certainly Celtic, and not primarily connected with any worship of Baal. It marked a festival which heralded the incoming of summer; the joy of the bright season after long snow and fog, and short days. Pennant says (1774) that "till of late years the superstition of the Beltain was kept up (in Cumberland) and in this rude sacrifice it was customary for the performers to bring with them boughs of the mountain ash"; the sacred rowan-tree had a special religious significance. When Beltane was kept, and the time of it varied considerably, from May 11th to St. Peter's day (29th June) the young men lighted baal-fires on the hill-tops; and Jameson says, "every member of the family is made to pass through the fire . . . to ensure good fortune for the coming year"; it is easy to see how readily the children would fall in with this superstition; they are as much lured by a bright blaze as if they were moths. Moloch, or any of "the abominations of the heathen," have nothing to do with it, it was but a natural outburst of human paganism. There was also a usage of visiting and decorating wells; near Penrith there are four such wells which were visited and decked out on the four Sundays of May. This may be a relic of a far older religion; these things are certainly not peculiar to the Dales.

Such were the stout men who managed their own farms in spite of rough weather and unproductive soil, the old "Cumberland Grey Coats," with breeches made from their own wool, spun in the winter evenings, with woollen stockings and strong stout clogs which defied the wet. We have a description of that well-known parson of Seathwaite, "Wonderful Walker," from Wordsworth's pen, in his note on his

Sonnets on Duddon Vale. Walker was a Statesman's son, and himself a Statesman in heart. He tilled his glebe with skill and diligence; he had but the small stipend from his church of about £43 a year, but then he ploughed and dug like a man, he spun the wool from his sheep, he knitted goodly stockings, and, being a scholar, he drew his parishioners' wills, and wrote their letters for them; he held his parish school in the Church, sitting inside the chancel rails, and using the holy table as he needed it; he was dressed in "a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons, a check shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a neck-cloth, a coarse apron, and a pair of big wooden soled shoes, shod with iron, on his feet." "I confess," adds the narrator, "myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared in the clergyman and his wife;—still more, at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."* This stalwart old man ruled over his simple flock for a long life; and died at the age of ninety-three. His thrifty and canny dealings won him the respect of all, and in the end enabled him to leave behind him an accumulation of small sums, which had mounted up to two thousand pounds. If the description of this old man's simple way of doing his duty seems strange to modern ears, I should like to set over against it another illustration of the ways of the Dale parishes, which is a tradition from my own Statesman folk. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, about 1807 to 1808, the headmaster of the St. Bees' Grammar School was also in charge of Hale, a little village in the upper country behind St. Bees'. My father was educated under him at the Grammar School, and rose to the head of the top form. Not unfrequently, I have heard him tell, the Master would come in on a Saturday and, speaking in his broad Cumbrian, would say "Laads, I'm let from going up to Hale t' morrow," and then turning to the two head boys, he would add, "and so you, Kitchin and you —, will go up for me to-morrow, and here is t' prayer-book for Kitchin, and t' sermon for you —, and *mind ye dinna laff*." And the two boys went off gleefully and took the duty again and again. I believe it set my father thinking about Orders, for he went that way as soon as he could, and after a few years began clerical life as curate at this very church of Hale at which he had often officiated as a schoolboy.

All such things have long ago passed away, as has also the peculiar dress of the "Cumberland Grey Coats." They might sometimes be seen some fifty or sixty years ago, but now never. In Professor Sedgwick's "Memorial," (1870) we find the old man regrett-

* From a letter printed in the *Annual Register* for 1760, and dated 1754.

THE STATESMEN OF WEST CUMBERLAND.

ing the decay: "Many times on a Sunday morning I have regretted that I would no longer see the old Statesman riding along the rough and rugged road with his wife behind him mounted upon a gorgeous family pillow, and his daughters walking briskly at his side, in their long, flowing, scarlet cloaks with silken hoods." I have seen (in a doll) a professed copy of a Statesman's daughter's full Sunday dress; she was smart and comely, with a coif and a low hat over it, then a short jacket, shewing a warm body, a short skirt, with a bright red petticoat well to be seen, then black knitted stockings, and a pair of strong country clogs with clasps.* The ruthless incursion of what they call civilised life has altogether destroyed all these lovely varieties in dress, varieties which of old had eloquent meaning. Once, referring to his Oxford dress, which marked him out as a rich man's son, Mr. Ruskin launches out into an amusing outbreak of regret that these things are gone. "The velvet and silk," he says, "made a difference not to my mother only, but to me." . . . "None but duchesses should wear diamonds; that lords should be known from common people by their stars, a quarter of a known from the fishmonger by the cut of his jerkin." (*Praeterita* I. p. 285). It now remains for one only to trace, very poorly it must be, the gradual weakening, and indeed the obliteration of this sturdy yeoman-class, who for strength of character, caution, simplicity of habits, moderation and an open-air life, stood, one might have thought, a very fine chance of resisting outside influences, and of retaining their independence as a most valuable element in their country's well-being. For they have gone, not from their weaknesses, but from their strength. They were not at all, as a Statesman would have said, "*o' th' danet*," that is, they were not the thistles and docks and rank-stuff of a neglected field-side; there was less of "*de'ile-grass*" in their pasturage than elsewhere, but their qualities seemed all to turn against them, till it almost seemed as if the conservative tendencies of the old landholding men of England was a fatal bar to their continuance. A thousand pities!

The Statesmen then were an intermediate class between the body of larger landholders in the county, and tenant farmers beneath them. They are best described as customary freeholders; the oldest stock of free voters for Knights of the Shire. In the Reform days their candidate, Mr. Blamire, carried Sir James Graham, who had no particular love for his comrade, into Parliament with him. Yet ere this, Blackstone, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century saw that "in England alone a tendency to larger occupations may be noticed;" the influences

* From a valued doll in possession of Miss Senhouse, of Gosforth.

which were to pull the Statesmen down were already felt. It was not till after the peace of 1815 that bad years and high taxes brought many of them to the ground. Their numbers fell off; in Gosforth parish, for example, there were thirty-three Statesmen in 1800, and at the present time there are but ten.

The causes of this loss are plain enough. The bad years and the growth of outside interests set the young people moving; it was the beginning of the steady stream which has run ever since from land to town. Machinery made home industry difficult, and eased the way for locomotion. Dalesmen no longer spun and knitted at home; the sons and daughters drifted away from the ancestral farm and sought fortunes in the world. Sedgwick tells us of one very characteristic example in Mr. Dawson, a kindly and skilful surgeon, who was famous all over the country as a teacher of high mathematics. He was the son of a small Statesman of Garsdale, not far from Sedburgh; he had no teacher, no books, no encouragement. They opposed him and ridiculed his efforts. Yet he persevered and became so strong in mathematics that three undergraduates from Cambridge sought him out, and spent their summer near him in Garsdale. A surgeon at Lancaster heard of him, took him into his house, first as a pupil, then as assistant; books were accessible and there was sympathy and help. He saved a hundred guineas, stitched them into the back of his waistcoat, shouldered a bundle of clothes, and trudged off to Edinburgh, where he entered the University, stayed there so long as his guineas lasted, and then returned to Sedburgh. Plenty of work now came to him, he saved more money, and walked to London where he took his degree. After this he finally settled in his beloved dale, and passed there a long and useful life as surgeon and friend of the whole district, and as a mathematical tutor. He is said to have trained as many as ten or eleven senior wranglers. To the end of his life he always wore the sober grey Dalesman dress.

Other young men left the breezy freshness of the Dale and became shopmen. It seemed singular that they should be specially attracted by the stuffy and unwholesome atmosphere of a draper's shop. Their Herdwick wool was the introduction. So the world came nearer to the Statesmen, and they to the world. Meanwhile the farm did not prosper; what it could grow or make became less valuable, and the charges on the house and land were heavier. Life was now dearer, unknown necessities arose, and the honest farmer was drifting slowly and sadly into difficulties. While there was less and less hope of making a comfortable livelihood out of the land, and the farmer's heart failed him, the value of his freehold still tended to rise, not to fall as it should have done. So that, as the difficulty of living increased, the

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temptation to throw the whole thing up, and to try some other way of life increased also. There were rich people, iron-men, and others, who wanted to create an estate, and were glad to tempt the poor farmer, often encumbered with debts and mortgages incurred in the bringing up of his family, to relieve himself of all present anxiety by selling his land for a good round sum of ready money. This would clear off all embarrassments and leave him with a little capital, with which to make a fresh start in life. Or if the head of the family died young, leaving a poor widow with half-a-dozen bairns to bring up, the end would not be far off. Or a Statesman, roughing it in all weathers, drenched in mist or blinded with snow, contracted a fatal habit of spirit-drinking, the most ruinous of all the causes of extinction. A friendly watcher of these interesting farmers told me that when a Statesman took to spirits, at first he seemed to grow in bulk, became fatter and ruddy, and seem to be buoyant enough to ride through all troubles—and that then his neighbours would shake their heads and say "I'm afeard Geordie is swelling and growing vera stout, it's a bad sign for him, puir lad"; and it was so indeed; after a year or two he would entirely break down; the neglected land would come to the hammer, and the ancient home be broken up. And so the sad decay of a century at least, has ended in the reduction of the number of Statesmen to a mere handful.

Have we reached the end of this melancholy period? I fear we have not. Nothing is done to give the small farmer a chance, and yet we are often told that in these days it is only the small man who can weather the bad times. Everything seems to be against them; there is no effort to replace the small agriculturist on his little farm; no Banks like the German Landbanks, no facilities for creating markets, no combinations of machines, no special and proper education for them except at distant centres. Their land is burdened, men are impatient of poverty and unwilling to live simply. The land will never again make fortunes for the cultivator. He has an interesting calling and a healthy life; but he has to be careful, penurious, devoted to the soil. He might have a much worse fate; still, in these gambling days it is inevitable that men should refuse this quiet uneventful career and take instead the chances of a competition in which the prizes are brilliant, and the failures forgotten.

The remaining Statesmen are men who have survived by consolidating small holdings; the old holdings of fifty or sixty acres are almost all gone, the old patriarchal conditions have disappeared. There is still much of the ancient shrewdness and of that natural suspicion which the authoress of "*Lizzie Lorton*" notices as a special quality of the Dalesmen. The old stuff survives; one ever wishes that this con-

servative element of our race might return to the land, and still cultivate the wild fellsides, and the beautiful green meadows of their lower land in a peaceful and useful life. It is, I fear, more than one can hope for; the set is too strong against this honest and wholesome life; there is an ardent craving for excitement and motion, and a haste to get rich without trouble. The old thrifty and persistent qualities of the country-born people of England have mostly disappeared; the town far outnumbers the country; and town habits, amusements, vices, have the lead everywhere. As the century comes to an end, we look with uneasy doubt on the general result of it on the character of our people. Have we fallen back in the period? Is the old sense of generosity, of truth, of honour as keen as it used to be? Are we bigger and worse than we were? Have we reached the point at which Livy saw his fellow countrymen with sorrowful eyes, descending down the swift grade of Imperial corruption and vice? "*Ut magis magisque lapsi sint, tum ire cœperint præcipites: donec ad hæc tempora quibus nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus, perventum est.*" And, in truth, one cannot see that there is any hope for the restoration of the ancient rugged virtues of the Statesman class, or the return of them to the quiet and happy dales from which they have been driven out by the baleful power of wealth.

G. W. KITCHIN.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

By MRS. BLUNDELL ("M. E. FRANCIS"), Author of "*A North Country Village*," etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JIM LUPTON	Carter.
WILL WRIGHT	General Messenger.
BOB	Small Boy.
MARGERY LUPTON	Washerwoman, wife to Jim.
NANCY WRIGHT	Daughter to Will.
SUSIE	Little Girl, sister to Bob.
LADY FEMINA FADDINGTON	Eccentric Maiden Lady.
FRAULEIN EWIGWEIB	Her Companion, an enthusiast.
JOHANNA THOMASINA	Foot-girl.
DOROTHY	Cook.

ACT I.

(Continued from page 39.)

FRAULEIN: Ach! ja! You say truly. He could in a minute have chopped it if he had stayed.

LADY F.: Why do you say that, Fraulein? You talk of a man's staying here so calmly. Think of what you are talking of, I beg you. A man here!

FRAULEIN (*tragically*): Vot! A man here in this our Baradise allowed! Gracious lady that would indeed everything spoil! Only tink we have our plan to carry out pegun, you have this place found, so quiet, so retired, that it might be for us specially made.

LADY F.: If you would think of something practical, Fraulein, instead of chattering so much we might get on quicker. I see two women there, let us call them; they might possibly tell us if they know of anybody competent to fill any of the vacant situations.

FRAULEIN (*beckoning*): Come here, come here, coot vomen. My lady would like vid you to speak.

(MARGERY and NANCY advance, dropping curtsies.)

LADY F. (*enthusiastically*): Look, look! That fine elderly woman would do very well as coachwoman. Her arms seem strong and muscular enough for anything, and what a presence she has! She would look well upon the box-seat of my carriage.

(MARGERY seeing that she is being crucified and admired, turns slowly round the better to display her good points, and winds up with another curtsey.)

FRAULEIN: But yes, this is indeed a right noble voman. The girl too seems strong and vell made to be.

(NANCY, following MARGERY's example, turns round and curtseys.)

LADY F. (*waving her hand*): Good-day, good-day, I fancy you are the very people I am in need of.

FRAULEIN: Yes, good voman, yes. The gracious lady that you here see is seeking for servants. Not ordinary servants you understand, but—

LADY F. (*interrupting*): Perhaps you will have the goodness to let me speak. Good people, you must know I have come to the conclusion that all mankind—I do not speak in general, you understand, of mankind as comprising men and women, but in particular of mankind as applied to man alone—

MARGERY (*dropping a curtsey and looking much mystified*): Yes, my lady, to be sure, my lady. "It is not good for man to be alone," as I was saying to my husband just now.

FRAULEIN (*with asperity*): It is on the contrary very coot for man to be alone. Man the Monster, Man, deserves alone to be, and should alone be left, that he may fully realise what a poor, weak, miserable object he is unless directed and dominated by voman.

MARGERY: Just what I said to my husband a few minutes ago. I says to him, says I, "I have no opinion of men-folk," says I. And neither have I, my lady. They're a poor lot, men are, never doin' nothin' that they can help, and always takin' credit for everythin'! That's my opinion of 'em. They think such a deal o' themselves, and are that set up about themselves, it's a pity someone doesn't give them a lesson.

FRAULEIN (*enthusiastically*): Why, what a clever voman is this. Do you also my coot girl (*turning to NANCY*) have the same opinion as this neighbour of yours?

NANCY (*curtseying*): Yes, ma'am, please ma'am, I think us women gets very badly used. Always put upon and worked to death! I'm sure my father hasn't got no mercy. He's at me from mornin' till night, he is, and never satisfied. He never thinks I do nothin' (*raising her apron to her eyes*) and I'm sure I'm always slavin'.

FRAULEIN: Poor child! poor child! Ach! what must that be for a man! And I daresay that he himself not so very hard vorks?

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NANCY (*sobbing*): Well, ma'am, he always says he's busy, but he never seems to do much.

FRAULEIN: Well perhaps we can change all that. What would you say to—

LADY F. (*warningly*): Fraulein Ewigweib, Fraulein Ewigweib, am I to speak or not? Girl, I was about to say to you that I thought you would very likely be able to fill one of the vacancies in my establishment. I have already engaged the usual staff of housemaids, kitchen people, etc., also a tall young footgirl and a butleress from London—it is essential for servants of this description to be thoroughly trained. But I am in want of an odd woman, and I think, since you have been accustomed to hard work, you would very likely suit me. Should you like to be an odd woman, do you think?

NANCY (*hesitatingly*): Well, I never knew of but one woman as was very odd, my lady, and they took her off to the 'Sylum at the end. I didn't ever reckon to be anything of the kind myself.

FRAULEIN: Ach! What for a foolish girl! You have heard of an odd man. What not so? A man who does odd jobs, as they call them, about the house! Well, you are wanted to do odd jobs, and therefore, if Lady Femina you engages, you vill an odd woman be.

LADY F.: Yes, as I was about to observe when my words were, as usual, forestalled—(*with an angry look at FRAULEIN*).

FRAULEIN (*starting*): Ach! tousand bardons, gracious lady. I so interested am that I forget!

LADY F. (*continuing*): That if I engage you for the post of odd woman you will find your work simple and varied, and I should think, not nearly so hard as what you have been accustomed to.

FRAULEIN: And this so bortly, strong and vell-made tame vill toubtless your coachwoman be?

LADY F. (*turning suddenly and speaking with frigid exasperation*): Will you have the kindness, Fraulein, to go into the house and sit down? I cannot transact any business if you interrupt me every moment. (*Turns to MARGERY, FRAULEIN retires a few paces shaking her head.*)

FRAULEIN (*to herself*): Yes, yes, but all the same, one must think that my interruption good must be, since you've always upon the suggestions that I make act. (*Walks away with NANCY questioning her in whispers.*)

LADY F. (*to MARGERY*): What work have you been accustomed to do may I ask?

MARGERY (*with a short laugh*): What have I been accustomed to do, my lady? Well, pretty nigh everythin'. My husband, he's a carter you see, and I——

LADY F. (*interrupting eagerly*): Oh, do tell me, since your husband is a carter, have you ever driven his horses?

MARGERY: Once or twice, my lady, when he has given me a lift home from the town. Eh! it's easy work drivin' is. I've often said to my master as he needn't talk about his work being hard—any-body could do it!

LADY F. (*excitedly*): Of course they could, particularly a strong, intelligent woman like you. I daresay you know quite as much about horses as your husband?

MARGERY (*assuming a modest air*): Well, I oughtn't to boast, my lady, but I will say as I reckon I could do anythin' my Gaffer does. He is but a soft fellow and terribly easy goin'. Eh! if you've a sharp eye, and a good, strong arm, drivin' should come easy enough, I reckon.

LADY F. (*delighted*): Why, you're the very woman for me, particularly as I see that you, like myself, know how to appreciate your own sex. If I could find a few more like you I could soon prove to the world the truth of my great principle—that woman is in every way superior to man.

MARGERY: Of course, my lady. Eh, I am fain that the men folk are goin' to find out at last how little they are good for! I could fare choke with laughin' when I think on my master! I wonder what he'll say when he sees me drivin' your ladyship's horses. Eh! I'll have many a good crow over him.

LADY F. (*hastily*): Of course when we drive through the village your husband will see you—from a distance—but he must never come here—that must be distinctly understood. I allow no men about the place. Once a month I shall give you permission to go and see your husband—that will be quite enough.

MARGERY (*hesitatingly*): Oh, my lady! once a month! I don't know, I'm sure, however my Gaffer will manage. I thought perhaps you'd let me nip home of an evenin', after my work was done, to straighten up things a bit for him—he's always been used to have me doin' for him; I don't know how he'll get on without me.

LADY F. (*severely*): It is quite time he should learn to do things for himself. You women deserve to be crushed and bullied because you spoil your male belongings in a most disgraceful way. Let him learn to take care of himself and then perhaps he will appreciate you more.

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MARGERY (*dubiously*): Yes, my lady; it's not so much him I'm thinkin' of, my lady, as the house. Eh, he'll get things in a terrible mess if he's left to do for himself.

LADY F. (*waving her hand impatiently*): Well, make up your mind. If you come, you must fall in with my rules, it will be worth your while, I can promise you. Let me see, I gave my last coachman a pound a week. If you come to me I will give you two.

MARGERY (*lifting up her hands and eyes*): Two pounds a week! Oh, my lady, more than double what my husband earns. Eh! he will stare. Well, my lady, thank you kindly, I'll try it.

LADY F. (*turning and seeing FRAULEIN*): Oh, you are there, Fraulein, I thought you had gone home. Well, since you are here, congratulate me, I have secured the services of this excellent woman. Will you kindly see that she is measured for her livery at once. Now I think my establishment is complete if only I could find a page girl. I must have a page girl, to carry my cushion and send on messages. Have you any children, my good woman? (*turning to MARGERY*) What is your name, by the way? Margery Lupton? Have you any children, Lupton?

MARGERY: Only lads, my lady, and none of them at home now, one's married, and one's gone to service at——

LADY F. (*interrupting*): Since they are of the male sex I have not the least wish to hear about them. (*Turning to NANCY*) Have you any sisters, girl?

NANCY (*curtseying*): No, my lady; two brothers, my lady.

LADY F. (*frigidly*): Dear me! What a dreadful abundance of men! Don't tell me anything about your brothers, and remember that they are not to come to see you ever, on any pretext, or your father either.

NANCY (*timidly*): Not of a Sunday, my lady?

LADY F. (*decidedly*): Most certainly not on Sunday.

NANCY: Then mayn't I just run home on Sunday mornin' to see as father remembers to put on his best suit?

LADY F.: Most decidedly not. Your father must learn to exert his memory for himself. According to the account you give of him, he does not deserve too much consideration. Let us see how he enjoys doing the work he has hitherto made you slave at. But it is a pity you have no little sister. I positively must have a girl in buttons.

BOB (*suddenly springing up and coming forward, pulling his forelock*): Please, my lady, I have a little sister, my lady, as I am sure would be pleased to come.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

LADY F.: The boy! the very boy I had driven away! Boy, avaunt!

FRAULEIN: Heavens, a boy, actually here listening to our conversation!

Boy, what do you here? You must immediate out of this go.

LADY F.: My dear Fraulein Ewigweib, it is for me to desire this creature to go or to remain, and I now wish him to remain.

(BOB advances with a grin and another pull at his forelock.)

LADY F. (*springing back*): Halt! stay where you are! I did not say advance, I said remain. Keep as much as possible out of my sight. (*Lets down her veil, puts up her umbrella and holds it before her face.*) Oh! how I dislike boys! they are an epitome of the creature man, in his worst and most aggravated form! but under the present circumstances I will endeavour to endure the presence of the creature for a few moments. Boy (*in a faint voice*) how old is this sister of yours?

BOB (*unconsciously advancing a step or two*): Just turned thirteen, my lady. Been through all the standards and left school, my lady.

LADY F. (*shifting the umbrella a little more to the side on which he stands and shaking it at him*): Stand still where you are, boy; stand still! Is this sister of yours a nice child?

BOB: I'm sure I can't tell my lady. I think she's a silly myself! Never up to no fun, my lady. Wouldn't climb a tree or peg a stone to save her life (*dodges the umbrella and reappears at the other side*).

LADY F. (*lunging at him with the umbrella*): Keep out of my sight, boy, I tell you. I think this sister of yours would just suit me. She must be a nice child if she doesn't care to go much with you! Tell her to come and see me. (*Turns to FRAULEIN*) Well now, my dear friend, I think we may say that our great experiment is fairly inaugurated. The reign of freedom has begun. The triumph of woman is at hand. Soon, very soon, she will be estimated at her proper value. Now, fellow free-women return to your homes and take leave of your former tyrants! When deprived of your companionship, they will perhaps appreciate the blessings they have lost.

(CURTAIN.)

(*To be continued.*)



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THE ROMAN WALL AT CUDDY'S CRAIG.

[Gibson.

ROMAN NORTHUMBRIA. '

(Continued from page 33.)

The Roman soldiers doubtless beguiled their long and tedious residence in Northumberland by hunting in her forests. In most of the camps we find the horns of deer. They were hearty eaters of meat; beef bones and mutton bones abound. The shells of oysters, too, found in the neighbourhood of the camps, show that not all of our precious "natives" were exported to Rome, but that some were kept for consumption by her representatives in our island. Perhaps the cheapness of the British oysters may have been some slight compensation for the hardships and weariness of his camp-life to the epicurean officer who, to his great annoyance, found his quarters assigned to him among the

"penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

Each camp was under the supreme government of an officer, who seems to have been called indifferently *Tribune* or *Prefect*. The number of officers under him would vary according to the size of the detachment. If it was a *milliary* cohort, like that of the Tungrians at Borcovicus, there would be ten centurions, each commanding a hundred men. If a cohort

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of the ordinary size (*quingenaria*) it would have five hundred men, under the command (curiously enough) of six centurions. These centurions correspond to the Captains of the British Army, and their chief, the *Tribune* or *Prefect* to the Colonel. Probably the good order of the camp and the comfort of the soldiers depended very largely on the character of the centurions. If they were soft and easy-tempered, discipline would be relaxed and the camp would become a Babel. If the centurion was a martinet, the century would grow restless and would be ripe for a mutiny, such as we often read of in Roman military history. The centurion was the officer who not only ordered but actually inflicted corporal punishment on refractory soldiers. If the soldier was a man who did not possess the citizenship of Rome (which was the condition of all the auxiliary troops along the line of the Wall till the edict of Caracalla) he would, when condemned to *castigatio*, be beaten with a club. If he was a Roman citizen he had the privilege of being beaten with a rod made out of a vine branch. This vine rod (*vitis*) was the especial mark of the centurion's office, and is perhaps represented by the curious sign >, which we find everywhere as the equivalent of *centuria*. In this connection we may mention the story told by Tacitus (Ann. i. 23) that in the great mutiny of the legions on the Danube, after the death of Augustus, when the Tribunes and the Prefect of the camp were roughly thrust out by the mutineers, a heavier punishment, death itself, was inflicted on an unpopular centurion named Lucilius. The soldiers remembered how he had seemed to gloat over their punishment. When a vine-rod had been broken on the back of an unhappy soldier, he had cried out with a loud and cheerful voice, "Cedo alteram." "Give me another," and then another after that. "Cedo alteram" had been his nickname from that hour in the soldiers' mess-room, and as "Cedo alteram" he now paid with his life the penalty of his cruel merriment. The Tribune and Prefect and his six or ten centurions would, I suppose, make up the whole of what we should call the commissioned officers of the camp. Apparently there was no body of men corresponding precisely to our non-commissioned officers, though no doubt the older and more experienced among the private soldiers would have a certain power and priority over the younger comrades. In the cavalry, also, we read of *Decurions*, or captains of ten, and *Optiones*, or assistants of these last officers, both of whom probably held a rank not very dissimilar to that of our sergeants and corporals.

In the camps in Northumberland we can distinguish the dwellings of the officers from those of the private soldiers by a pretty sure test, the presence or absence of a *hypocaust*. In certain parts of the camp, generally near the *prætorium*, we find traces of a double floor, the upper floor being supported sometimes on piles of square bricks, sometimes on the ends of

ROMAN NORTHUMBRIA.

columns. The spaces between these double floors all communicate with a heating chamber in a corner of the camp, in which we sometimes find a store of coal. Occasionally, but very rarely, we find the tiled flues which communicate with these subterranean chambers and ascend into the rooms above. The purpose of these arrangements is obvious. We have here what is called a hypocaust, or subterranean furnace. The hot air was to be conducted from the heating chamber into the space between the two floors, and thence brought by the ascending flue-tiles into the room above. Now when we find certain rooms all situated in one quarter of the camp furnished with these hypocausts, and all the other rooms, which are themselves smaller and meaner apartments, entirely destitute of them, the conjecture becomes almost a certainty that the hypocaust-heated rooms were the chambers of the officers and their wives, and that the bare and common unwarmed rooms were occupied by the privates (*milites gregarii*).

The exact proportion between the officers' quarters, as indicated by these hypocausts, and the barracks of the common soldiers, has not yet been ascertained, but the scientific excavations which have been begun in recent years, will, let us hope, one day determine the question. Meantime, I may say that it would not surprise me to find that the seven superior officers, with their households, occupied a space in the camp one fourth of that taken up by the five hundred "gregarious soldiers."

There can be no doubt that the officers of the Roman garrison were often accompanied by their wives and families. In the *Lapidarium Septentrionale* there are some thirty or forty inscriptions of a family character, altars erected by a son and heir to the spirit of his father, and by a father to his son, a husband to a wife, or a wife to her husband. Among the most interesting of these is one found in the camp at Magna, dedicated by a centurion named Aurelius Marcus, "to his most religious wife who lived for thirty-three years without any spot on her character."* At *Bremenium* (High Rochester on the Watling Street) is an altar dedicated to Silvanus for the safety of the Tribune Rufinus and Lucilla his wife: and at the same place is an altar erected by Julia Lucilla to her very deserving husband,† who lived for forty-eight years, six months and twenty-five days.

The name of the "well-deserving husband" has been accidentally obliterated, but a comparison with the last mentioned inscription makes it probable that it was Rufinus.

The most interesting, however, in my opinion, of all the family memorials which the Romans in North Britain have left to us, is the monument

* *Conjugi sanctissimae quae vixit annos XXXIII. sine ulla macula.*

† *Julia Lucilla clarissima femina marito bene merenti.*

to Regina, which was discovered outside the camp at South Shields, and which is now deposited in the museum at that place. A female figure, which has been carved with some artistic feeling, but the face of which has been unfortunately destroyed, is discovered in a sitting posture. With her right hand she is opening a box which is probably supposed to contain her jewels. Her left seems to be holding some instruments of needlework, which are further represented by balls of wool in a basket at her feet. Underneath is an inscription, of course in Latin, which tells us that the name of this lady was Regina, that she was a Briton by birth, belonging to the nation of the Catuallauni, and that she was first the slave, then the freed woman, and lastly the wife of a certain Barates, an inhabitant of Palmyra, who has raised this monument to her memory. She died at the age of thirty years. The Latin inscription is followed by one in the Palmyrene character (closely allied to the Hebrew), which repeats the information previously given, "Regina, the freed woman of Barates. Alas!"

(To be continued.)

THOMAS HODGKIN.

THE SONG OF THE LOUGH MAIDEN.*

Shepherd, weary of the day,
Weary of thy grazing sheep,
Come with me away, away !
Come with me where cool and deep,
Under Broomlea waters lie
Regions bluer than the sky,
Where King Arthur holds his court
In a palace wonder-wrought,
Wonder-wrought in days of old
Out of elfin-hammered gold,
Leave thy foolish flock to stray,
Come with me away, away !

Deeper than thy shadow falls,
Further than thine eye can see,
Arthur reigns in magic halls,
Where his knights and maidens keep
Lovers' eternal revelry.
Shepherd, Shepherd leave thy sheep,
Leave this dream-forsaken land,
Close thine eyes and take my hand,
Plunge with me in cool delight
Through the waters clear and bright.
Shepherd, weary of the day,
Come with me away, away !

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

(Continued from page 50.)

PRONUNCIATION OF THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

It is in the matter of pronunciation that the distinction between the speech of the West Riding, and other parts of the county chiefly appears. There are of course many sub-varieties. A difference is often perceptible within a very short distance, so that it is quite easy, for instance, to distinguish between a resident in Halifax and a Bradfordian, owing to the broader vocalisation of the former. But in this place it is neither possible nor desirable to give an account of minor varieties. It must suffice to point out the cleavage which exists in this respect between the North and East on the one hand, and the West on the other. Perhaps this will be best done at any rate in the case of the vowels, by a comparative table of the principal variations from standard English.

<i>Standard English.</i>	<i>West Riding.</i>	<i>North and East Ridings.</i>
ā as in father ...	ă (short) ... fāther	ay (as in day) ... fayther
ā as in slave ...	ā-ā-sī-āv (gl. sē-ov)	ee-ā (gl. īə) ... seeave
i as in fight ...	ey (diph) ... feyt	ey (deph)... ... feyt
ī as in right ...	ey (diph) ... reyt	ee (gl. ī) reet
but cf. sight ...	ei (gl. ī) ... seet	œe (gl. ī) seet
ī as in side ...	o (as in fork) ... sohđ	ah sahđ
ī as in like ...	o (as in fork) ... lohđ	ey leyke
ō as in bones ...	ō-ā (gl. ō-ə) ... bī-āns	ee-ā bee-āns
ō as in sore ...	ō-a (gl. ō-ə) ... sī-ār	ā' (gl. ē) sare

Standard English.			West Riding.			North and East Ridings.		
oo as in fool	ō-y	...	fooil	ee-a	...	fee-al
ū as in sure	ew (as in <i>hew</i>)	...	sewer	ee	...	seer
ea as in meat	ey (diph)	...	meyt	ee-a	...	mee-at
oa as in coal	oy (diph)	...	coyl	ō-ā	...	cō-al
ou { as in { sour	ah	...	{ sahr	oo (gl. ou)	...	{ soor
ow { as in { how	{ hah	{ hoo
ou as in enough	ew (as in <i>hew</i>)	...	enew	ee-a	...	eneeaf

This table does not claim to be exhaustive of the differences that exist between the two varieties of Yorkshire dialect, still less of the differences between them and the standard English. But surely it can no longer be doubted that the dialect of the West Riding has been subjected to phonetic influences of a kind distinct from those that have operated throughout the rest of Yorkshire. It cannot escape remark how great a predilection there is in the West for the diphthongal *-ey* and *-oy* and for the sound *ō-y*, e.g. in *leyn* (lean) *foil* (foal) *mooin* (moon), etc., and in the north and east for *ee-a*, e.g. in *secam* (same), *feeat* (foot). One other sound should be especially noted, namely the sound of *u* (as in *pull*) which appears in the dialect, where the Standard English has the thinner sound as in "but." This is the Yorkshire shibboleth. When Yorkshiremen are required to pronounce *but* they say *būt*, and if they try to correct themselves they "fall on the other side" and gasp out *bet*. Even educated people occasionally feel the difficulty, and may easily, like the Apostle Peter, betray their Northern extraction, quite against their will.

Of the consonants the following notes seem to be of importance. The soft and the aspirated *dentals* frequently take the place of the hard and the unaspirated, thus *t* becomes *d*, e.g., "*bottom*" is "*boddom*" (also "*bodhom*" in the West Riding); *t* becomes *th* (as in *thick*) e.g. "*winther*," "*sthrang*," "*thrail*" (for winter, strang, trail), this mutation is commonest in the north and east; *d* becomes *dh* (or *th* as in *this*) e.g., *wondher*, *hundherd*, *dhree* (for wonder, hundred, dree) commonest in North and East, though known also in West Riding, e.g., in the pronunciation of *Huthersfield*, *Bradforth*, etc. On the other hand *farthing* becomes "*fardin*" all over the country, and *without* is *widoot* (and even *wivoot*) in the East Riding (*bedoot* in the North).

T and *d* further are often substituted for *c* (hard) and *g* in the digraphs *cl* and *gl* at the beginning of words, e.g. *click* (seize) is pronounced *tlik* and *glif* (a glimpse) *dlif*.

D and *b* are omitted between a nasal (*m* or *n*) and *l* as in *cann'l*, *tumm'l*, etc. *Humber* is also sometimes pronounced *Hummer*.

G is not sounded in the combination *gth* thus: *strenth* and *lenth* (for *strength* and *length*).

The digraph *-ng-* represents a single sound, not two as in standard English, thus *fin-ger*, *long-er*, *mang-le* instead of *fin-ger*, *lon-ger*, *man-gle*.

The letter *Y* often takes the place of initial *h* or is prefixed to a word beginning with a vowel, e.g. *yat* (hot), *yal* (ale), *yan* (one), *yacker* (acre), *yeth* (earth), *yow* (ewe). This is a peculiarity of the North and East Ridings.

The letter *w* is prefixed in *wuts* (North and East for *oats*) and sometimes in *wom* (East Riding for *home*). It is more distinctly sounded at the beginning of most words than is the case in literary English.

REMARKS ON THE GRAMMAR OF THE DIALECT.

I.—*The Verb*.—(a) The most striking difference between the dialect and the Queen's English appears in the inflexions of the present tense. The termination *-s* or *-es* may be used with any person and in either number, but the most usual form of conjugation resembles the standard English excepting in the 2nd person singular and the 3rd person plural. Thus:—

I hope (s)	We hope (s)
Thou <i>hopes</i>	Ye hope (s)
He <i>hopes</i>	They <i>hopes</i> .

The following sentences, quoted from a specimen of North Riding dialect by the Rev. M. C. F. Morris, will illustrate the several points. A man who has been suffering from an attack of influenza thinks that to be far too mild a name for it. He delivers himself thus: "*Foaks calls* this complaint at's stirrin' t' inflewnza, bud *Ah tells* em it's neean it; it's summat a vast worse," and later, after a vivid account of his experiences, he concludes, "noo, *thoo sees Ah's* aboot at t' awd bat; but mahnd ya, Dick, Ah a'e n't kessen'd 't yit." Examples from the West Riding appear in the enquiry, "Nah, wot *does ta* think on it, like?" in the remark so often heard as the prelude to stories of old-time hardships, "*Yo* young fowks *knows* nowt nah a days to wot they did wunce," and again commonly in such sentences as the following, "T'owd man an' t wife *goes* hoam straight away; *they dons* thersens up i' ther Sunda duds, and off *they sets* to t' Stayshun."

Every one of these forms can be paralleled in the Towneley Mysteries and the works of Richard Rolle. Thus in the play of the Deluge, during one of the conjugal combats between Noah and his wife (not infrequent) the latter cries out, on receiving a hard knock

"A so Mary ! thou *smytis* ill."

And opening by chance in the "Form of Perfect Living" we come upon this characteristic sentence "*Thow says* me: '*All men lufes* hym (i.e.

A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

Jesus Christ) *that halds* his comawndementes. Soth it es. Bot *all men that kepes* hys byddyngs *kepes* not also his cownsayle. And *all that dos* his cownsell, er noght also fulfyld of the swetnes of his lufe, ne *feles* noght the fyre of byrnand luf of hert."

(b) The *Subjunctive mood* of the verb "to be" is still commonly used in the North and East Ridings—in hypothetical sentences: thus in a poem called "A Lucky Dream" we read

"Ah've had a dhreem an' thus it was;
At sumwheare roond this peopled hall,
There's sike a spot as Lealholme Hall;—
Yit *whether sike a spot there be*
Or nut, is unbeknawn to me.—

* * * * * * *

If it be seeah is nowt to me,
For Ah sal nivver gan to see."

On the other hand, excepting with "to be" the subjunctive is not much used: thus, in the old song of Beverly Gaol, occurs the fervent exclamation,

"Bud if ivver Ah *gets* oot ageean, an can bud raise a frind
Oh! the d—— may tak toll-shop at Bevlah toon-end."

In the West Riding the *subjunctive mood* is seldom heard:—*e.g.*, "Aw'st cum *if aw'm fit*;" but a native of the North or East Riding would prefer to say "Ah'st cum *if Ah be fit*."

(c) The *present participle* has already been remarked upon in the note on the quotation above from Richard Rolle's "Pryck of Conscience." The *past participle* in *-en* of strong verbs is much more frequent than in the ordinary English. Some weak verbs even (*c.f. flit* infra) take this addition in the past participle instead of *-ed*. The examples given here may serve as well to illustrate some remarkable vowel-changes in the conjugation of verbs.

		<i>Present Tense.</i>		<i>Past Tense.</i>		<i>Past Participle.</i>
burst	...	brust	brast:brust	...	brussen
light	...	leet	let	letten
spread	...	spread, spreyd (W.R.)		spreaded, sprod...		sprodden
snow	...	snaw	snew	snawed, snawn
get	...	git, get	gat, got	getten, gotten
take	...	ta'e tak	tewk, teeak, ta'ed		ta'en
hold	...	hod	hodded	hodden
remove	...	flit	flitted	flitten
work	...	work	wrowt	wrowt, wrowten
lay	...	lig	ligg'ed, lade	...	ligged, la'en

(d) In certain locutions there is a peculiar inversion of the order of verbs, which seems to be the relic of an ancient idiom, *e.g.*, compare the phrases, "It's a dowly tahn been" and "We hev ti Bevla ti gan" with the

following sentences from Rolle of Hampole:—"Amonge all creatures that ever God of his endeles myght made, was there none that he so loved as he dyd mankynde." Again, "Whan synne cometh so in use that the herte hath a luste and a lykyng ther-in, that synne shall full fayntly *be with-stande*"; and still again, "God than of his grete grace graunte us hym so to love as it is to hym most *pleasyng*."

In the speech of the West Riding, however, this idiom seems to be almost obsolete.

II.—*The Noun.—Number.*—The proper form of the *plural* of nouns in Yorkshire ends in *-s*: a few nouns have the plural in *-en* (or *-in*), survivals of the Anglo-Saxon form *-an*, e.g., *shoo-in*, *hoos-en* (North Riding, but almost obsolete) *een* (eyes). To these must be added *year* (years), as in "*toathre* (two or three) *year sin*," and *yacker*. "T' coo-pastur 'll be aboot *fower yakker*, mabbe." These are survivals of the A.S. neuter plurals. The form *childer* is correct (A.S. *ceald-ru*), *children* being a double plural. *Brether* seems to be obsolete in Yorkshire, but still survives in the Lancashire dialect.

Case.—The *possessive* case is often without addition, both in the older and the modern dialect. In an old Yorkshire diary (West Riding 1647 fol.) we read the quaint entry: "Jan. 1st (New Yere's day), Fryday being *New Yere* day, I rested at whome all day." "They've neea mair manners," exclaims Margery Moorpoot in the "Registry Office," speaking of Londoners, "they've neea mair manners then a *milner hoss*." Other examples are: "T' lads fetcht a cart-rooap an' threw it ower *bull hooans*, an seeah gat him oot ageean" (East Riding); and "*Bird eggs* hung in a hahse, or *peacock feathers* stuck abaht t' seemin'-glass is considered unlucky" (West Riding).

III.—*The personal pronoun.*—The first person singular nominative has two forms throughout the county—affirmative (with or without stress) and interrogative (unemphatic). Compare "*Ah'U* tell tha what" with "Mun I (pron. mun-i) tell tha summat?" When emphasis upon it is required in a question "*Ah*" is used, cf. with the last example "Mun *Ah* (stressed) tell tha summat?" (i.e. now that other people have had their say).

Similarly in the West Riding the 2nd person singular has two forms of corresponding force. Compare "*Tha* (with or without stress) *knaws* all abaht it" with "Where's *ta* (with or without stress) been then?" But the North and East have *two affirmative* forms one emphatic, the other unemphatic. Compare these sentences together.

Affirmative.—"Tha's wanted" (without emphasis).

"Thoo's wanted" (i.e., and not someone else).

Interrogative.—"Does *ta* know abaht it?" (without emphasis).

"Does *thoo* know abaht it?" (i.e., as everybody else does).

A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

IV.—*Adjectives.* (a) One remarkable form occurring in a single locution (North and East) calls for notice. The word “*bettermy*” in “*bettermy folks*” has been supposed to be a corruption of better-more a double comparative. It would rather seem to be a survival of the O.E. superlative in *-ma*. This very termination has in other words been usually confused with *-more* and a new superlative in *-most* has been formed from it (making a double superlative). Hence *furthermore* and *furthermost*, *former* and *foremost*. *Furthermore* and *former* are now used by mistake as comparatives—but Chaucer has “Adam our *formē fader* (Adam our first father).” Note also comparisons of words in Old English.

Positive.		Comparative.		Superlative.
—neath (beneath)	...	neth-er	...	nithe-ma
—hind (behind)	...	hind-er	...	hindu-ma, hinder-est
out	outer	...	ute-ma, utterest

The superlative, as appears from these words, might be formed by the addition of either *-ma* or *-est* (or *-st*). The comparison of good was therefore *good*, *bet*, and *better*, *best* (for *bet-st*) with the alternative *betu-ma*. This last is the word which is extant in our dialect as “*bettermy*.”

(b) The numeral forms *Yah* and *Yan* (one) are sharply distinguished in use. *Yah* always precedes a noun, thus :

Yah dahk winther neet, as he laid full o' fear,
He fancied he heeard theeaves at his back deear.—(E.R.)

Yan is used absolutely and in counting, thus: Margery Moorpoot says to Gulwell in counting out her registration-fee, “There's tweeah shillin's an *yan*, tweeah, three, fower, fahve, six pennorth o' brass.”

Yan is further used (never *Yah*) as the indefinite personal pronoun, thus: “*Yan*'ll nivver see t' marrow tiv him” and “Ah nivver seed *yan* on em i' ma leyf.”

(*To be continued.*)

J. HANSON GREEN.

From
London



Town.

April, 1901.

*The Letters of T. E. Brown**—*T. E. Brown and Edward FitzGerald*—*Charles Lamb and T. E. Brown—Five Good Extracts—A Manx Entertainment—Two New Irish Humourists*—"The Real Charlotte"†—*A Recaptured Childhood*‡—*Martyrs in the Nursery*—*Mr. Treves' Story of the Restless Man.*||

**The Letters of
T. E. Brown.**

I am sensible that by no stretch of the word new, as readers now use it, can T. E. Brown's letters be ranged beneath it: for the book must be six months old; yet they are new to me, and in the absence of really new literature I should like to record my gratitude to Mr. Irwin, the editor, for bringing them together. Mr. Brown's poems I had long known, together with certain warm prose criticisms and eulogies in the "National Observer" in Mr. Henley's day (Mr. Henley was a pupil of Mr. Brown's, at the Crypt School, Gloucester); but his letters show still another side of the man—of "Toby," as he is affectionately called by old Cliftonians.

**T. E. Brown and
Edward FitzGerald.**

Brown's letters are not like any one else's. They have a heartiness, a freshness, a nervous vigour all their own. Compared with FitzGerald's, for example, they are boisterous; and yet they contain one of the best criticisms of FitzGerald's letters that has been written:—"There is an *ηθος* in FitzGerald's letters which

* "*Letters of T. E. Brown*," Edited by S. T. Irwin. (12s. Constable.)

† "*The Real Charlotte*," by E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. (6s. Longmans.)

‡ "*The Day of Small Things*," by Isabel Fry. (6s. Unicorn Press.)

|| "*The Tale of a Field Hospital*," by F. Treves. (Cassell.)

LITERARY LETTER.

is so exquisitely idyllic as to be almost heavenly. He takes you with him, exactly accommodating his pace to yours, walks through meadows so tranquil, and yet abounding in the most delicate surprises. And these surprises seem so familiar, just as if they had originated with yourself. What delicious blending! What a perfect interweft of thought and diction! What a *sweet* companion!" But FitzGerald and Brown, though they found common ground in Crabbe (Do you think of him as crab-apple or crab-fish? Brown asks someone) were yet totally different. To take only one point—Brown went on accumulating friends to the end, whereas in reading FitzGerald's letters (as someone remarked to me the other day) you notice how one by one his (always few) intimates diminish in number, until at the close they are a bare handful. Brown confronted life more squarely and interestedly, his faith was stronger, his pulse quicker, his sense of fun more robust and tolerant. Both men, however, had the wise habit of seeking friends on the beach—against FitzGerald's old West and other Aldborough boatmen we can put many good Manx mariners; and FitzGerald's glossary of Suffolk sea terms pairs off in a way with the "Fo'c's'le Yarns." It was *his* "Fo'c's'le Yarns" at any rate. FitzGerald had the finer literary sense; but when it comes to living sympathy, Brown leaves him nowhere. And yet these comparisons are very misleading, for Brown might have written "The Meadows in Spring." FitzGerald at that time (1831) however, was very young. As years passed his fastidiousness became his enemy. Brown, on the contrary, grew younger with age, and larger hearted.

<p>Charles Lamb and T. E. Brown.</p>	<p>Stevenson's letters, in addition to being far more bulky, are a richer repast. But what one misses from Brown and finds in Stevenson, is the eternal literary artifice.</p>
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Brown was not a literary man first and foremost. He wrote and read for pleasure and recreation. Stevenson lived by writing—in both ways. Nor between Lamb's letters and Brown's is there much kinship; although, as I once pointed out elsewhere, there is a curious resemblance between a letter of Lamb's to Robert Lloyd in praise of Walton (which Brown had certainly not seen), and Brown's article on "The Complete Angler" in the "National Observer." When tasting an author whom he loved Brown had a quite Elian gusto. (By the way, will not Mr. Irwin collect a volume of Mr. Brown's prose criticisms?) But why seek at all for any letter writer with whom to compare T.E.B.? He is himself—poet, novelist (in verse), clergyman, Manxman; enjoying life's best wherever he found it—in religion, in music, in fun, in mountain air, in scenery, in tobacco, in whiskey, in books; and, enjoying, giving thanks. These two volumes are a little paean of praise.

In reading the letters I put a pencil
Five Good Extracts. mark here and there at striking passages,
 some of which are quoted below.

ON BACH'S PASSION CHORALE—(No. 27. VOL. 5. BACH'S ORGAN WORKS).

"Chance-child of some lone sorrow on the hills,
 Bach finds a babe ; instant the great heart fills
 With love of that fair innocence,
 Conveys it thence,
 Clothes it with all divinest harmonies,
 Gives it sure foot to tread the dim degrees
 Of Pilate's stair. Hush ! Hush ! Its last sweet breath
 Waits far along the passages of death."

AN EVENING IMPRESSION.

"Bless you all everywhere that love me. It is 11.45 a.m. A rook has just flown past.
 As he did so, he cawed. From his black wings dripped the almost clinging blue."

SKIDDAW.

"Hitherto, we have all (except perhaps myself ?) treated Skiddaw in a somewhat
 flippant fashion. It is such an obvious hill, with a town and a railway station at its foot,
 and a regulated footpath and a drinking-fountain, and a refreshment hut, as you go up ;
 but it has inner chambers : it is mystic, and *remotis rupibus*, I have heard Bacchus teaching,
 and the *nymphas discentes*, and far beyond them and the prick-ears of the Capripedes, I have
 seen my purple island, my Hesperid, my *only true home on this earth*."

RABELAIS.

"Big broad Rabelaisians may sit down with us in our more liberal hours, but Sterne
 never ! I have an idea that my judgment within this area is infallible. There are nice
 Rabelaisians, and there are nasty ; but the latter are not Rabelaisians."

COWPER.

"I am in a state of great excitement about Cowper. Reading him right through I
 was more than ever struck with his innumerable felicities. Yet how very terribly he sinks !
 The style sinks, but still inore the thought. I imagined that his fine taste had piloted him
 through the theological *mare mortuum* of his age and school with comparative safety. But
 really, it is not so. He is often quite abominable ; so rude, so insolent. He sends his
 antagonists to the Devil ; literally, if I am not mistaken, tells them to go to H—ll ; exults
 over them, sneers, jeers, jokes. His mildest attitude is a 'sarve them right,' and his idea
 of God as the owner of some patent sort of peep-show, which, if we don't appreciate, he will
 d—n our eyes for a set of God knows what, is absolutely Swiftian in its utter vulgarity.
 What a detestable poison has penetrated his vitals !"

But the gem of the book, for its humour

**A Manx
 Entertainment.**

and tenderness, is (to me) the account of a
 dinner to the fisher folk given by Mr. Hall
 Caine, at which Mr. Brown was an honoured
 guest. After eating, drinking, smoking and speech-making came games
 and songs. The letter proceeds :—

"The *songs* opened with 'Rock of Ages.' This was rather stiff ; but the leader was a
 Gorry, a beautiful descendant of the Vikings, whose face was lighted up with a perfectly

LITERARY LETTER.

divine illumination of piety and tenderness, and all the men and women sang with him. The poor old things could not get over the idea that it was a religious service, could not suddenly disuse their methodistical traditions and habits. Several hymns followed, and it was not without a kind of shock that we found ourselves at last involved in the frank nonsense of 'Hunt the wren.' I could not help thinking of my old experience, when ages ago, at Foxdale, in the mountains, I delivered a lecture moderately, but unquestionably, secular, studded with funny anecdotes: and all the old women, as they entered, fell upon their knees, and said a prayer, as upon coming into church. It nearly floored me; and I went through my lewd performance with misgivings, shame and remorse. I remember they looked a good deal scared, but, with that admirable good-will and accommodation to circumstances which is so native to them, they recovered their serenity, and even lent themselves, with a certain sweetness of condonation, to the alien atmosphere, into which *yandhar young Pazon* had introduced them.

The old chaps, distrusting their power of entertainment, had imported into the gathering a very 'young chap,' one K. (but all, young and old, are K.'s). 'K. the Buck,' I think he is called, to distinguish him from the other K.'s.

He was dressed to the nines, played the fiddle, and sang music-hall horrors, dallying with a cigar! which he smoked nonchalantly as he sang.

To see the old people under this ribald treatment! 'Rock of Ages!' what a bouleversement! They evidently thought it would be ungracious to appear otherwise than pleased. So they twisted their dear old facial muscles into the most complicated skeins of quasi-apprehension, and 'waited for the day' of a proper recovery.

The next hymn they sang, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' they *did* sing. A gentle protest, but a most heartfelt burst of religious fervour; a very ecstasy. Do you wonder if I trembled, and my eyes filled with tears?

K. was all unconscious. K. fell back and resumed his fiddle with a fine alertness which did him credit—never turned a hair. But afterwards, C. apologised to me privately. 'A young man, you see. Of course there must be all sorts, and we thought that a little . . . well, it's not the thing; no, no! but still for all . . . and so forth. That kind, sagacious, equitable old C.!' "

That is fine. Not only is it good and moving in itself, but it contains Brown. There can have been few sincerer, simpler, sweeter men.

Irish stories are not always the most exhilarating reading. One too often recognizes what has come, and scents what is coming. But the Irish stories of the two ladies who collaborate under the names Martin Ross and E. OE. Somerville are exceptions. One does not know what is coming, and when it comes it is delightfully fresh and funny. "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." contains one or two almost perfect things, and in "The House of Fahey" a quite perfect thing. I don't know whether penny readings are still given, or public readings of any kind; but if so this book should be an invaluable possession to the readers. I know that ordinary reading aloud is still practised here and there, and that "The House of Fahey" holds its own in many homes. But the book is too well-known for this belated praise: I referred to it only because its success has led to the re-publication of the same writers' earlier novel "The Real Charlotte," which has been tickling me for several days.

Charlotte Mullen, the central figure, is a character, as we say. She belongs to that corps of strong-minded virgins in which Miss Betsy Trotwood holds perhaps the highest place—although corps is quite the wrong word, for I am sure they would never agree to work in any kind of unison. But Charlotte has guile, which Miss Trotwood has not; and hence this novel. In so far as its story is concerned—ending in woeful tragedy—I am not greatly interested. Its by-play is the thing; and its by-play is fascinating. Not so richly funny perhaps as in the R.M. book, but more leisurely, more copious, more lazily Irish. Mr. Hawkins, Captain Cursitor, a perfectly-done figure, Norry the Boat, the Cockatoo (these collaborators are fond of cockatoos), Lady Dysart, Miss Hope Drummond—all are excellent. But the most vivid things in the tale are the two or three momentary flashes of Sir Benjamin Dysart in his bath chair, with James Canavan his valet. They are seen hardly at all, and yet they stick in the memory long after Roddy Lambert has become hazy, and Charlotte an enigma, and Francie (good though she is) unimportant. The little humorous touches are so deft and shrewd. Martin Ross and E. G. Somerville have it in them to make a comic Irish epic. But it must be comic. The death of Francie was as unnecessary, in this book, as was the uncanny gloom that pervades the same authors' "The Silver Fox." Comedy is their game.

**A Recaptured
Childhood.**

A few years ago was published a shy little book of much charm, called "Uninitiated," by Miss Isabel Fry. The same writer has now issued a pendant, entitled "The Day of Small Things," wherein her memory of her childhood again has very pretty play. In her quiet unobtrusive way Miss Fry seems to me to have contributed more to our knowledge of little girl character than any one now attempting that perhaps too popular feat. Her book ranges itself beside Mr. Kenneth Grahame's—her femininity beside his masculinity, her Tib and Lettie beside his Kenneth (?) and Horace. In the matter of literary brilliance, Mr. Grahame wins; but I doubt if he knows more of the small world than Miss Fry does, and I doubt if his memory is any more faithful. "Yes, that is right," one involuntarily remarks at page after page of Miss Fry's book. She has the child's point of view to perfection. In that story—not in itself so good as some of the others—where Tib hides under the table, is an illustration of this childish vision. Lying in ambush there, she was aware of "a man's boots and trousers" entering by the door. A less observant writer would have said "a man." When she was discovered and drawn full into the light she found him to be a stranger "with quite different cuffs from Papa's." That is true childish realism.

**Martyrs in the
Nursery.**

The account of the book of hermits and saints and its impact on the nursery, and the story of Tib's day at home in disgrace, when the others went to a flower show, are both excellent histories; but the pick of the book, I think, is "The Great Renunciation"—telling how two little girls, fired by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," resolved to give up sugar in their tea; their struggles; Tib's misgivings and little innocent fraudulences; Dick's boyish scorn and cruel logic; Nurse's unimaginative and half indignant surprise; the pain of offending their mother at her little tea party by having to reject the two lumps she gave them; and finally the joy on finding out that sugar was no longer made by slaves—all this is exquisitely and humorously related, yet with stern fidelity to fact.

**Mr. Treves' Story of
the Restless Man.**

It is not easy to be much interested in books on the war in South Africa: but I have been reading one, published some little while since, which seems to me to come very nigh to literature. In Mr. Treves' "Tale of a Field Hospital" will be found some of the old simplicity and sincerity, directness and feeling, that make books live and distinguish them from artifice. One rarely meets nowadays with an author who keeps so steady an eye on his subject as Mr. Treves does, and who is so rightly modest. Can it be that fine surgery enables one to handle a pen with the same sureness? Mr. Treves' half dozen little vivid stories—so simply told—of the English soldier in adversity, hard hit or dying, do more for that brave man than all the evening papers. I can't get his history of the restless man out of my thoughts:—perhaps one oughtn't to want to. The restless man was a Lancashire private with a broken thigh. On the first night in hospital he rolled about and upset all the splints and bandages. He was reprimanded, the lint was re-adjusted, and the next night came; but it is Mr. Treves' story:

"The limb was more elaborately adjusted, and everything was left in excellent position. Next morning, however, the restless man was found lying on the floor of the marquee, and in his bed was a man who had been shot through the chest. The marquee was crowded and the number of beds was few, and those who could not be accommodated on beds had to lie on stretchers on the ground. The man who was shot in the chest had come in in the night, and had been placed on the only available stretcher. The restless man proceeded to explain that the new comer seemed worse off than he was, and that he thought the man would be easier on a bed, so he had induced the orderlies to affect the change. The man who was shot in the chest died suddenly, and in due course the restless man was back in his own bed once more.

It was not, however, for long, for on another morning visit, the Lancashire lad was found on the floor again, and again beamed forth an explanation that one of the wounded on the ground, who had come in late, seemed to be very bad and so he had changed over. The

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

present occupant of the bed was in a few days moved down to the base, and the restless man was in his own bed again. But not many days elapsed before he discovered among the fresh arrivals an old chum who longed to lie on a bed, and thus the good-hearted North-country-man found himself once more on the floor.

The moving of a man with a broken thigh from a bed to the ground and back again means not only much disordering of splints and bandages, but much pain to the patient and no little danger to the damaged limb. So this generous lad was talked to seriously, and with a faintly-veiled sternness was forbidden to give up his bed again on any pretence. In the little attempt he made to excuse himself, he returned once more to his original joke and said with a broad grin:—"But you see, doctor, I am such a restless man."

Personally, I prefer this to the most approved gloating over the surrender of Cronje.

E. V. LUCAS.





"A CONTINUED IMPROVEMENT IN EACH NUMBER."

Such is the encomium kindly passed upon our magazine by friend and critic alike, and when we mention some of our more important forthcoming articles we think our readers will agree that we shall keep up our own record; or even surpass it, in the future.

In our next issue, for example, we shall publish a portrait of the late Canon Dixon (one of the Oxford Praeraphaelite Brotherhood), by Mr. Will. Rothenstein, also a Jacobite song by Mr. Andrew Lang (specially written for the N.C.M.), and a North Country poem by Mr. A. Ollivant (author of "Owd Bob"); in July number we have a North Country story by Mr. H. S. Merriman (one of the most brilliant writers of the day); and finally—through the kindness of a well-known North Country antiquary—we shall shortly publish

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MSS. OF SOUTHEY'S TOUR TO THE NETHERLANDS,
INCLUDING A VISIT TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

This, owing to Southey's North Country connection, comes well within our scope, and has of course a national interest.

It has been often suggested to us by our friends and well-wishers that we should raise our price from 6d. to 1s., on the ground that we were not popular in the ordinary sense, that the majority of our patrons could bear the increased charge without much sacrifice, and finally that we should thereby acquire larger opportunities for developing our aims.

In that case we should increase our pages to, say, one hundred; we should be enabled to attain a greater variety, and we could probably increase our illustrations.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

THE N.C.M. A SHILLING MAGAZINE?

This then is our proposal, but we have not finally decided the question, and we shall be willing to hear what our friends think on this subject before finally taking so important a decision.

THE GROWTH OF ART APPRECIATION IN THE NORTH.

We have often alluded with satisfaction to the increased appreciation of art in the north, and now note that the spring art exhibitions at Leeds and Huddersfield have been better attended than before—an encouraging sign, for Yorkshire has hitherto been somewhat backward in this respect.

THE BEWICK BEQUEST OF THE LATE MR. JOHN W. PEASE

should arouse and quicken art interest in Newcastle-on-Tyne, for Bewick was not merely a north countryman born and bred, he was also, in his own special line, one of the great artists of all time, and we rejoice that Mr. Pease did not follow the example of the Miss Bewicks and send his treasures to London, but believing that the North Country had improved in art appreciation, left them to the Public Library, where each one doubtless will shortly be able to go and study them for himself.

ROCHDALE'S ART GALLERY.

We find we were not quite rightly informed as to the proposed art gallery at Rochdale to which we alluded in our April number. The true facts are as follows:—

The Corporation last year obtained the consent of Parliament for an increased Library rate, out of which an art gallery is to be built.

Mr. James Ogden has given £3,700, which has to be invested for ten years, and after that period the interest is to be spent upon the purchase of pictures.

LIBRARY MAGAZINES AND REPORTS.

The issuing of these by the various Librarians is an excellent idea, and serves to remind the public of their opportunities of self-improvement, and also of the lore and traditions of their districts.

Thus, in the "Chorley Library Journal" which lies before us, the editor, Mr. E. Macknight, writes an interesting account of famous Myles Standish (immortalized by Longfellow) with a portrait, while Mr. C. W. Sutton (chief Librarian of Manchester Free Libraries) has a paper on Frank Hall Standish of Duxbury Hall, another member of that ancient historical family.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF DIALECT.

Owing to lack of space several interesting letters on this subject are held over till our next issue.

OBITUARY.

"The great affection I had for Mr. Pease, and the happy recollection of continual and unvarying kindness received during a period exceeding a quarter of a century, make it impossible for me to refuse the request which I have received from the Editor—on the eve of my embarkation for a sea voyage to Naples—that I should describe my own personal impressions of the friend whom we have lost.

On the other hand, the short time at my disposal makes it impossible for me to do anything like justice to the duty which the Editor has committed to my hands."

* * * * *

The sudden and premature death of John William Pease in the full flush and vigour of his useful and cultured life, has intensified for many of us in the North of England the chill and darkness which have been imported into the opening months of the new century by the deaths of the Queen and of Bishop Creighton. Endowed with a nature which resembled that of the late Queen in its rich possession of all those higher qualities which sweeten and dignify domestic life, and akin to that of the late Bishop Creighton—of whom he was an intimate, sympathetic and devoted friend—in its warm and refined appreciation of art and letters, John William Pease owned a personality of a rare and peculiar charm which impressed even the stranger, and especially endeared him to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance.

But it is only those who were so fortunate as to be admitted within the ranks of his intimate personal friends, who can realize the force and extent of the good influence which has passed away with him from the North of England.

The firm grip he had upon the realities of life enabled him to watch—often with sympathy and always with amusement—the tea-cup storms raised by smaller natures than his own.

It has been said of him that "John William's opinions are not strong enough to make him unpopular." It is true that he was not as a rule affected by the passing passions of the moment; but it is equally true that he was one of the strong reserve forces of the North which could always be relied upon to make its influence felt, when the gravity of the occasion or the appeal of a friend called for his sympathy, his

counsel, or his help. On those occasions he never failed. But till the call of duty spoke in tones which reached his conscience or his heart the great modesty of his nature always prevailed, and made him anxious to withdraw as far as possible from the public eye. By nature he was one of the shyest men I ever met, but few had a more delicate appreciation of the humour, irony and paradox of the passing situation, and there must be many who, like the writer, have enjoyed to the full, the humorous insight and the honest merriment of a man in whose composition no malice or any of the meaner qualities ever found a footing. It is misleading then to suggest that he did not hold opinions strongly; at the same time his sympathy with others, his strong and saving sense of humour, his absolute freedom from the blindness of prejudice enabled him always to put himself in the position of those from whom he differed, and to express the opinions which he held without giving offence or raising antagonism.

It was perhaps this rich quality of the heart, which, lightened by the humour that only found free expression before those in whose presence he felt under no restraint, and illumined by the rare and distinguished refinement that pervaded his character, invested him with a very unusual and remarkable power of inspiring those around him with feelings of real and genuine affection. He was in the highest sense of the word a most loveable man, a peace-maker; a man who was blessed in a peculiar degree with the temperament which never fails to make the happiest of homes, affectionate, discreet, loyal, sympathetic, refined, gentle, and with a keen though friendly eye for the ridiculous which redeemed from any suspicion of insipidity all those great and loveable qualities.

He suffered perhaps from an ultra modesty, which expressed itself naturally enough in an undue self-effacement. This ultra modesty often prevented him from taking that position for which his excellent judgment, his refined and cultured mind, and his splendid character so pre-eminently qualified him, but those who have been brought into closest contact with him in business as a Banker, as a County Councillor, as a North Eastern Railway Director, are those who know best what a valuable opinion he had to offer on all questions which were brought before him, and what conscientious trouble he took in forming his opinion before he accepted the responsibility of offering advice.

I do not dwell on those parts of his life which are well known to all those who knew him even slightly; on the great breadth of his sympathies, and of his generosity, which prompted him, though a Quaker, to give to the Church of England a palace and grounds for the proper housing of the Bishop of Newcastle, on his love of nature and life in the open air, on his patience and courage at the loss of his eye through an

accident when out shooting, on his enthusiasm for golf, on his friendship for Wilberforce, now Bishop of Chichester, and their annual fishing visits to Norway. This Magazine, of which he was one of the founders, supplies the happiest evidence of his keen enthusiasm for sport in the charming article he recently contributed on his fishing experiences in Norway, while the article from his pen on Thomas Bewick, illustrated by many reproductions from his own quite unique collection, which appears in this issue is evidence at once most interesting and convincing, of his refined culture and love of art.

The saying that "the world knows little of its greatest men," is perhaps debateable, but that it knows little of its *best* men is perfectly true, and in this category the name of John William Pease is assuredly to be found.

GREY.

[Lord Grey, believing that he had not had time enough to accomplish the task he so kindly undertook, suggested to his relative, Sir Edward Grey, Bart, M.P., that he should supplement its deficiencies. Two Papers thus came to the Editor, who, using his own discretion, here publishes each separately.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]

I have never known anyone whose good feeling could be more perfectly relied on, for in his case to dislike what was harsh or bad on the one hand was as instinctive as to expand towards all that was innocent and bright, attractive or amusing on the other.

His interest in life was manysided and unfailing, and in talking of the things he liked he made one feel that his own pleasure therein was real and loveable, flowing with a current too quiet perhaps to be called enthusiasm, but deep and satisfying in a rare degree to him who shared the interest.

And he cared for so many things: he loved books, and to talk of his especial favourites: the open air and the domain of nature were a joy to him, while people also interested him, and he would discuss with interest, judgment and knowledge—of politics and the men engaged in them, though only a strong sense of duty or attachment to a friend would lead him to take an active part in political meetings, and the ensuing aggressive publicity which was naturally distasteful to him.

In business he was possessed of so much experience, ability and wisdom that—if you were a colleague—you so valued his advice that you were reluctant to commit yourself in a matter of importance till there had been an opportunity of consulting him.

In all business transactions, indeed, his sympathy was quick and strong, never failing and never out of place.

To be with him made all that was best in you active: he made you feel how strong and unfailing his pleasure and interest were in all the best things of life, yet with a quiet sympathy which seemed to invite you to express your own feelings and opinions. If you knew him well you could not be with him without being consciously the happier for it every time, and in the case of an intimate friend he had a rare and refined power of conveying a sense of affection without direct words.

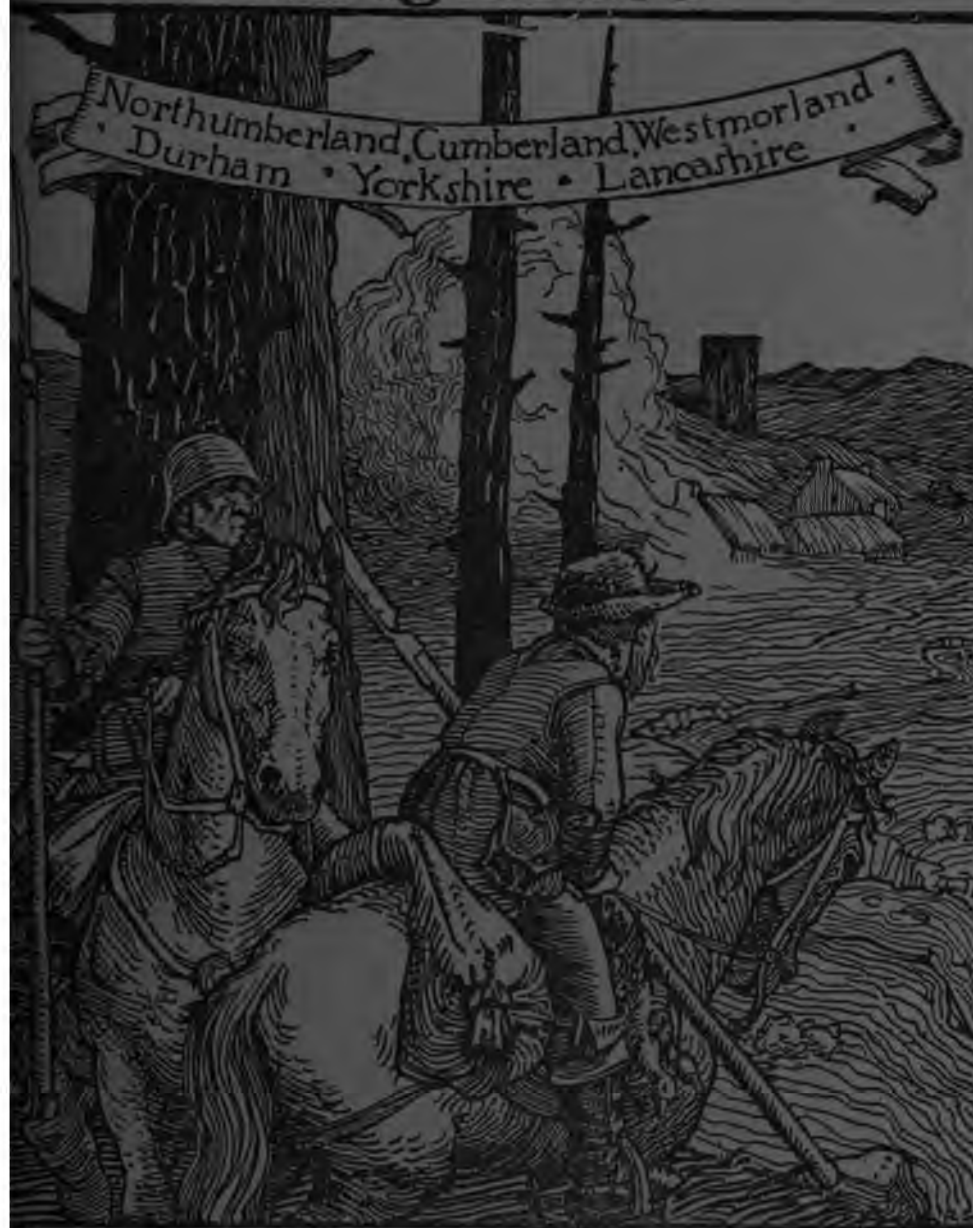
Thus a nature like his, gifted with perfect taste and refinement, will attach friends to itself, and the friends are more than happy in this friendship—the thought that they have won it giving them a certain confidence in themselves.

It is much to be a good man; it is a rarer gift to make others feel the better for your affection—and this was one of the gifts which John William Pease possessed.

EDWARD GREY.



The Northern Counties Magazine.



Frontispiece.—The late Canon Dixon, by Will Rushenstun.

A Jacobite Song, by Andrew Lang.
Trotto House, Carlisle, by Archibald Sparks.
My Uncle, The Elder, by P. Chesteron.
Roman Northumbria, by Dr. Hodgkin.
A Song of the Sea, by Alfred Ollivant.

A Lancashire Tale, by Austin R. Taylor.
Survey of Yorkshire Dialect, Rev. J. H. Green.
Everything in its place, by Mrs. Blundell.
A Dales Vignette, by Katherine Cullier.
North Country Chronicle.

North Country Book Column. Digitized by Google

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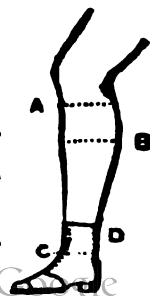
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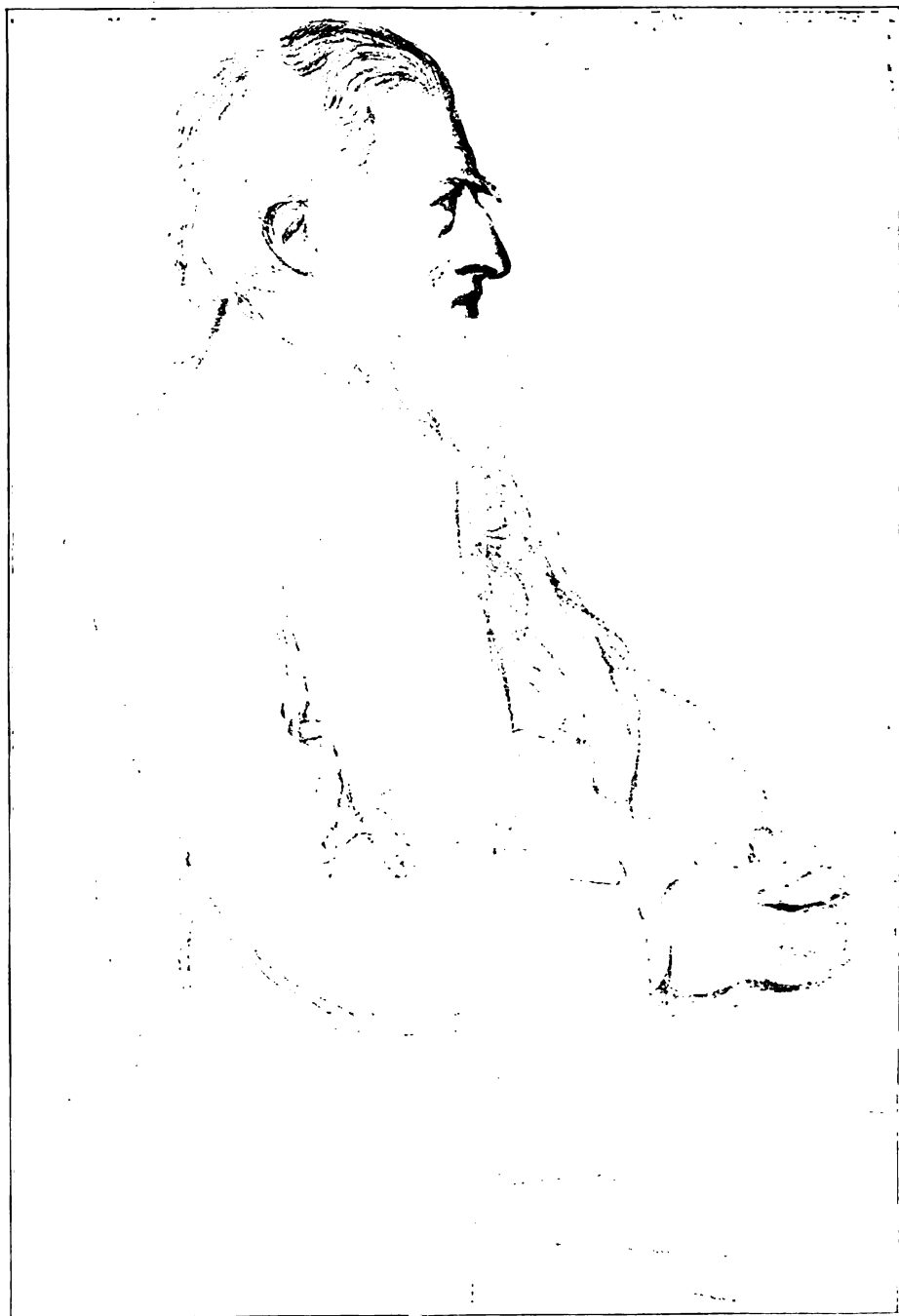
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CANON DIXON,
By Will Rothenstein.
(Late Vicar of Warkworth, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle.)

The Northern Counties Magazine.

June, 1901.

A JACOBITE SONG.*

THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1715.

Being a Song writ for a Lady born on June the Tenth, the birthday of his Most Sacred Majesty King James III. and VIII.)

Day of the King and the flower!
And the girl of my heart's delight,
The blackbird sings in the bower,
And the nightingale sings in the night
A song to the roses white.

Day of the flower and the King!
When shall the sails of white
Shine on the seas and bring
In the day, in the dawn, in the night,
The King to his land and his right?

Day of the rose and the may,
After the long years' flight,
Born on the King's birthday,
Born for my heart's delight,
With the dawn of the roses white!

Black as the blackbird's wing
Is her hair, and her brow as white
As the white rose blossoming,
And her eyes as the falcon's bright
And her heart is leal to the right.

When shall the joy bells ring?
When shall the hours unite
The right with the might of my King,
And my heart with my heart's delight;
In the dawn, in the day, in the night?

ANDREW LANG.

* Copyright in the United States of America, 1901.

TULLIE HOUSE, CARLISLE: AND WHAT IT CONTAINS.*

The old portion of this building is an early instance of the classical revival of architecture. It was built in the year 1689, probably by an elder brother of Thomas Tullie, Chancellor and Canon of Carlisle from 1684 to 1716, and Dean of Carlisle from 1716 to 1726.



TULLIE HOUSE (FRONTAGE.)

The Tullies were a wealthy family, and the descendants of one of the German miners who were brought over in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to work the gold and silver mines at Keswick.

The Tullies and Waughs, their descendants, continued to occupy the

* The blocks illustrating this article are kindly lent to us by Messrs. Thurnam & Sons, Carlisle, and by Mr. T. Wilson and the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society.

TULLIE HOUSE, CARLISLE.

house until the present century, when it passed successively into the hands of the Custs and the Salkelds; then by sale to the Dixons and the Nansons. During all this time it was the centre of the social and intellectual life of Carlisle, and retained the name of "Tullie House."



Photo]

THE LATE WORSHIPFUL CHANCELLOR FERGOUSON,
M.A., LL.M., F.S.A., D.L., J.P.
[1837-1900.]

[Scott, Carlisle.

Chairman of the Tullie House Committee, 1890-1899.

When on November 8th, 1893, it was declared open as a Public Library, Museum, and Schools of Science and Art, it was wisely decided

to retain the old name, so we find to-day this great pile of buildings, devoted to literature, antiquity, science and art, nearly 200 years after the death of Chancellor Tullie, doing a work and fostering subjects which the Chancellor no doubt encouraged in his day.

The general entrance to the building is by way of Castle Street, and is easily recognised by the clock which rises over the librarian's residence, which was once the site of a cottage known as the Punch Bowl Public House.

In 1890, the old structure was about to be demolished to make room for cottages, when it was rescued only just in time, at the suggestion of C. J. Ferguson, Esq., F.S.A., and purchased by public subscriptions which reached over £4,000. This property, with the balance of money remaining after the purchase, was handed over to the Mayor and Corporation to be used towards the establishment of a Technical Institute.

The main portion of "Tullie House" has been preserved intact, but large additions had to be made to the original structure, which cost over £22,000.

The foundation stone was laid on May, 26th, 1892. In digging the foundations which proved to be forced earth to a great depth, many objects of Roman and other date were unearthed, most of which may now be seen in the museum in the local antiquities room. At a depth of about 11 to 15 feet, a massive oak platform, 6 inches thick, supported on piles and held together by iron nails 12 inches long, was found; it extended from Castle Street to Abbey Street, a distance of 220 feet and was 40 feet wide. It was conjectured by Chancellor Ferguson that the platform was constructed by the Romans to carry a battery of *ballistae*.

The objects of interest to be noted in the entrance hall to the libraries and reading rooms are the original cast by Musgrave Lewthwaite Watson (an eminent sculptor of whom Cumberland is justly proud), of the monument to Dr. Archibald Cameron, entitled "Culloden." It was executed in Caen stone for the Savoy Chapel, where it was placed in 1847, and unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1864. Dr. Cameron was out in the '45 and is represented on the battlefield of Culloden, where he rendered great service to the wounded. He made his escape abroad, but, venturing to return after some years of exile, he was arrested, tried, and executed. Here is also the original portrait statue of Flaxman the sculptor, the marble replica of which is in the University College, London; and marble and plaster busts of Burns, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Bishop Harvey Goodwin, also of Dean Milner (1750-1820), Rev. John Fawcett (1768-1851), Dr. John Heysham.

TULLIE HOUSE, CARLISLE.

of the Carlisle Mortality Tables' fame (1753-1834), and Samuel Jackson Binning, twice mayor of Carlisle (1826-1894). Six oil paintings by J. White Abbott, Hon. R.A., an eminent surgeon of Exeter; and also a portrait of the late Chancellor Ferguson, chairman of the Tullie House Committee adorn the walls.



ENTRANCE HALL.

In a room off the hall is housed the *Bibliotheca Jacksoniana*, a collection of local literature. It was gathered together by the late Wm. Jackson, F.S.A., of St. Bees, and contains about 4,000 books and pamphlets, a large number of portraits and views of local interest,

several volumes of autographs, a valuable mass of manuscripts of wills, inventories, extracts from parish registers and pedigrees, and a large collection of local chap books.

The books available for use in the libraries number about 26,000 and include a capital children's department of 5,000 volumes.

Before entering the part of the building used for the museum, a brief historical sketch may not be uninteresting. It seems to have been created by the founders of the Carlisle Literary and Philosophical Institution in February, 1835, who had a spacious apartment above the Fish Market, in the Main Guard, a massive building erected in 1645 (demolished about 1850) where they held meetings and lectures, and used part of the premises as a museum. The small collection of curiosities seems to have survived the Society which gave it being, and was transferred to the "Athenæum," a building in Lowther Street, built on rather an ambitious scale for the day, as a home for the sciences and the arts (now used as the General Post Office). Here it followed but a chequered career, and some time in the sixties, for its default to pay "the rint," the collection was seized by the sheriff and advertised for sale.

Public opinion was roused, an indignation meeting held, with the result that the collection was presented to the Corporation of Carlisle, who undertook to find it a home. This they did in a former Sculptors Gallery, called the "Academy of Arts," situated in Finkle Street, where the collection was placed and, according to the late Chancellor Ferguson, "locked up and left severely alone." For many years it slumbered amid accumulating dust, until the year 1874, when the aforementioned distinguished antiquary endeavoured to resuscitate it, and to this end a committee was formed consisting almost entirely of working men.

This committee seems to have had plenty of pluck and spirit, for they stripped off their coats, whitewashed and painted the room, cleaned and labelled the contents thereof, and opened the museum to the public gaze.

Mr. Ferguson was the honorary curator, and must have infused much enthusiasm into the work, otherwise, I fear, the museum would have again died a lingering death, because they had no money to secure its maintenance. Having no money meant the loss of many valuable specimens of antiquarian and archæological interest, and had it not been for the generosity of the late Robert Ferguson, M.P., no additions by purchase would have been made. All this sounds like a hand-to-mouth experience and such it undoubtedly was, but it was well worth the attempt.

This committee of working men, who, from 1874 to 1891, held the museum together, did much towards educating their fellow citizens, if only to the adopting of the Public Libraries' Act in 1891.

It is curious that when the carefully guarded treasures at last found a permanent home in Tullie House, no provision was made for their upkeep, and it was only in April, 1900, that the matter was brought before the Library and Museum Committee by myself, with the result that they made a recommendation to the City Council, who unanimously resolved to adopt the Museum Act, thereby providing an income of over £400 a year for its maintenance.

To get to the museum we pass out from the libraries into the open air, past the lawns and flower beds, and before entering we notice a horsing block, on the front of which is the figure of a bagpiper. This stone was first noticed by Hutchinson the historian, in the eighteenth century; he describes it as being "upon a door in Stanwix." It was next noticed by William Hutton, who walked the Roman Wall in 1802; he describes it as "a stone in the street converted into a horseblock." Subsequently it was lost, but was found again in 1878, and added to the museum in 1884. "It has always been traditionally accepted as a Roman 'bagpiper,' but the costume of the bagpiper suggests a much more modern origin," says Mr. Haverfield, our greatest authority on Roman antiquities.

The large rough slab which lies near it was found in 1892 in the area of the Roman Cemetery at Gallows Hill on the south side of Carlisle. It has a grotesque figure of a man deeply cut out on the surface, and when found, it formed the cover of an oak coffin.

Part of the new building and the whole of the old mansion are given up to the museum, which, in spite of the space devoted, is considerably overcrowded. It is pleasing to know that the authorities have already recognised this and made provision for extension by the purchase of property adjoining at a cost of £7,500.

Entering the hall we notice the Carlisle Pillory, which was found in the Gaol, and only just rescued in time; it was being used there as a butcher's block. The Carlisle Stocks are also here; both of these objects were once in use in the City for the reformation of evil doers. A fine specimen of the Tunny (*Thynnus Vulgaris*) 7 feet 9 inches long is on show here; it was caught in the Solway Firth in February, 1896. Passing into the hall of old "Tullie House" we find the invaluable collection of Roman inscribed and sculptured stones, found at the various local stations of Carlisle, Netherby, Old Carlisle (near Wigton) and other places. This is to many the most interesting portion of the building, and, as a local collection, is of exceptional interest; it is

mainly of recent growth, and was formerly in the hands of the old museum authorities, the late Mr. Robert Ferguson, of Morton, sometime member for Carlisle, the late Dr. Graham, of Netherby, and the late Mr. J. D. Maclean, of Wigton Hall. There have been many more recent gifts and the whole collection now takes rank among the best of such collections in England. It is especially strong in finds made in Carlisle itself, and at the forts of Old Carlisle, and Netherby.

The Tullie House Museum may boast of possessing nearly all the inscribed and sculptured stones found at these three important Roman stations.

The collection contains about 120 altars, and monumental and sepulchral slabs of various shapes and sizes, many of which are figured in the "*Lapidarium Septentrionale*," whilst they are all described by Mr. F. Haverfield, F.S.A., in his catalogue. They include the Vacia monument found in Lowther Street, Carlisle, the Mithraic slab with the lady and the fan found at Murrell Hill, the dedicatory slab to Mars Ocelus from Harraby Hill, the slab with an inscription commemorative of Flavius Antigonus Papias from the same place, and altars to Maponus and Jupiter, and one of cream-coloured sandstone with a Greek inscription making a hexameter verse:—

"Thou seest me, an Altar of Astarte: Pulcher set me up."

Possibly the most valuable exhibit in the whole building is the one over the fire-place in this hall. It is an alto-relievo plaque in *gesso duro* of the "Battle of Flodden Field," the joint work of Sir E. Burne-Jones and Sir Edgar Boehm. It was presented by the Earl of Carlisle, who has furnished a description of it, which is framed and placed by its side. A similar panel is now in the Earl's Cumberland residence, Naworth Castle. "The subject is a decorative treatment of the Battle of Flodden, in the manner of the reliefs on the Sarcophagus of Maximilian in Innsbruck. The figure in the centre is Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, Commander of the English Army. James IV. of Scotland is falling on the right, on the left Lord Dacre's horse are advancing under Sir Edward Stanley. The Scotch camp is burning in the distance."

The Roman milestone, which marked the first mile on the south of Carlisle, is also in the Hall. It has been inscribed twice, first with the name of the Emperor Carausius, and after his death it seems to have been turned topsy-turvy and the name of Constantius or Constantine cut at the other end. It was found in 1894 in the bed of the River Petteril, below Gallows Hill, from whose summit it had probably rolled. A large stone coffin of Roman date is under one of the windows.

Passing into the local antiquities room, we find the case of objects

already referred to as being discovered in the foundations of the new building. They are a varied assortment, and include a bone arrow-head,



DEDICATORY SLAB TO MARTIOCELO, FROM HAREBY HILL.



MILESTONE FROM RIVER PETERHILL, CARLISLE.

showing the holes for the rivets which secured it to the shaft, some Samian ware, fragments of *Amphorae* and of *Mortaria*, with potters'

marks. One or two of the shards of Samian ware had been ground into circular dumps, no doubt by children for use in some such game as "hop-scotch," and one or two, by the leaden rivets remaining in them, show that they had belonged to vessels found worthy of repair when broken. A miscellaneous quantity of relics of all ages was found, such as some brass wire-braiding, a hair pin of bronze, two *styli* and two *ligulae* of the same material, an iron adze head, a bowl of thin bronze, three gold coins, silver and copper coins, including a Trajan, an Irish halfpenny of Queen Elizabeth, two Scotch bawbees, and bones that once went to make up a dog, shorthorned ox (*Bos Longifrons*), red deer (*Cervus Elaphus*), and domestic pig, a wooden spatula, probably used for turning girdle cakes, and a sod of heather from the original surface. In the upright cases are to be found a valuable collection of prehistoric implements, which have been arranged in order of development by Professor Boyd Dawkins, also many earthenware burial urns mainly found in building the Lunatic Asylum near Carlisle. Horns, necks, and handles of *Amphorae*, Roman tiles and fragments of Salopian and Duro-Brevian pottery, Roman lamps, and sandals, and two very remarkable stone moulds for the casting of bronze spear heads which were found at Croglin: some casts have been made for these and may be seen by the side of the moulds. A case of bronze and stone celts is in this room, and in one of the cases is a perfect glass bottle found in the Roman Cemetery of Luguwallium (Carlisle) in 1864 containing human burnt bones; it was preserved in the stone cist under the case. On the top shelf of one case is the wreck of a huge lantern, once gorgeously painted and gilded; this was carried before the Mayor when his worship was out late o' nights. The lower shelves are filled with millstones and querns, all found in Cumberland, here are also the casts of prehistoric implements found in Ehenside Tarn, Cumberland, the originals of which are in the British Museum.

At the foot of the ancient oak staircase of old Tullie House, is the Corporation Chest, dating from the fourteenth century, a ponderous structure of oak, secured by seven locks and hasps and bound by iron, its lid takes two men to raise. Here is also "The Muckle Toun Bell o' Carlile" on which is the legend

Radulphus : comes : de Westmorland : effecit : me : fieri.

This was Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmorland, who died 1425. This bell did duty until about 15 years ago, when it was cracked by a fire in the Town Hall turret.

The ancient staircase which we must now ascend leads to the first floor, and dates from 1689; it is in a fair state of preservation, and rumour hath it that it was the cause of the preservation of the Old

TULLIE HOUSE, CARLISLE.

House. On the staircase walls are some foreign instruments of torture, and two oil paintings of Carlisle and Whitehaven, as they appeared in 1720, looking at the former picture leaves no doubt in our minds why Carlisle was known as the "Red City." Reaching the top of the stairs we come to the buff and green rooms, probably once the bed chambers of Chancellor Tullie and his family. These rooms are set apart for the display of Neo-archaic objects, or articles that may be dubbed obsolete, and semi-obsolete domestic appliances, such as tinder boxes, spinning



ANCIENT STAIRCASE.

wheels, up-and-down churns, toast dogs, threshing flails, Elizabethan standard measures of capacity, tommy-sticks, rush lights, Davy and Plimsoll miners' lamps and various objects illustrative of the bye-gone Carlisle industries. One case contains a good collection of locks and keys, many local and many foreign, including those of the Carlisle Cock-Pit and Gaol. A recent gift by Mr. Seton-Karr of stone implements from Egypt, Somaliland, New Zealand, Sweden and other parts

of the world, are arranged and cased in one of these rooms, and prove one of the finest, if not the best, collection of such objects to be seen in Great Britain. The two cabinets here contain capital collections of local birds' eggs and insects; the question of exhibiting them has occupied my attention, and shortly I hope this will be accomplished at a minimum risk of their being spoiled by the light of day.

Leaving these rooms and turning to the left brings us to the oak room, where we find some water-colour sketches of the Roman Wall by David Mossman, and in the flat case under them are the Plumbago moulds, which were found on a rubbish heap at Netherwasdale; they were probably the tools of some coiner in the time of Henry VII. and were used for forging groats. Part of the "Sandford" and "Beaumont" hoards of coins, local medals, and Carlisle siege pieces go to make up this case. The carved case in the centre of the room contains part of the late Robert Ferguson's collection of Roman objects, and includes the contents of a Viking's grave found at Hesket-New-Market.

A door at the north end of this beautiful oak panelled room opens upon the staircase which leads to the Schools of Science and Art and Art Galleries. The first gallery contains a loan collection from South Kensington, and some pencil sketches of Carlisle, by Nutter, and oil and water colours by other local artists, including Sam Bough, Blacklock, W. H. Nutter, Nelson and Bushby. In a case at the far end will be seen an electro replica of Carlisle's Great Mace, which was presented to the Corporation by Colonel James Graham in the reign of James II., also the Tailors' Guild Plate, consisting of four pieces of silver, and the unique Elizabethan Silver Racing Bells, these are the oldest racing bells in either England or Scotland, and were formerly run for by horses on Kingmoor, near Carlisle; on one of them is the following inscription:--

THE + SWEFTES + HORSE + THES + BEL + TO + TAK +
FOR + MI + LADE + DAKER + SAKE.

and on another is:

H. B. M. C. (Henry Baines, Mayor of Carlisle) 1599.

Returning downstairs we see on the walls two oil paintings by Sani, which were presented by the present Speaker of the House of Commons (The Right Honourable W. C. Gully), two inscribed stones from Egypt, and a life-sized Indian idol, which was brought to England nearly 60 years ago and has been in the museum throughout its long career. Could it speak what tales it would tell of its many movings, and of its happiness in at last finding a peaceful home in a dark corner.

Last, but by no means least, we find ourselves with the most popular show in the whole building, the Macpherson and Harris collection of

TULLIE HOUSE, CARLISLE.

about 3,000 birds, which are already the third finest in England. The recent adoption of the Museum Act has enabled the committee to engage an expert taxidermist, who will no doubt make rapid progress towards mounting the collection on really educational lines.

The haunt, egg, down, half-fledged and parent birds will be shown in most of the cases, and in many instances the various stages of plumage, and the birds in flight. The collection is a very rich local one and is housed in a good room fitted with dust-proof cases.

The wading birds and waterfowl for which the Solway Firth is justly celebrated are well represented. The plovers and sandpipers are exhibited in almost the entire series of changes of plumage which each species pass through. The turnstones, greenshanks, dusky or spotted redshank, and other birds of the coast, convey some idea of our estuary bird life. The duck species are well to the front, and perhaps we are the only museum in the Kingdom which can boast of two specimens of the American Surf Scoter killed in British Waters, and a locally obtained specimen of the rare red-crested pochard.

The series of sea fowl is fairly complete and well deserves special mention, containing as it does many of our rarest *Laridæ*—i.e., gulls, terns, skuas, and petrels, including a locally killed specimen of the rare Sabine's gull, and one of the only two British-killed Frigate, or white-faced petrels. The series of eagles, hawks, and owls are also very fine. A glance at the cases containing the partridges, pheasants, grouse bitterns, petrels, smews, terns and grebes will be sufficient to show how birds should be mounted. Much remains to be done here, but there is a rosy future before us.

A few cases of mammals are also mounted and displayed in this room, including the badger, stoat, pine marten, which still lingers in the hills and valleys of Lakeland, the hedgehog, rat, etc., and down the full length of the room, in the centre, is the fine geological collection of the late Professor Harkness, of graptolites from the Solway Basin, and the Clifton Ward series of the Lake District minerals.

That Tullie House is full of "things" you will agree, and how much the extension will be welcomed by the staff I leave to your imagination.

ARCHIBALD SPARKE.

MY UNCLE, THE ELDER.

(A TALE OF THE BASS ROCK.)



THE BASS ROCK.*

"The Bass" had always mysteriously attracted me, though I could scarce have put my feeling into words, for quite apart from the solan geese and those big eggs of theirs which I had for long desired to gather for myself, it had a weird sort of personal fascination, till at times I felt my life's story must be in some manner bound up in it, or perhaps it was that in the far past some ancestor of mine had met his fate there fighting for King James.

There it lay right opposite the windows of my uncle's small cottage-- a black mass of rock bulging out in massive tiers to its bluff, green rounded summit like some strong warrior smitten to the knee, capped by a brazen helmet green with age.

* * * * *

"Wilt like, laddie, to sail across to the Bass this afternoon?" enquired my uncle suddenly.

"Yes, of course I should."

Had I not always longed to sail over to the Bass and see the solan geese?

But why my uncle should at last give way on this particular spring morning, when 'twas not particular favourable for a sail thither, the wind blowing inland across the Firth, I could not for the life of me conjecture.

(* Photos by J. E. Laidlay, Esq.)

I had a notion that 'twas in some way due to the foreign letter writ on a curious sort of paper very much travel-stained, that had arrived that morning at our dinner hour, over which he had sat brooding, like a hen on addled eggs, instead of falling to his meat with his usual vigour. He was perturbed therewith, that I saw plain enough, for apart from loss of appetite he looked gloomier than usual, and had been quoting melancholy texts from Scripture, as his custom was when matters went not to his liking, though what the connection might be 'twixt cause and effect I had no means of judging.

"How long, O Lord, wilt Thou permit an ungodly and froward generation to vex the souls of the righteous?"

He seemed on these occasions to become entirely oblivious of my presence, but in the light of after events I had reasons to remember his soliloquy. He paused a moment, then continued afresh, "Ane repentant prodigal, Thou saidest? Eh, but, Thou hast also written that the dog shall return to its vomit, and wha can best judge which o' the twain a wastrel should best hae?"

"Why, them that kens him!—ay, an' I ken him weel for an idle, unprofitable servant, cumberin' the ground, ane that aye spake ill o' Holy Kirk, an' its meenisters an' elders duly appointed by the layin' on of hands.

"Fit for the ooter darkness—verily he is, ay, an' there we'll keep him," and my uncle shut his mouth with a snap, and lengthened his upper lip as though 'twere a door he was steeking against the ungodly.

Then suddenly he looked towards me, and, sighing as he helped himself to the peas broth, twisted his face into a ghastly form of affectionate regard.

"Weel, laddie, ye've often wanted to gang ower to the Bass, an' as I'm no just sae well occupied as usual the afternoon I'll e'en gie ye a sail there i' the coble, an' as wind an' tide wull be again us we'll best start as soon as we've finished oor meat—for which," he added, as 'twere an afterthought, with a deepened twang, "the Lord's name be praised. Ay, an' for aal the blessin's o' a hame—the which,"—he continued, bending his shaggy brow at me over his spoon's edge, "ye yoursel', for an ensample, micht never have enjoyed but for an uncle wha kenned hoo in a deceitful world to keep a bit plenishin' aboot him."

"Amen!" says I, thinking to pleasure him, but I fear my voice—and indeed my uncle was reputed far and wide to be as close-fisted as any Fifer across the Firth—rang untrue, for he glared at me and grunted as though he sought some excuse for rapping me over the head with the soup ladle.

"Aff wi' ye," he cried shortly; "ye've filled yorsel by noo, an' tell that idle Jock, anither muckle, wasteful, fillbelly like yorsel—to have the coble ready in ten meenuts time."

Gripping my half-eaten scone I departed, and within the time mentioned Jock and I had the boat beside the water's edge.

The breeze blew stiff across the Firth, and with a hard grip on the rudder my uncle steered out of the little cove west by north, past North Berwick and straight for the Craig and the Lamb islands, saying never a word to myself beyond a gruff "ease oot," or "taut a wee," as I sat near by on the thwarts with the lug-sail rope fast held in my hands.

When we had come near to Phaedra we ran far out on a north-easterly tack, as close hauled to the wind as we could sail, and when we next let the sail down to take a third tack west by south, my uncle's temper changed unaccountably towards me, and grew almost tender, to my astonishment.

"Ay, laddie, dootless ye think auld Nunky Eff a bit o' a tyrant to ye. but it's aal for your guid;" here he snuffled, as he was accustomed when offering up an extempore prayer at a burying or such like festival, "an' weel I mind hoo your grandfather used to sough over your father, sair greetin' that he had spoiled him wi' ower muckle affection when he was a flee-by-nicht callant, head i' the air, wi' eyes for naethin' but gulls an' sunsettin's an' sich like tom-foolishness.

"Noo, I've been different frae that, as ye ken; parritch an' a wheen scones, the carritch an' warrk, is the auld Scots system whilk has made auld Scotland the cradle o' earnest, god-fearin', prosperous citizens, an' I've put ye into the way, I trust, o' righteous leevin' an' the capaceety o' lookin' after yorsel. Noo, d'ye think ye can shift for yorsel' on an emergency, laddie? Wi' the up-bringin' ye've had ye shud be able to, an' I shud like to think 'at ye cud, 'twud be a bit weight aff my mind if I thocht 'at my eddication o' ye wud bear fruit i' guid season, an' 'at ye could fend for yorsel' if Proveedence saw fit to mak' trial o' ye."

"Oh, yes, uncle," I replied carelessly, for we were now under the shadow of the mighty Bass, and I was wholly intent upon the wide-circling solan geese overhead. "I think so; at least I hope I could."

"That's richt, laddie, that's a gey guid hearin', an' may be ye'll hae the chance soon enuch, for I've a soort o' feelin' 'at ye may get the opportuneety o't, an' wivoot claimin' the unchancy gift o' the 'second sight,' I'm no allers wrang when I've a presentiment o' likely happenin's."

We were now close in, and at a sign from my uncle I let the sail down with a run, then getting out the oars I soon had the coble in beside the landing place.

MY UNCLE, THE ELDER.

“Noo, oot wi’ ye, an’ up wi’ ye to the top o’ the rock, an’ after ye’ve seen a’ the geese an’ filled yor pockets wi’ eggs come yor ways doon carefully here again.



“THE LONG-BEAKED GANNETS.”

“Noo, I’ll gie ye half an ’oor for the job, sae mind an’ dinna keep me waitin’, for time’s siller an’ no to be wasted unprofitably.”

Overjoyed, I leaped ashore, and, breathless with haste, scrambled up the walled parapet, and over into the chambers of the grim old Jacobite

fort that had held out so bravely for King James, half expecting the while to be met with a challenge, as I passed through roofless chamber and over broken battlement in my ascent.

Within ten minutes I had reached the highest point, and had I but had breath would have shouted aloud as with a conqueror's triumph, for the prospect was glorious on all sides, and behold, it was all my own.

The breath of the sea was in my nostrils, the nimble wind sped—like some lithe athlete—past my ears; my eyes seemed to survey the Universe, and there far below me like some monster at his ease, rolled the great sea.

"Worrack, worrack, worrack," cried the great gannets above me, slow circling on their far-stretched white pinions tipped with ebony; "Chuc-a-chucot," murmured the lesser black-backed and herring gulls below their breath, like some well-bred but greatly perturbed matrons.

I stayed a few minutes drinking in the health of the air and the beauty of the scene, then turned to my work, and rudely tumbled off their nests the long-beaked gannets, not without some injury to my fingers as they defended their single eggs.

Filling my pockets with the spoil I took one more farewell view and then hastily descended as I came, for I knew my uncle would be wrathful if he had to wait for me beyond the appointed time.

When I reached the battlements once more, I looked at my watch and found I had five minutes still in hand. Thrusting my head through a gap I raised my voice to hail the coble, which should be lying almost below me, but there was no answering call, nor could I perceive a sign of her whereabouts. I wondered what might have happened; probably my uncle had cruised round the rock, so I rested my head on my arms and waited contentedly enough. Idly my eyes roamed over the waters, and fell with a faint curiosity upon a brown sail half-way across that was racing for the mainland like a hare startled from her "form."

All in a moment I recognized that sail.

Then the black baseness of it all took me by the throat, and for a second I had almost burst into tears; but recovering my self-control I ground my teeth in anger. "Ay, I'll fend for myself, I swear it; and I'll get the better o' ye yet, Nunky, ye fause-hearted hound," I cried aloud, for at the moment it was the horrid hypocrisy of the man that affected me most—that, and his pretended affection. I cared nothing for my own safety; I was simply wrapped up in schemes of revenge.

Slowly, however, it began to dawn on me that I might find a difficulty in getting off the rock. The wind was growing more boisterous, and in April, I reflected, 'twas often rough for a week together. Doubtless

this was all part of his scheme for getting rid of me in a manner that was least likely to attract attention, and as I reflected upon my situation the outlook grew black indeed.

Well, I need not starve, for the gannets' eggs and the raw fish which I might wrest from the birds would suffice to keep me alive, nor was water lacking here and there in crevices of the rock; but how to get off was my perplexity, for none were likely to visit it at that season of the year, and it would be a hard matter to attract attention from any passing ship.

To keep up my courage was the main requisite, so I resolutely resolved to cast aside all gloomy thoughts, and keep myself warm with planning of revenges upon my treacherous relative.

The dusk by now, silently and stealthily as leaves in autumn, was dropping down upon my lonely prison house, and the only thing left for me to do was to seek out the warmest shelter I could find and, with help of the sea campion and long grass, make up as soft a couch for myself as was possible. Just below the edge of the big crevasse to the west side was a niche, wherein I laid myself down so as to be out of the way of the wind, and after a light and somewhat hasty meal off part of a gannet's egg, a little scrap of raw fish and a drink of water, I curled myself up to sleep with a certain sense of excitement and self-satisfaction;—"Ay," thinks I, "I can fend for myself right enough, but I'll have a right good try to fend for Nunky also shortly," and full of this unchristian sentiment, which would doubtless have been strongly reprobated by "my uncle the Elder," I fell asleep.

Next morning when I woke, my first thought was how to attract attention, supposing a sail did come close in beside the Bass. To tear my shirt into strips and wave it as a signal of distress seemed the only plan, but 'twas flannel and not over clean at that, for uncle didn't accept the ancient monastic proverb that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but insisted 'twas the true Christian dogma that one should take no thought of wherewithal one was clothed, to the manifest saving of his washing bill.

The morning was bright and crisp with a boisterous wind which seemed to increase in strength as the day wore on, and, though I kept anxious watch, no sail—save one small ketch that beat up the Fife shore—cheered my eyes till late in the afternoon.

Then indeed, I descried a small schooner coming swiftly down the Firth with all her sails spread to the wind, which had now veered round from northerly to westerly, and my heart rose within me joyously, for she would surely pass close under the northern bluff of the Rock. At once I stripped myself of my shirt, and had already slit it in twain,

when suddenly to my intense chagrin I saw her veer round and make away in the direction of Burntisland long before she was within signalling distance of my poor flag of distress. I was cast down but not dismayed, for surely some vessel must shortly pass near me, and give up hope I would not, for I felt certain that Providence could not desert one who had been so sorely betrayed by his guardian as myself.

The day wore slowly on, and to my dismay the sky soon became overcast with clouds which, breaking into sleet showers, entirely hid the seascape from my view. I took refuge in the niche again very disconsolately, and for my dinner was forced to rely upon two gannet's eggs and the remains of a haddock which I had stolen from a nest, not without strong protest from the owner.

The eggs were strong, fishy, and most unsavoury, and I was driven to gulp them down holding my nostrils the while, as children do when their medicine is distasteful.

Still they were sustaining, I discovered, and after another dose at nightfall, when I took stock of my position, I was none so dismayed after all, for I could hold out indefinitely on the eggs, and, minding the true old Scots proverb "He who tholes o'ercomes," settled myself cheerfully to another bleak night.

I was up before the dawn, for I was nigh frozen, but there were signs of an eventual fine day in the big grey cloud plaids that overspread the sky, wearing thinner and thinner to the golden elbows of the sun. Soon there was a soundless rent, and a light as of daffodils filled the east with saffron. I sat some time rejoicing in the light and warmth, when I know not what sudden inspiration bade me turn my head round, and there I saw a brigantine plain enough over against the Fife coast that seemed about to tack across the Firth. Sure enough as I watched round she came in stays, and then steered a course that would bring her close to the Rock.

Still gazing with dilated eyes, I stripped my shirt from my back and tore it into four long strips, which, after I had tied them together, made an observable if dishevelled pennon.

Fast she came over with all her sails set, and at once I commenced to wave my streamer on the wind with all the énérgy conceivable.

"She sees me," I shouted aloud for joy, for she still came straight on the same course, without going round again, and I danced and waved afresh in redoubled excitement.

"Yes, yes," there was no doubt on't now; I could even see the skipper, with his glass to his eye observing my antics, and the ship at once swing round to his order so as to come under the lee of the rock.

I waited a moment or two longer, then dashed off down to the little landing cove, shouting aloud, "Rescued, rescued," and again in triumph, "have at ye, Nunky."

The ship was now close under the south-eastern bluff, had let fall her big fore-and-aft mainsail, and having loosed a boat from the davits, was standing off again into the wind under shivering topsails.

Eagerly I watched her, as the boat sped towards me, endeavouring to discover whence she had sailed, and what her cargo. She had come from afar, 'twas easy to see that, but her name had a homely twang enough, "Jeannie Deans, Leith," which was infinitely satisfactory, for a sudden fear that I might be impressed as a cabin boy had shot into my mind.

The boat was now alongside, and jumping in I settled to a seat beside the coxswain, who at once commenced to catechise me in a gruff voice, out of which travel had not yet knocked the old Scots intonation.

"What ailed ye to get stranded on the Bass, ye misbegotten bogle? 'Tis a big piece of luck for ye that we have aboard the 'Jeannie Deans' a passenger wi' a bit bee in his bonnet, who insisted, ay, an' paid for't, that we should take ye off. Now the skipper, an' quite right too, he says, 'Let him cool his legs up there. 'Tis only some fisherman's brat playin' truant or birds nestin';' but our passenger, 'Doctor Skypilot' we calls him, he says, 'Skipper, I was marooned once myself, an' I vowed if I were rescued that I would relieve any other unfortunate in like case if I had the chance,' and he finishes up wi' a text, as is his custom, 'Him that will hae mercy let him shew mercy,' says he, solemn as a minister.

"Noo, which are ye, a maroonee, or an idle, truantin' birdsnester?" concluded the coxswain briefly, as the men shipped oars beside the brigantine. Not being certain of the meaning of the first, and rejecting the second epithet, "I'm a castaway," says I, "left there to perish by my uncle."

"Tumble, tumble up," cried the skipper above, and in a few moments more I was on deck.

The skipper scanned me for a second swiftly, then turned to shout his orders to the crew, whilst a grey-haired man came up beside me, and, holding out his hand, thus addressed me.

"A castaway? Poor laddie! and who was the uncle that you say betrayed you?"

"Ephraim Macilroy, general merchant and Elder o' Auldstone Kirk," says I, "but he'll no be much aulder afore I hae my revenge upon him."

"Macilroy?" echoed the stranger, "Ephraim Macilroy?" Then with an extraordinary eagerness, as I thought, "and ye, laddie, are ye a Macilroy, as well?"

"Ay," says I, "Sanders Macilroy, orphan an' ne'er-do-well, sae Nunky Eff aye remarks."

"Na, na, laddie, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord; but, laddie, I have a call myself to that same Ephraim; far over the sea it came to me from the Lord, and look ye, surely He guides a' things in thus making me the instrument o' taking ye off the rock, whereby I may ken Ephraim's whereabouts and at the same time find—Look at me, laddie," he said swiftly, and as I gazed I was astonished to perceive how much he resembled my uncle in feature, though not in expression, for there was a wonderful softness in his lines and a glow of intensity, almost raptness, in his eyes which 'tis certain no human being had ever seen in my uncle's face.

He gazed earnestly at me, and so we stood facing each other for long moments.

"Ye'll be sixteen laddie?" he said at last; "for 'tis fifteen years since she died an' I departed like 'a thief in the night,' ay, an' ye hae her eyes an' mouth,—an', O, laddie, ye dinna ken me, but hae ye never heard your Uncle Ephraim speak o' his brother William, an' cud na ye juist think possible that he was na aye tellin' the truth o' me? An' mind, laddie, think on the commandment to 'Honour thy father and mother,' an' could ye manage to find a bit love for him if ye found him again?"

"Yes," replied I, somewhat carelessly, for the nickname "Doctor Skypilot" recurred to my mind suddenly. "I think so. I should love to leave uncle anyway."

"Then laddie, ye are just my ain sweet bairn—my ain flesh and blood," and with that he folded me in his arms and kissed me on either cheek.

I did not know what to make of all this. Could he really be my own father? Why, I had always understood from my uncle that he had disgraced himself, had run away, and perished miserably in foreign parts.

"But I thought," says I doubtfully "that you—that my father—had run away and died long ago."

"No laddie, I came nigh to death many times, but the Lord upheld my goings as aforetimes he guided the faithless Israclites, and after many days and long wanderings my eyes were opened and I received truth. Hard struggles of every kind I had then, laddie; but a way opened for me into Peru, where I settled for many years, and the Lord—after some trial of me—prospered me exceedingly; yet all the time I had na forgot ye, bairnie, no, nor Ephraim neither, but laboured to get gear for your sake and some other puir folks also.

"Noo, I hae found my laddie, and what next I hae to do is to see Ephraim and to reason wi' him face to face, and wi' the Lord's help to convict him o' the error o' his ways, for I greatly misdoot him if he isna yet ootwardly sprinkled wi' texts—like foreign priests wi' holy water—whilst inwardly he ravins aye for siller."

"Ay," says I, "that's Nunky all over. But what made ye run away from home? Had ye a father like to him?"

"Na, na, laddie, no that, but the pair of us were put to business wi' auld great uncle Adam Clark, the corn factor in Leith, an' one day a forgery was discovered o' the auld man's name for a large amount; they said it was my handwritin', and the look o' the thing being quick against me, and my darlin' havin' just died, I lost heart an' fled awa', leavin' ye wi' her sister to bring ye up till I could return."

"Ay," said I, nodding, "and when she died Uncle Eff brought me to live with him, but never stayed groanin' over the expense I was to him, though auld Adam Clark left him all his property, 'twas said."

"Ay, laddie," continued my father, "and yet till the forgery took place I had aye been his favourite nephew." He mused a while; then suddenly seizing my hand in his, cried vehemently, "We must just e'en pray for him, my laddie; ask that the scales may fall from his eyes and that he may repent, while there is yet time, and bring forth fruits for repentance."

"Come wi' me, hand in hand, an' seek for grace from above to touch his hard heart wi': come," he cried again, and pulled me to the deck, and there he poured forth such earnest heartfelt supplications for his brother as touched me greatly, for I was now grown conscious that my uncle must have played the villain to my poor father and was probably himself a criminal.

But for my own part I could not bring myself to pray for my uncle's salvation—vengeance or punishment was what I wished invoked, and again, I was horribly hungry and felt that "the Lord's Prayer" was fitter for my occasions.

"I *must* eat," says I in despair at last, withdrawing my hand, and with that my father closes his supplication and takes me with him down to the cabin.

He beamed at me, as I made havoc with the meat before me, and as soon as knife and fork slowed their clatter he began to tell me what he meant to do.

"The skipper, laddie, will put us ashore for a consideration, and I hae it borne in on me that we should visit Uncle Ephraim as soon as ever possible, for there should be no tarrying where the Lord's work is to be done."

"I'll e'en go up on deck again whiles ye finish your meat and square up and arrange matters with the skipper."

Some ten minutes afterwards he appeared again, his face beaming.

"Come, laddie: we can hae the little boat; I hae bought her for £50, and we two can just row ourselves ashore, for the skipper's bound to be in Leith as soon as he can.

"I want but a few bit things for myself, and the lave o' them I can leave wi' the skipper, so overboard into the dingy and pull an oar wi' your auld dad."

It was a shocking purchase that dingy: Nunky would have groaned over such a tossing away of good money, but I recked little of that as I tugged at the bow oar, for was I not free again? Was I not going to take vengeance upon "Nunky?" And had I not a brand-new father with money in his pocket and, apparently, a great affection for me in his heart? The brigantine was by now half way across the Firth, and as there was much ridge and furrow in the waves and the tide was against us, I think it must have been well on in the afternoon before we gained the little harbour beneath my uncle's cottage.

"What are you going to do first, father?" says I, as he leaped out of the boat hastily as soon as ever it nosed the shore, and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Maybe Uncle Ephraim will no be so glad to see ye as ye him, an' I would take a care of him. Have ye a pistol with ye?"

"No, laddie, not me. I dinna believe in breathin' oot threatenings and slaughters. He that does the Lord's errands should humbly follow His example an' no go out wi' swords an' staves, but wi' meekness an' gentleness o' spirit, thinkin' no evil."

"Well," thinks I, to myself, "Nunky'll do it instead o' ye, that's all," and inwardly determined to be nigh hand when the interview took place.

"You'd best bide ootside while I go in and wrestle wi' your uncle in prayer, laddie—"

"Ask him," I interrupted in a whisper, for we were close at the door by this time, "ask him where his nephew is, an' if he gies ye a straight answer, then trust him, but if not have a care of him."

The door shut to on my father, leaving me outside.

I stole round to the little garden shed intent upon finding some tool or other that might do service as a weapon "in case of accidents," as I phrased it inwardly, for my mind misgave me as to the event of the "wrestle."

I found nothing in the shed save an old syringe which in default of better I put under my arm, loading it first, however, more by way of joke than anything else, with some dirty water from the tank near by.

MY UNCLE, THE ELDER.

Thence stealing on tiptoe, I ensconced myself just below the window ledge of the little parlour, where I felt certain the interview would take place, for my uncle always sat there of an afternoon absorbed in his account books.

There was, as I knew, a slight crack in one of the panes, and as I knelt below I could hear voices within.

Then, as I listened, I heard only one, so I rose cautiously up and peered through to see what was the reason, and what was toward. My father was kneeling in prayer, not three yards from me, his eyes closed in earnest devotion and entreaty, but I could not catch sight of my uncle.

Yet what was that dark figure stealthily moving on its knees round the table's edge? My heart leapt upward on the spur of terror.

I saw what he was after; noiselessly he had laid hand upon the heavy iron poker by the andirons, and was now crawling back upon his knees towards the unconscious kneeling figure absorbed in prayer on his behalf.

Passion knit my body to steel. I rose up, hurled the syringe through the window panes, and with a leap followed after, diving headlong through broken glass and mouldering woodwork, and fell with a crash upon the floor beneath. "Ha, Nunky," yelled I, for I had him fast by the leg, "Ha, Nunky! can I fend for mysel' noo, d'ye think?"

Blood from a cut in my head blinded me, but I saw my uncle's face grow grey as he gazed helplessly upon me. Then, as I shook the drops from my lids, a mottled glow of black and red swayed upward to his brow, his tongue clacked drily, and he fell forward stiffly on the floor.

"*Vengeance is mine, I will repay*, saith the Lord!" I heard a stern voice above me speaking. Then swiftly, in a broken agitation, "Run awa, laddie, run for the physician, quick, quick awa," but there was no need, for my uncle had already passed to where physicians are of no further avail.

P. CHESTERTON.

ROMAN NORTHUMBRIA.

(Continued from page 116.)

What an interesting combination of details have we here. Regina, of the nation of the Catuallauni, whose proper home apparently was in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, has in some way, by the fortune of war or the course of trade, been carried northward and sold as a slave to Barates, possibly a soldier belonging to some cohort of the Roman army raised in Syria, but more probably a merchant or money-dealer, who has come in the wake of the Roman eagles to the valley of the Tyne. Barates loves the friendless British woman; he gives her freedom and marries her. She dies at the early age of thirty, very likely after giving birth to a child, in whose veins will run the mingled blood of Palmyra and Buckinghamshire. The ordinary Latin inscription will not suffice to attest the grief of the Palmyrene merchant. He must add, in his own tongue, his lamentation over the freed-woman of whom Death has robbed him. Three nations, Syria, Rome, Britain, are represented in this one monument, which carries our thoughts from the hot sun of desert-girdled Tadmor to the skies, the sometimes murky skies, that overhang the populous borough of South Shields, where she sits, a queen-like Regina, fingering the half-opened casket of her treasures and overlooking the busy industries of the Tyne.*

It is interesting to observe that this same Roman station at South Shields gives us another fine sepulchral effigy with an inscription which commemorates the friendship existing between a freedman and his former master. The inscription is one which it is impossible to construe

* There is an interesting point which I do not think has yet been noticed in connection with this inscription. Regina belonged to the nation of the Catuallauni. Now the only inscription that we have relating to this tribe (though situated, according to Ptolemy, in the south of Britain) is an inscription built into a farm-house at Howgill in Cumberland.

CIVITATE CAT

VVELLAVN.

ORVM. TOSS

ODIO (?)

This inscription is given under the heading *Amboglanna* from which Howgill is about six miles distant. If we may go so far afield for its origin (and we know how strangely some of these inscribed stones have travelled from their birthplaces), may we not go yet three and a half miles further eastward and derive it from the camp at Magna, where there was a mysterious cohort of *Hamian Archers* to whom our antiquaries have assigned a Syrian origin, on grounds which though at first they seem somewhat slender, are yet not altogether to be despised. If, then, the inscribed stone of Howgill came originally from Magna, we should have a juxtaposition of Syrians and Catuallauni which might help to explain the love-story of Barates and Regina.

grammatically, but it appears to tell us that the dead man was a Moor, twenty years of age, that he was the freedman of Numerian, a horseman of the first ala of Astures (that which was quartered at Condercum), and that his master, with true affection, followed him to the grave and (no doubt) erected this monument to his memory.

Again we have vividly brought before us the world-embracing, nation-combining character of Roman civilization. How many gentlemen from the Asturias or body-servants from Morocco, think you, would now be found, who from the wind-swept terraces of Shields Lawe have gazed forth upon the German Ocean?

I will now pass on to the information which inscriptions afford us as to the religious ideas of our Roman invaders and conquerors. And here it is remarkable to observe in what abundance, comparatively, this kind of information has been supplied to us. I cannot believe that fifteen centuries hence it would be possible to learn half or a quarter as much from carved inscriptions as to the religious profession of the soldiers now quartered in the barracks of Newcastle as we can readily obtain from monuments with reference to the religious ideas of the Roman soldiers *per lineam valli*. And this information is indirectly of the greatest possible value, as showing us what was passing through the minds of men, the ordinary "men of the world," in reference to religion in the second and third centuries, when, as we know, Christianity, like an underground stream, was, slowly and quietly working its way to that visible and triumphant outflow which signalized the reign of Constantine.

I. One of the first things which strikes us in examining the Roman inscriptions of Northumberland is the slender hold which the old established Olympian divinities seem to have had on the hearts of the soldiers.

Jupiter, "best and greatest" of gods, is of course continually mentioned in the inscriptions, but the references are usually of a conventional type. When the soldier has carved his three letters I.O.M. at the head of his altar he has done all that duty requires, and does not further expatiate on the qualities of the object of his worship. In one inscription Jupiter is even forced into a sort of unholy partnership with the Egyptian divinity Serapis, whose worship had once been prohibited by the Senate as a *turpis superstitio*.*

Mars and Bellona are, as we should expect, commemorated in the inscriptions or soldiers, and Apollo, Vulcan and Mercury, Neptune and Minerva are not entirely neglected; but of the goddesses Juno, Ceres,

* An inscription at Kirkby Thore

(745 in *Lapidarium Septentrionale*) IOVI SERAPI.

L. ALFENUS PATE.

and Venus; of Saturn, Pluto, and Pan, of Cupid and the Fauns, of the Oreads and the Dryads, we have no trace in the letters carved by the Roman soldiery. We feel, in looking at these inscriptions, that we have passed into quite another atmosphere than that which surrounds us in the Iliad and even in the Aeneid: that the gods of Olympus are no longer felt to be quite as near and as real as when Venus was wounded in the hand by Diomed, or when Juno implored the aid of Aeolus to punish the detested race of Troy.

II. Side by side, however, with this decay of belief in the old divinities who sat enthroned in Olympus, there had grown up a belief, a more or less real belief, in the divinity of the men who sat enthroned on the Palatine Hill. Of course there was much of mere flattery and servile adulation in the conventional language of adoration addressed to the emperors, but it was not—as all careful enquirers into the subject have admitted—mere flattery and wilful deception. Some well-known lines of Horace indicate the process by which the Roman mind arrived at this strange conclusion: “We believe that Jove reigns when we hear him thundering from the sky. Similarly we will hold Augustus to be a present deity, now that we have avenged the defeat of Crassus and won back our standards from the Parthians.” And again, “Hercules, by his incessant labours, climbed the heights of heaven. Romulus was borne thither by the steeds of his father, Mars. Augustus must recline in the same celestial assembly and drink the nectar of the gods.” Immediately on the death of Augustus, a special order of priests, the *Augustales*, was instituted, that they might sacrifice to the new divinity. Within a generation after the conquest of Britain, the Emperor Claudius, that little more than half-witted pedant, could boast of a stately temple, erected to his godship in the Roman colony of Camulodunum (Colchester). Our Roman soldiers in Northumberland, of course, complied with the religious fashion of the day, but not enthusiastically. We have only two altars undoubtedly erected “to the genius of our Lords the Emperors,” both of which bear date in the middle of the third century.

III. Much more general in these camps along the Roman Wall was the practice of erecting altars to the gods of the district—the gods worshipped by the natives whom the Romans were enslaving. Sometimes these gods, who generally bear Celtic names, are identified with the well-known deities of Olympus. Thus we have Mars Barreces and Mars Belatucader, Mars Cocidius and Mars Condates. But in other cases the old Celtic god retains his solitary estate of divinity, though his name may have undergone some slight change to make it sound more harmonious in Roman ears. We have in the Newcastle Museum two noble altars which were found in a little chapel at Condercum (unearthed by Mr. George Rendel's

gardener in the process of making a new flower-bed): and these altars bear an inscription to the god Anociticus or Antenociticus, who must surely have been the local deity of the neighbourhood of Benwell. The precise form of his name was evidently not well-known by the officers who ordered the erection of the altars, nor probably were they very well acquainted with his character or his attributes, but they knew that a god



TWO NOBLE ALTARS.*

bearing some such name was worshipped on the top of Benwell Hill, and in order to be on the safe side, they indulged him with an altar, nay two altars, in his honour, and with a neat little chapel with an apse at its southern end, wherein the priest might stand and offer him sacrifice.

Strange as it may seem, I think that our best clue to the inner feeling which prompted this recognition of local native deities, is derived from

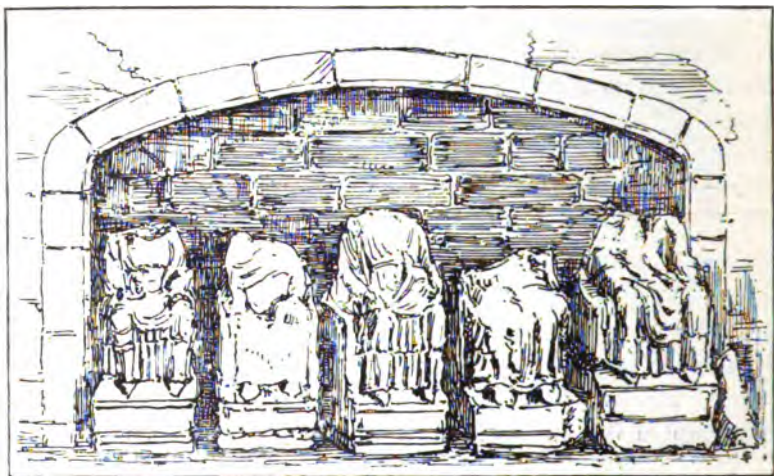
* DEO ANOCITICO
 IVDICIIS OPTIMO
 RVM MAXIMORVM
 QVE IMPP N SVB VLP
 MARCELLO COS TINE
 IVS LONGVS IN PRÆ
 FECTURA EQVIT.
 LATO CLAVO EXORN(A)
 TVS ET Q D

Deo Anocitico
 iudiciis optimo-
 rum maximorum
 que imperatorum nostrorum sub Ulpio
 Marcello consulari Tine-
 ius Longus in præ-
 fectura equitum
 lato clavo exorna-
 tus et questor designatus.

DEO
 ANTENOCITICO
 ET NVMINIB
 AVGVSTOR
 AEL VIBIVS
 LEG XX V V
 V S L M

Deo
 Antenocitico
 et Numinibus
 Augustorum
 Ælius Vibius
 centurio legionis vicesimæ Valeriæ victricis
 votum solvit liberis merito.

the Hebrew Scriptures. In the xviith chapter of the 2nd book of Kings, we read of the immigrants brought into the land of Canaan by the King of Assyria to replace the Ten Tribes whom he had carried into captivity : " And so it was at the beginning of their dwelling there that they feared not Jehovah : therefore, Jehovah sent lions among them which slew some of them." The King of Assyria is informed that his settlers " know not the manner of the God of the land " and that they are being punished for their ignorance. He issues an order, " Carry thither one of the priests whom ye brought from thence, and let him go and dwell there and let him teach them the manner of the God of the land." This is done and a strange compound of Mosaism and idolatry is the result. The new settlers, Avites and Sepharvites and so forth, " feared Jehovah and served their own gods after the manner of the nations whom they carried away from



DEAE MATRES.

thence." Just so the Roman soldiers, when they had learned something of the manner of the gods of the land, raised altars to Antenociticus, and included in the dedicatory inscription *et numinibus Augustorum* (and to the deities of the Emperors): or performed sacrifices to Mars Belatucader. Religion trusts: Superstition trembles. " Better," says Superstition, " to worship too many gods or to practise too many rites than too few. It is of the utmost importance to be on the safe side."

IV. But besides these strange Celtic gods who were taken over by the soldiers as part of " the goodwill of the business " of living in Britain, there are some strange but interesting deities whom they brought with them, apparently from their homes in Germany.

Chief among these are the *Deae Matres*, of whom we have many effigies preserved in our museums. These are represented as female

figures, well draped, always occurring in sets of three, sitting, and with baskets in their laps filled with the fruits of the earth. Unfortunately some of our best specimens have lost their heads, and it is consequently impossible to say anything as to their features and expression; and, moreover, the carving is generally rude, indicating perhaps that the worshippers belonged to the poorer classes. It is clear, however, that they were represented as matrons, and it is probable that they symbolised the beneficent, not the terrible, aspects of nature. The Tungrian or Batavian soldier who carved his rude effigies of the three sitting mother-goddesses probably had in his mind the same desire which is so beautifully expressed in the prayers of the Church of England: "Give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth so as in due time we may enjoy them."*

Another Germanic deity, the discovery of whose name on an altar at Housesteads filled the leading scholars of Germany with wonder and delight, is *MARS THINCUS*. It is suggested—and I believe that the suggestion has been widely accepted—that we have in this name a reference to the *Folksthing* or National Assembly; that pre-eminently Teutonic institution which is the original cell from whence all free Parliaments all over the world have grown. If this be true, *Mars Thincus* represents the coercive force needed to keep any assembly, but especially an assembly of armed men, in order, and to prevent their debates from degenerating into a vulgar brawl. Tacitus tells us that "When the crowd pleases (after long delays) they at length sit down, armed. Silence is commanded by the priests, who have also the right of restraining disorder." Perhaps then, the priest (who assuredly had some material force at his command), ordered silence and punished the unruly in the name of *Mars Thincus*, and when we insist at a clamorous meeting on "supporting the authority of the chair," we are keeping alive a tradition and obeying an instinct derived from these dim, far-off assemblies of our Teutonic forefathers.

V. It was, however, not from Germany nor from Rome, but from the mystic East that the most powerful religious influences came to the soldiers on Tyneside in the second and third centuries.

In the camp of Carvoran there seem to have been two inscriptions in honour of a being known as the Syrian Goddess. One of these is well-known to scholars as containing the poetical confession of faith of a Roman officer in the third century. To understand his allusions one must remember the appearance in the heavens of the beautiful constellation Virgo, next to Leo, containing the bright star which is known as *Spica Virginis*

* There is an admirable, and it seems to me, exhaustive article on the *Deae Matres* by Mr. Haverfield in the *Archæologia Aeliana*, vol. xv., pp. 314-339. Mr. Haverfield gives a carefully drawn map showing the geographical limits of the worship of the Goddesses.

(the Virgin's Ear of Corn). Her votary in this rhapsody identifies the Virgin with the mother of the gods, Ceres and other divine powers, and attributes to her all sorts of benign influences on mankind.

This inscription which is in ten Iambic lines may be thus translated :

“ Over the Lion hangs a Virgin fair
Who in her hand an ear of corn doth bear ;
Cities she founds, to all their right awards.
The givers of such gifts we hail as Lords.
Mother of Gods ! Peace ! Virtue ! Ceres ! hail.
Who weighest Life and Law in equal scale :
But *Syrian Goddess* is thy dearest name,
For first in Syrian heavens shone thy flame ;
Thence was it given o'er Libya's lands to shine,
From whom we all have learned thy name divine.
Thus I thy god-like nature understand,
Tribune and prefect by my lord's command.”

—Marcus Caecilius Donatianus.

This may seem to us a curious jumble of astronomy and mystical theology, but I think we shall agree that we have here a genuine expression of the religious convictions of the writer, who may very probably have served under the Emperor Severus.* And as such it is surely full of interest. One would like to understand what he means by the star which flamed from Syria to Libya. It occurs to me that possibly the explanation may be found in some circumstance connected with the Imperial family. Severus was a native of Africa, who married a Syrian damsel named Julia Domna, greatly versed in astrology and magic. From her came the curious strain of Syrian fanaticism which revealed itself in her collateral descendant Elagabalus. It is possible that this strange outburst of devotion is meant to apply to Julia Domna, herself deified under the name of Dea Syria?

Far more potent, however, than the cult of this mysterious Dea Syria was the influence of the worship of *Mithras*, which, also coming from the East, seemed at one time likely to compete successfully with Christianity itself, to which it has in fact bequeathed the most popular of our festivals, that of Christmas.

The Mithraic Cave is found in widely sundered regions of the Roman Empire. The most perfect that I have seen forms a sort of private chapel in the Imperial palace at Ostia. One has also been discovered in very fine preservation at Heddernheim, near Frankfurt. And one which must have

* Hübner (*C.I.L.*, p. 137) says that the character of the letters shows this inscription to be later than the age of the Antonines and referable to the time of Severus or his son.

been originally not an unworthy specimen of its class was found seventy-six years ago in the valley below Housesteads. Unhappily drainers and farm-labourers had wrought havoc upon its sculptured stones, but the fragments which remain, and which are deposited in the museum at Newcastle, show unmistakeably that they had belonged to a chapel dedicated to the worship of "The Unconquered Mithras." Wherever the Mithras Cave has been preserved in anything like completeness we find substantially the same group of ideas repeated, often in somewhat artistic sculpture. On a tablet, in very high relief, we see a young man wearing a conical cap bestriding a bull, whose head he is drawing back while he plunges a short sword deep into its side. A dog springs up to lick the blood which drops in thick gout from the side of the victim. A scorpion and a snake are seen below : a raven looks on from above, while two figures, probably, of acolytes or ministers of the temple, are seen to right and left of the great sacrificer, one bearing an upturned and the other an inverted torch. The lettering on the bas-relief, or the inscriptions on the altars which accompany it, inform us that the principal figure is *Mithras*, or to use his full designation, "The Unconquered Sun-god Mithras." The name of this god occurs very early in the sacred literature both of India and Persia, being common both to the Hindoo and the Iranian branches of the Aryan family ; and the original idea connected with his name seems to have been that of "the clear light of heaven." Gradually, however, he seems to have become more closely identified with the Sun, and when, in the last century before Christ, Mithraism began to come in contact with the Roman Empire (giving its name to the most stubborn foe of the Imperial City, Mithradates), it had probably become Sun-worship, pure and simple. Whatever other meanings may be involved in the oft-repeated representation of Mithras and the Bull, there can be no doubt that one meaning is astronomical and connected with the Sun's passage through the Zodiac. The Sun, who was new-born on the twenty-fifth of December, enters in the joyous month of May the constellation Taurus. This is represented by the bright sword of Mithras striking the head of the bull ; and the dog which leaps up to lap the victim's blood is probably Sirius or the Dog-star. The scorpion and the serpent may also refer to constellations which bear those names, and the two attendant figures with their upraised or inverted torches may represent the increasing and decreasing daylight.

The worship of Mithras, which, as I have said, threatened in the second and third centuries to overrun the whole Roman Empire, had a most elaborate ceremonial of its own ; remission of sins by baptism, confirmation and a sacrifice of bread ; so that Tertullian complains that

in its rites the devil had stolen the divine sacraments for idolatrous mysteries; but after its first great and rapid growth it seems to have disappeared almost as suddenly before the influence of Christianity.

The inscriptions in our museums which refer directly or indirectly to the worship of Mithras are very numerous, and we should perhaps be justified in saying that his was the most popular religion among the soldiers who guarded the line of our Wall.

VI. And how about the religion which was to overthrow the altars of Olympian gods and Roman Emperors, to banish the names of Belatucader and Anociticus and to conquer the unconquered Mithras? Vestiges of Roman Christianity in any part of Britain are extremely faint and precarious. As far as our portion of the island is concerned, they are absolutely non-existent. This negative fact, in the face of the existence of coins reaching down to the reign of Gratian (two generations after Christianity had been practically accepted as the religion of the Empire), is strange and surprising, and should serve as a caution to us to beware of ever laying undue stress on a kind of argument which we cannot help using, the *argumentum e silentio*.

I have now sketched in a necessarily superficial manner the outlines of the history of the Roman occupation of our county. When and how did that occupation end? It was temporarily interrupted during the reign of Commodus, at the end of the second century. Under Severus, at the beginning of the third century, the Wall was recovered and rebuilt, and the great northward road to Otterburn, High Rochester, Chew Green, was apparently recovered for Rome. We may therefore believe that for something like half a century the Cheviots formed roughly the dividing line between "Romania" and "Barbaricum." Under Gallienus, and in the miserable time of the "Thirty Tyrants," the present county of Northumberland was probably lost to Rome, never to be recovered. Still, however, the auxiliary troops, the Asturians and the Tungrians and so forth, held on with grim tenacity to the line of the Wall, and if we may believe the official Army-List, the *Notitia*, they were there still when the year 400 dawned upon the world. Soon, very soon after that date, the helmet of the last Roman soldier must have vanished from the camps of Tyneside. Rome, wounded to the heart by Alaric, could no longer spare a single cohort for the defence of a poor and distant province. The stately prætorium of Borcovicus and the luxurious bathing establishment of Cilurnum were wrapt in flames. The Tribune's wife fled in haste from Aesica, leaving her precious *fibula*, the work of a Caledonian silversmith, on the floor of the guard-chamber. The altars of Coventina were hurled pell-mell into the well of Procolitia. Solitude and desolation began to reign in this valley where six thousand Roman soldiers had lived and

ROMAN NORTHUMBRIA.

wrought and trafficked and died through the greater part of three centuries. The camps became grass-grown mounds, which the Anglian peasant shunned at night-fall, deeming them to be haunted by the spirits of the strange, long-vanished builders. Then, after long centuries, came war once more, war between England and Scotland, and in the train of war, robbery and disorder. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Camden, the enthusiastic antiquary, dared not traverse the line of the Wall by reason of the gangs of brigands by whom it was infested. The union of the two countries brought peace, and peace brought prosperity; prosperity alas! more fatal to the Wall than centuries of border warfare. For now the prosperous farmers of Northumberland and Cumberland awoke to the building facilities which lurked in these square green inclosures on their farms, treated them as their best quarries and robbed them unmercifully of their fine well-hewn stones. Happily that work of demolition is now, in great measure, stayed, and at this day we visit the camps for a nobler purpose, to learn all that they can teach us as to the past history of our country. A little, as may be seen from this paper, has been done. Much more remains to do. May the wealth which has been the reward of Northumbrian enterprise, the strong arms of our sturdy, Northumbrian labourers, and the combined intelligence of many scholars, English, Scottish and German, lead us to a worthy result and multiply tenfold our knowledge of the history of *Britannia Romana*!

THOMAS HODGKIN.

A SONG FROM THE SEA.*

*There's a sailor-lad is singing
The stars of the South to sleep,
While the song he sings is winging
Low o'er the drowsing deep,
To where afar 'neath a northern star
There's a lass doth vigil keep.*

“There's a lass, dear lass, in a lonning,†
Her hand on an old kirk-gate;
'Neath a red rowan-tree by the brant of the brae
There's a lass who is waiting for me, for me,
And I wot full well she will wait;
Tho' I bid her bide till the seas be dried,
I wot full well she will wait,
Keeping her tryst till Eternity,
And the tender troth that she plighted to me,
Her hand on the old kirk-gate.”

*There's a lass o'er the sea is leaning—
O the sound of the singing is low—
From the wind of the South she is gleaming
The song that he sings, and lo!
Red as the rose in her hair she glows,
And her soul fair-white as the snow.*

“There's a lass, dear lass, in a lonning,
Who is making her maiden prayer;
'Neath the red rowan-tree by the brant of the brae
There's a lass who is praying for me, for me—
O I wot full well she is there!
On the fells afar 'neath a certain star,
I wot full well she is there!
Where she plighted her troth that she still would be
At the hour that she plighted herself to me,
For me would be making her prayer.”

(* Copyright in the United States of America 1901)

† “Lonning”—lane.

A SONG FROM THE SEA.

*Into the South she is bowing—
She lays her lips to his ear,
Her hair o'er his face is blowing.
Like a tender star a tear
From out of the night on his brow doth light,
As she whispers low—"I am here."*

"O the lass, dear lass, in the lonning!
When at long and at last I come,
'Neath the red rowan-tree by the brant of the brae,
There's one will be waiting to welcome me,
To welcome the wayfarer home;
Though I am grown old and the world grown cold,
There'll be one to welcome me home;
True to her tryst till Eternity,
There's one will be waiting to welcome me,
When at long and at last I come"—

*(There's a sailor-lad is sighing
His heart out over the sea;
There's a sailor lass is crying
Under the brant of the brae:
There's a rose fu' fair in her raven hair,
And the love like rain in her e'e.)*

"A lass, my lass, in the lonning,
Her hand on the old kirk-gate,
'Neath the red rowan-tree by the brant of the brae,
There's a lass will be waiting for me, for me,
As I wot full well she would wait;
Though I come not home till the trump of doom,
I wot full well she will wait;
True to the troth that she plighted to me,
I wot full well that I still shall see—
My lass at the old kirk-gate."

ALFRED OLLIVANT.



A LANCASHIRE TALE.

"GAUMLESS SAMMY."

Everybody knows Lancashire, where the cotton comes from. Yet there are fastnesses in the hill-bound wilds of East Lancashire which are quite unknown. Wanless is one of these. Up the narrow lane, which joins it to the outer world, the mill-teams slowly hoist the cotton bales or bring from Dog-bottom the loads of coal. Down it on market days dash Peggy and Bob with the village gondola—a waggonette of uncertain age. The mill-teams are natives, or at least are naturalised, and the "furriners" who wander so far from the garish world are too few ever to make famous this child of the cold grey hills, over which the summer breezes waft the scent of the moorland heather, and the winter winds race down to sweep the smudgy factory smoke over the new-born snow, then idly wait to tease the mill-girls trooping out from the heated air, hugging their shawls close round them, to check its wanton raillery.

Almost everyone works at the mill, but "Gaumless Sammy" could not. (No one is called by his surname in Wanless. He answers either to a cognomen of allusive significance or to a genealogical combination of Christian names, such as "Catlow o' Lina's o' Jim's.")

"Gaumless Sammy" was the butt of the village wits, who seldom wearied of exercising good-humoured jests upon that uncouth figure with its red-thatch and shambling walk, and a face remarkable for the gaping mouth, which revealed a wondering admiration his dull eyes could not express. His dress was ragged and baggy, and completed by

a flaming red handkerchief. "Gaumless Sammy" did not work. The mill stifled and frightened him with its bustling roar. Up the hill beyond Land's End, he would hurry, to where the peaceful moorland bordered the "highest mountain in England," and lie amongst the heather, away from the hateful noise. The bracken formed a warm couch, and in summer the bilberries grew. Here Sammy was happy, with no one to disturb his peace. Not that anybody wished to. Once indeed, Cutlip, the churlish fellow, who made up for his own lack of business by attending to that of everyone else, undertook to alter things, but only once. Cutlip had been having words with Hartley, the mill-owner, who would not see the advantage of open drains, and was in grand fighting form. Coming up the lane, his eye lighted on a pair of legs dangling lazily over the wall, the body to which presumably they were attached lying out of sight in the high-level meadow. Cutlip gave a snort, and Sammy's head popped up.

"If tha war ma lääd, A'd mak tha do differ," snarled Cutlip. "Aw'?" asked Sammy in some concern, "what wud tha mak' ma do?"

All the people about the lane slowly sauntered up, and a small crowd collected.

"Weel," Cutlip had not expected to be asked for particulars and much preferred to be delightfully vague, "Weel, tha'd av ta wark."

"Aw? what wud A av ta wark at?" persisted Sammy.

"Why, tha'd av to wark wi' me."

"Aw!" and Sammy gave a sigh of profound relief; "then a'd nobbut av to walk abart th' läänes." The bystanders laughed and Cutlip passed on, thinking.

"Gaumless Sammy" fell back again, secure from further interference. He also was thinking, and thought came hardly to him away from the heather. At last he wriggled over the wall and shuffled up the lane towards Land's End till he reached the cottage of the overlooker at one of the mills. The man was sitting on the doorstep smoking his evening pipe, when Sammy sidled up and sat down by his side.

"A's ban to th' mill o' Monday," he whispered confidentially.

"Tha!" said the overlooker in astonishment. "Tha'll be a gradely weaver."

Sammy nodded his head in acquiescence, but said nothing. His companion smoked on quietly for a minute or two, then, stepping into the lane, looked up it, then down it, as if expecting to find some explanation there. Seeing nothing, he spat violently, and resumed his seat.

"Wot's oop Sammy? he asked gently.

"A want to be wi' Sar' Ann.

"What abart th' boggarts?"

His face fell, but he answered decidedly, "Sar' Ann'll be theer." So that was settled, and silence reigned once more until the darkness closed around them, and the warning voice of the goodwife summoned the overlooker indoors. Sammy watched the sparks fly as he knocked his pipe out, taking it as a good omen that they flew upwards; then picking himself up, sauntered whistling down the lane.

Monday morning found him happy by Sar' Ann's side. She was not a pretty girl but she was a kind one, and the poor lad had evoked her pity, so that she accepted his uncouth admiration with uncomplaining generosity. For two whole weeks he endured the clanging looms and the close atmosphere in the joy of watching and waiting on his beloved. Longer even love could not support.

"Sar' Ann," he cried with tears in his eyes, "A'd wark for tha aye-days, tha knows, Sar' Ann, but A can't abide it—such a wrackut and a clanging, and th' little black devils a-louping o' th' warp and a-gääping at ma, and they yells summat awfu', Sar' Ann, an' they tries to grab thea—A see 'em—but they canna, for tha's allus gotten a bole a leet round tha so they canna coom nigh. But A's fleid o' you theer, else A wouna leave tha. But tha's sääfe, tha knows, an' A's fleid. But oot on the moors there's the angels, wha comes fra th' sky and flits o'er the heather, and tells abart heaven, an' they keeps on a-calling o' me down the wind, for they wants ma and A maun go. Dost a-hear them, Sar' Ann? A maun flit. Wilta coom?"

The girl gently declined his invitation. Lying about in the heather for hours at a time had no great attraction for her, especially at the end of autumn. Nor was the lad a pleasant companion on those lonely moors, where he would bury his face in the bracken, and oblivious to all, talk with the spirit voices which whispered to his disordered fancy alone. So Sammy had to part with her during the day-time, or rather part of it. For whilst the strange communion of the upland desert was absolutely necessary to his life, the love which had only lately entered in, had become equally essential. So when the lazy sun had warmed the sloping roof of the weaving shed, clearing away the mist of the morning from the glass, "Gaumless Sammy" would return from his desolate retreat, and climbing up would watch the lassie's loom below, safe from the boggarts which frightened him inside. Yet the weavers plagued him. Sometimes they would whitewash the glass outside—the roof was too lofty to reach from the inside—but Sammy just cleaned a pane as a schoolboy cleans his slate, and lay with his nose pressed against it. Sometimes a hose pipe would be pointed threateningly. "It'll cool tha gradely, Sammy lad," they jeered, but the water never came; for Sar' Ann would be vexed, and they all loved Sar' Ann.

Whatever advantages may accrue under certain circumstances from watching the fair sex through a pane of glass, it is but a partial satisfaction to an ardent lover. And Sammy never again would brave the boggarts of the mill. However, when the hooting buzzer sent the millhands scurrying homewards he was always at the gate, waiting to escort his lady home, or ready to run on her little errands. Next to being with her, the sweetest joy was to be doing something for her; which shows that "Gaumless Sammy" was not much different from other men. As for Sar' Ann, she accepted all his devotion with a motherly kindliness which went far to rob the rough banter of her companions of its sting. Still, his attentions must often have been trying, even apart from the chaff, which she preferred to bear rather than pain the poor lad by sending him away, and she was not sorry when Friday night gave her a brief respite.

Then Sammy had to leave her at the great iron gates of the churchyard, while she passed on within the pale to the choir practice, followed up the path by his wistful hungry gaze. Soon, however, the day was to come when Sammy would walk up by her side. It happened in this wise. Sammy was standing disconsolate by the iron gates, chewing a smut-grimed piece of grass as he mused upon the fair vision which had just passed from his eyes, when "Beauty" sauntered up.

"Why doant tha go wi' 'er, Sammy?" he asked, with that hideous leer to which he owed his name. "Tha'll be in 'er presence."

Sammy removed the piece of grass, and began to chew the other end. He was thinking. The operation was a slow one, but it ended in his shambling up the walk. Beauty watched him till the door had opened and closed upon him, then grinning still, sauntered up the lane. Once inside, the lad stopped, hesitating to go further. The choir was busy and had not noticed his entrance. And, oh, joy! there was Sar' Ann's voice soaring above the rest (Sar' Ann had a pleasant little habit of singing two or three "volts" louder than anyone else). Entranced, Sammy gradually proceeded up the aisle until the music suddenly ceased, and the clatter of clogs startled him into his forgotten timidity. In confusion he stumbled into a pew and collapsed on the seat. The choir tittered; Sar' Ann blushed and tossed her head defiantly. She was angry with him for following her even there, and angry with herself for being angry. All the same his advent was well-timed. The blower was absent, and Sammy was pounced upon to fill his place. Despite his lack of intellect, he could be quite smart when he chose, and on being led behind the wooden screen which hid the blower from sight, he soon mastered the intricacies of the art. Henceforth, every Friday night saw him seated in the Church,

anxiously hoping that he might again be honoured. And his patience was rewarded. Ere long he was the "blower" of the parish.

Thus fortuitously was inaugurated that great professional career which invested Sammy henceforth with a self-importance justified by his exalted position.

Here was joy. Not only was he comparatively near to Sar' Ann, but was far more indispensable than she was, to the efficient rendering of the service. If she were absent the service could still go on, but how could it proceed without a blower? Henceforth, he gained a new importance in his own eyes. Music too, especially organ music, had a strange power over him, though his musical canon was quite unorthodox and is not to be found in any handbook. It was due, perhaps, partly to his desire of Sar' Ann's admiration and partly to his poetical imagination. Music was to him the telephonic medium of communication between earth and heaven. The strange yearnings of his darkened intellect found satisfaction in the vibrating spirit-voices of the organ. Bright visions drew near then, unseen by other men, and talked with him. And on the music his whole soul floated out, and soared up to the gates of heaven. He liked loud music best, because it travelled so much more quickly to the angels. "When tha canna 'ear th' notes," he would say, "that's 'cos it's got too far up above, and it's telling them yonder abart us." Another reason for this preference was that he felt he had a bigger share in the production of noisy music, and he often said "I wish th' organist 'ud blow th' roof off." Everything was measured by the amount of wind it took, and it was his special pride to come out from his box for the sermon and mop his sweating brow to show Sar' Ann how hard he'd been blowing. After the service, he would hurry out to her—for she had begun to wait for him when she found how unhappy he was if she did not—and his greeting was always the same; "Eh, didn't we play grand this morn?" He always identified himself with all the organist's triumphs, as was but right, for what is an organist without a blower, or a blower without an organist? It was always, "we're ban to play th' Hally Loodger chorus to-night," or "A wonder what th' bishop thowt o' our playing ta' morn?" If then he claimed his share of the praise, he also claimed his share of the work, and complained bitterly when the organist did not use a full organ.

Once he was very much perturbed. Some wag had told him that a neighbouring blower played from notes, and he begged to be allowed to play from notes too. But the organist assured him that it required a much cleverer man to blow straight away out of his own head. And Sar' Ann said she wouldn't think much of a man who wanted notes to help him to blow. So at last he was satisfied.

Another prank cost him more serious trouble. Some men determined to make him drunk in church, so they mixed together some brandy, whisky and gin, and told him on Sunday morning he looked ill. "Tha'll brak doon, ta morn; tha see if tha dunna," they said. "Aw, but A winna," said Sammy with the determination of a hero. "Aw, but tha will," retorted the chief tempter. "Blawin's 'ard wark, Sammy." "'Ea, 'tis that," said Sammy, anxious not to disparage the difficulties of his craft. "An' it's moäst important th' blower sud be weel an' fit, else th' organ canna go on." "Ea,"—with great conviction. "A's fleyed tha'll nobbut last 'arf way. Tha looks reet poorly. It's a pity,—it's a gräät pity." And the three conspirators shook their heads with the serious concern of a quack doctor. By this time Sammy was quite alarmed. "'As ta got ony o' that pheesik th' doctor give tha t' other day, Bill?" asked the arch-conspirator.

After a protracted search, Bill produced the mixed drinks.

"Aw, that's the stoof," the other went on. "Can ta spare a sup."

Bill declared that he was now quite cured, and Sammy was welcome to it.

"Aw, that's looky, Sammy," said the other. "Thee drink yon reet oop during the furst lesson, an' tha'll blaw weel as owt; 't winna 'urt tha." So Sammy stowed the poison away in his pocket, and the fort was won.

During the first lesson, he could not forego the joy of seeing Sar' Ann, as usual. So he just appeared, to mop his brow, and then went back again to drink the tonic.

The lesson was rather long and he felt distinctly frisky by the time it was over. The *Te Deum* was played all right, but the second lesson was disturbed by sundry strange noises from the blower's box, and titters were heard, caused by the sudden appearance of Sammy's head round the screen and the series of curious grimaces in which he indulged. During the Benediction the wind collapsed, and a chorister, sent round by the organist to enquire the cause, found the poor lad helpless on the floor. On the whole, he had been distinctly disappointing to the conspirators, but of course he was promptly dismissed and another Acolus reigned in his stead.

Poor Sammy. He moped up and down the bye-ways, deep contrition writ large on every line of his face and figure. Even the weaving shed roof knew him no more. And every day he would ring the Vicarage bell, and beg to be restored to favour. "Maun A blaw? A'll be good lad. Maun A blaw? Sar' Ann says Aw'm best blawer i' th' country." In due time he was taken back.

Meanwhile the steam-wrack of the mill was wooing the life from

Sar' Ann. A hacking cough had settled down upon her lungs, and now her voice no more rose lustily above the rest of the choir. The neighbours shook their heads mournfully when she passed, and wondered what would become of "Gaumless Sammy." But he noticed nothing amiss, until one cold winter's day he waited as usual outside the great iron gates of the factory when the buzzer sounded the release of the workers, and she never came. "Whar's Sar' Ann?" he asked the last of the long procession. "Dunno," was the reply.

So still he waited and waited in vain. Down the hills the east wind scurried, lashing him with sleet as it circled round him, howling dolorous presages in his ear. He was now wet through. Jerking his cap more over his eyes, he thrust his hands deep in his pockets and leant against the gates, obstinately waiting. The wind whistled louder and louder yet, with a well-marked rhythm, striving to make him hear. And at last there arose in his mind a consciousness of the words, "She—home." "she—home," in the sound of the wind. At last, filled with anxious forebodings, he hurried to the cottage and timidly tapped at the door. "Come in." The voice was not Sar' Ann's. Sammy felt inclined to run away. "Whar's Sar' Ann," he whispered, thrusting his head through the doorway and cautiously keeping his body outside in case of emergency. The now subdued voice of Sar' Ann soon reassured him, and he slowly introduced the remainder of his ungainly person. The girl was lying on a settle in front of the fire, with the vicar's wife sitting by her side. "What's matter, Sar' Ann. Is-ta sick?" Mrs. Toogood stirred the fire into a blaze, and for the first time he noticed how wan and old Sar' Ann looked. She nodded her head. "It's mebbe nowt," she said, "but th' doctor, 'e says a shanna get weel, Sammy. Tha mauna cry, Sammy; Sammy, tha mauna cry." But "Gaumless Sammy" sobbed as if his heart would break. Soon he stopped, and running towards her began passionately to kiss her hand, then, equally suddenly, he jumped up and rushed out of the house. Up the street he ran in spite of the great sobs which caught his labouring breath and threatened to choke him, until he was out on his beloved moor. There at last, he stopped and flinging himself in the snow, prayed. Oh; how he prayed! And at last the spirit-voices began to whisper soothing answers in his soul, and the convulsive heavings ceased.

It was late at night when the latch of Sar' Ann's cottage was softly raised, and in stole Sammy. Noiselessly he made up the fire and lay down at the foot of the settle to keep his weary watch over the sleeping girl. Days followed nights, and nights followed days, and Sammy remained on guard. The neighbours tried to get him away but he would not be absent for long, and generally would only go outside and

wait in the cold. "A's ban to mak her better tha sees" was his only answer to all argument. "Art ta ban to dee?" he suddenly asked one day as he stroked her thin white hand. "Sar' Ann, dear Sar' Ann, tha mauna, wauna, leave ma."

And Sar' Ann drew him gently to her. "'Ea, Sammy lad, aw'm off to 'eaven." She could only whisper now, and as he bent over her to catch the words, she tenderly kissed him—her first and last kiss to her lover-child. He was silent for some time, and then repeated "'eaven." And as the thought seemed to strike him, the strings of his tongue came loose and the heart-hot words rushed out. "Sar' Ann, dear Sar' Ann, tha wauna, wauna leave ma. We'll play for tha. A'll nobbut play for thee, Sar' Ann, an' A'll talk to tha in th' music, and tha'll 'ear in 'eaven, an' tha'll talk to ma back i' th' music. But A'll nobbut play for thee."

That same night she died, and Sammy disappeared until the funeral two days later.

Whenever a member of our choir died, the service was fully choral. There was some anxiety about Sammy, for it would have been cruel to supplant him at this time, and yet he had not been seen. However, he strolled up the aisle in good time as usual and disappeared behind his screen. There was not the slightest change in his appearance, even the red handkerchief being still round his neck. Sammy blew the organ as usual, the only difference being that he did not desert his box during the lesson, and after the strain of the Dead March in Saul had died away, he was seen to stroll across to the grave with his customary indifference, to wait for a last look at the coffin. People marvelled at his calmness, and, while they said they were "glad 'e took it sa weel," felt more than a little indignant. Poor fools. Little could they see of Sammy's heart. No one saw him again that day, but next morning, some mill hands, passing the churchyard on their way to work, heard through the darkness a plaintive voice singing, "Sar' Ann, A'll nobbut play for thee," to the first phrase of the Dead March in Saul. "'Gaumless Sammy' somewhere abart," they said, as the voice ceased, and they passed on. They found him later in the day lying frozen to death on Sar' Ann's grave. "Gaumless Sammy" had kept his word.

AUSTIN R. TAYLOR.



A SURVEY OF YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

(Continued from page 123.)

V.—*Adverbs.* (a) The Standard English recognises the adverbial expressions *to-night* and *to-day*; the dialect has also *to-year* (North and East Ridings) for this year, and *to-morn*, to-morrow. Probably the prefix *to-* or *te-* is a form of the definite article; hence, “*to-night*,” “*to-year*,” are for “*the night*,” “*the year*” (adverbial accusatives); cf. “D’ye think he’ll come *the day*?” “*To-morn*” and “*i’ t’ mornin’*” equally mean “*in the morning*” (next coming).

(b) Notable adverbial suffixes are *-s* and *lins* (=ly) e.g. *somewheers*, *partlins* (North and East for *partly*), *seemlins*, (North and East for *seemingly*).

(c) The affirmative adverbs are *Yea*, *Yis* and *Aye*. The first is perhaps most common in the West Riding (in Halifax *Ee-a*). In the North and East it takes the form of “*Ey*” or “*Hey*,” thus: *Question*: Will you have one? *Answer*: *Hey*, an ya please. *Yis* is more emphatic than *Yea*. It is found in the Towneley Plays. Thus in Mactatio Abel:

Cayn: I traw that He (i.e. God) will leyn (lend) me noght.

Abel: *Yis*, all the good thou has in wone
Of his grace is bot a lone.

Yis is current in all parts of Yorkshire. *Aye*, a corruption apparently of *Yea*, is of later acceptance (certainly not known before end of sixteenth century), but bids fair to supplant both *Yis* and *Yea*.

The negative adverbs are *Neea*, *Naw* (*Nooa*, *Now*) and *Naay*.

The first, commonest in the East Riding, is not found at all in the West. It seems to correspond pretty nearly to the affirmative *Yea*. It is certainly much slighter in emphasis than *Naw* or *Naay*.

Naw (North and East) sometimes *Nooa*, is the decided negative, and corresponds to *Yis*. It takes the form *Now* (to rhyme with *grow*) in the West Riding. *Nooa* also occurs in the West Riding.

Naay, is exclamatory, or deprecatory, "Naay noo, thoo maunt deea sikan a thing." In West Riding "Naya, Ah wodn't dew soo-a!"

VI.—*Prepositions*. There is a marked difference between the West Riding dialect and the rest in the forms and uses of certain prepositions, these are *from*, *to*, *into* and *with*.

From in the West becomes *fro* before consonants, *from* before vowels: "Sum on 'em's cum *fro* Leeds an' sum *from* Halifax. [More usually, however, *thrð* and *throo* would be substituted: "Sum on em's *thrð* Leeds an' sum *throo* Halifax."] In the North and East *fra* is placed before consonants and *frev* before vowels: "Yan on 'em's *fra* Stowsla an tuther *frev* Hull.

To and *into* are, in the West, *tø* and *intø* (before consonants), *tul* and *intul* before vowels. Compare the sentences "Nah get them porridge *intø* the." "Ah'm bahn *tul* him, Ah tell the." "Hah's he gotten *intul't*, preya?"

In the East Riding proper forms are *ti*, *inti* and *tiv*, *intiv*; they are also common in the North Riding: e.g. "He gat *inti* sikan a passion." "Ah'll gan an' see *tiv* it i' noo." *Til*, *intil* (for *tiv*, *intiv*) are only heard in the North Riding. "Thoo maunt gan onywheers near *til* him." Note that Richard Rolle, a native of the North Riding, makes large use of this form: *tul* and *intul* occur in all parts of the country.

Witn. In the North and East Ridings there are two forms, *wi* (before consonants) and *wiv* (before vowels); e.g., "What can Ah deea *wiv* it?" "His meeasther sent him ti York *wi* t' awd meear."

The West Riding dialect uses only the form *wi*, "Hah con ta feshon to goa *wi* a mucky brat on, lohk that?"

VII.—*Conjunctions*. *At* is used both as a relative pronoun and as a conjunction. [An example of the former appears in "Ah sud leyke ti see them *at's* deean it.] As a conjunction it is common, e.g., "Sha wor that bad *at* ' doctor ed ommost gi'en her up." In the West Riding, however, *wol* (while) often takes its place. "Sha wor that bad *wol* t' doctor ed ommost gi'en her up."

While—pronounced *whahl* (North and East) *wol* (West)—is regularly used for *until* (*till*). "Thee stop theer, witha, *wol* ah com back ageean." Conversely *till* is occasionally heard for *whilst*. "T' cobbler ull spetch thee thi booits *till* (or *wol*) tha wayats."

A large amount of interest attaches itself to the conjunction *nor* (=than). It is all but universally used in the West Riding, not so often in the North and East. One writer thinks it is a Celtic idiom—as in the Welsh proverb “*Gwell aderyn mewn llaw na dau mewn llwyn*,” which would be certainly well enough translated “A burd i’ t’ hand’s better *NOR* two i’ t’ bush.” But though the comparison is ingenious (*na* being a negative particle) it can never be more than an ingenious comparison. Another more plausibly thinks that *nor* is a form of ‘*an*’, the abbreviated form of *than*. The main objection to this is that the form ‘*an*’ is not proved to be older than *nor*. The following observations should be taken into account in any attempt to explain the word.

First, it is of long standing in the Northern dialect. It was well established in the time of James I. who, being among other things a critic in the Art of Poetry, wrote a book which he called “*Reulis and Cantelis of Scottis Poesie*.” “I will end heir,” he says in his preface, “lest my preface be langer *nor* my purpose and haill matter following.” Perhaps, however, it may cause some surprise in lovers of the Muse, to have offered as a model for imitation such lines as

“They fand a monster on the morne,
War facit *nor* a Cat.”

But whatever our appreciation of the poetry, we want no better example of the grammatical peculiarity we are discussing.

Secondly, *than* has another synonym in the word *or*. Thus in the *Secunda Pastorum* (Towneley Plays) we read:

“I had lever be dede | *or* she had any dyssease.”

There is no doubt as to the origin of *or*. It is a form of *ere* (before) as may be proved by innumerable examples, and is used both as a preposition and as a conjunction. Thus the strict meaning of the line here quoted is “I had rather be dead *before* she should suffer any inconvenience.” If it is remembered that the ordinary mode of comparison is also by arranging the thing compared according to a time sequence, there will seem less cause for the surprise: of course *than* is for *then* = *afterwards*. Compare closely the two forms of the sentence.

“I had lever be dede, *then* (that) she had any dyssease.”

“I had lever be dede { $\frac{or}{before}$ } (that) she had any dyssease.”

An expanded form is said to be still current in the Midland counties as “*rather or that*.” It is found also in old English.

With these facts in view a plausible conjecture arises from the very

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nature of any comparison. A comparison involves a degree of preference, which may be expressed (1) in terms of time-sequence as in the instances above adduced, and again as in an old religious poem—

“He wolde ageyn for youre love blede,
Rather or that ye dampned were.”

Or (2) the preference may be declared by a *negation* of the inferior alternative as this of course is comparatively to be *not* so highly estimated. Hence the Welsh *na* being properly the negative particle most suitable to be used before an imperative, the sentence quoted above, “Gwell aderyn” etc., literally translated, will be

“Better a bird in the hand—not (don’t speak of it) in the bush.”

The same principle is observed in French, thus :

“*Nous sommes plus prêts que vous ne croyez.*”
“We are better prepared than you imagine.”

Now return to the consideration of *or*. We have another word or of different meaning and derivation altogether. To this extent like *or* (than) it introduces an *alternative* but—and this is the crucial difference—an alternative *on equal terms*. It seems probable that the meaning of the two words would become confused together in the mind of the speakers, the meaning of *before* would be quite forgotten, and that of “an *equal* alternative to follow” be mainly suggested, instead. An *alternative* is admitted, but the *equality* cannot be; and hence would arise an instinctive impulse to negative the second clause. As the sense of such a phrase as “I’d liefer ha’e that *or* this,” became obscure, an attempt would be made to put things in a clear light by substituting *nor*—a word which is not far to seek, and which would seem much more satisfactory. Of course this is conjecture, but we think it to have some support both from the facts, and from the known laws of speech. We offer it for what it is worth, and if our speculation only serves as a means of opening an enquiry that shall arrive at a more satisfactory theory we shall be well content.

CONCLUSION.

We have now completed a hasty review of the Yorkshire dialect, a review that is necessarily superficial, because hasty. It is hoped, however, that such as it is, some notion may be gained from it of the general character and history of the folk-speech, and of the considerations that are involved in the study of it. An attempt has been made to exhibit the broader features of the two great varieties, and the general relations that exist between them. Nothing more than that could be expected in these

pages. We believe that the Yorkshire dialect is deserving of the closest study and attention, as indeed is every form of speech without the exclusion of slang. Every language or dialect has something to reveal to the patient enquirer of the past of the race which speaks it. It contains the crystallised thought of ages, and should be of equal interest to the psychologist as to the philosophical historian.

Moreover provincial dialects contain in themselves large reserves of energy which the literary form of the national speech flexible and vigorous as it is, may yet feed upon to repair or augment its force.

Finally, concerning the method that should be followed in studies of this kind, we are fully convinced that the *historic* method is the only right and reasonable one. The dialect must be traced back to its origins—its subsequent history must be followed step by step and the influences that have come to bear upon it, illustrated as fully as possible: and lastly its relations with other dialects and other languages must be ascertained and verified. But all this is beyond the scope of any single man. By the labours of many men—first in the painful accumulation of material, then the classifying and arrangement of it in glossaries and grammars, then at the last by comparison of established results with those obtained by similar methods in the study of kindred dialects,—only so can it be hoped that a sound and scientific view of our subject will at length be obtained. At the present we have hardly passed the first stage, but some pioneers, notably Dr. Joseph Wright of whose labours every lover of dialect must always speak with the deepest respect, have advanced some way into the second. Only very vaguely and uncertainly can we endeavour to forecast the final result. The work of collecting evidence and piecing it together is necessarily slow and laborious. Moreover mistakes are made. There is always the bias of prejudice to reckon with. Many a valuable piece of work has not been so valuable as it might have been through some perverse assumption, which has set the facts in a false light, and of course therefore pre-determined a false conclusion. Thus Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary is to a great extent marred and made unreliable by the author's unfortunate belief that the basis of speech in the Lowlands of Scotland was to be found in the Pictish language. The Yorkshire dialect has been treated in a similar way. Mr. Marshall, who published a glossary of East Yorkshire words in 1781 would have it that the dialect was Celtic in origin, and it is a much cherished theory with some even now that Yorkshiremen are all Danes in disguise and their speech little other than a Norse dialect. Thus a criticism of previous results, and a correction of errors must form a considerable part in every student's work. Let it be done graciously, however, and with a frank

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recognition of the merits possessed by those who have, with some tendencies to go wrong, yet laboured faithfully in an hitherto all but thankless task. As for the present essay, it may not claim indulgence. Its only plea where errors have been contracted is to be put right, promptly and ruthlessly, if you like, but by any means to be put right.

J. HANSON GREEN.



EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

By MRS. BLUNDELL ("M. E. FRANCIS"), Author of "*A North Country Village*," etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JIM LUPTON	Carter.
WILL WRIGHT	General Messenger.
BOB	Small Boy.
MARGERY LUPTON	Washerwoman, wife to Jim.
NANCY WRIGHT	Daughter to Will.
SUSIE	Little Girl, sister to Bob.
LADY FEMINA FADDINGTON	Eccentric Maiden Lady.
FRAULEIN EWIGWEIB	Her Companion, an enthusiast.
JOHANNA THOMASINA	Foot-girl.
DOROTHY	Cook.

(Continued from page 112.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The pantry at Mossley Hall.* NANCY, sitting at the table, resting her head on her hand.

NANCY: I'm sure it's a comfort to be able to sit still for a few minutes. Talk of work! I never in all my days was so run off my legs as I am here. I'm a—I'm a regular galley slave, that's what I am, at everybody's beck and call. If I'd ha' known what it was to be an odd woman, I'd never have accepted the situation.

(VOICE *without*): "Nancy, Nancy."

NANCY: It's Mrs. Ripon, the butleress. Yes'um (*aside*) Of all the cross-grained, unreasonable—Coming, ma'am.

(VOICE *without*): "Nancy, them knives is a perfect disgrace! Take and clean 'em all over again, every one of 'em! Mind, I shall expect to find them done when I come back from my arternoon constitootional."

(A clatter is heard *without*.)

NANCY: There she goes throwin' them down in a heap for me to pick up—as if my back didn't ache enough without that! And if they get broke, I'll be blamed for it. Three dozen of them if there's one.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

(Enter JOHANNA THOMASINA, the new foot-girl.)

JOHANNA: Here Nancy, clean these boots for me (*throws down several pairs on the floor*). Look sharp, rub them up and see that you make them shine. I don't know how it is, but you never get a bit of gloss on them.

NANCY (*injured*): Well, I'm sure it's not for want of scrubbin' at 'em, Miss Johanna. You dirty such a many pair in the day—it seems to me I'm always cleanin' 'em for you. You haven't a bit of consideration.

JOHANNA (*loftily*): As if anybody in my station in life could be expected to have consideration for an odd woman! You don't know your dooty, girl, nor yet your place. But get along and clean those boots while I take a little siesty. If the bell rings you can call me. By-the-bye, you haven't taken the coals upstairs yet—don't forget to do it as soon as you've cleaned the boots.

(Exit JOHANNA THOMASINA.)

(NANCY picks up the boots and places them in a row on the table.)

NANCY: Three pairs and a pair of pumps—and there's more than a dozen others waitin' for me in the boot-hole! Oh father! dear father! I used to think myself so hard used because I had to do yours for you once a week. Oh father, I wish it was your boots I were doin' now! (*Sits down and begins to cry.*) Poor father, I wonder who cleans your boots for you, now that I am gone!

(Enter the COOK.)

COOK: Well, miss, what are you doin' idlin' here, I should like to know. You've never brought in the wood! There's my fire nearly out, and a hot cake wanted for afternoon tea! I never saw such a girl. You never do nothin' it seems to me. What are you doin' I say—cryin'? Well, I declare, as if there was time for cryin' when folks is so busy! Why, my sister-in-law's own first cousin died last Sunday week, and I haven't had time to cry yet! Are you going to cock yourself up before your betters? Go and chop that wood this very instant.

(Exit noisily.)

NANCY (*ruefully*): Eh dear, they do burn wood quicker in this house nor in any other, I do believe! My hands are all blistered with choppin' and choppin'—and I nearly chopped my fingers off the other day—I never had that kind of work to do before—poor father always chopped the wood for me.

(VOICE *without*): "Nancy, Nancy, where's that girl?"

NANCY: Gracious, here's another of them. It's the house-maid this time! (*Goes to door.*) Yes, Jane. What's the matter?

(VOICE *without*): "Come and help me to clean the windows. I'm doing the bed-rooms on the top storey. You'll have to carry round the long ladder and plant it firm in the ground, for you'll have to climb very high up."

NANCY (*folding her arms*): Well, that I won't. Nay, I'll not risk my neck for anybody. Carry the long ladder indeed, and run up to the top—what does she think I'm made of?

(VOICE *without*): "Make haste, are you coming?"

NANCY: No, Jane, I'm not. I didn't engage to break my neck, and I don't think her ladyship can expect me to do it. I've never been on a ladder in my life.

(VOICE *without*): "Well, its time you began, then; there are all the gutters to clean next week. You'd better come along at once without any more nonsense. If you're not willing to undertake these jobs, my lady will soon get some one who will."

NANCY (*desperately*): Well, then, she may. I'm sick of this place, and of being an odd woman. Odd woman! I should think I'll end by going to the 'Sylum like the other one. This sort of work will drive me crazy. Now she's gone away to complain of me, I suppose, and I shall be sent away in disgrace, and father will be ashamed of me, and all the neighbours will laugh! Eh dear! eh dear! I wish I'd never left home—that I do.

(*Enter MARGERY, hastily sinks despondently down on bench, sighs and shakes her head.*)

NANCY: What's the matter, Mrs. Lupton?

MARGERY: What's the matter? Matter enough! It's a mercy I'm alive! I never saw such cross-grained, contrary brutes as those horses of her ladyship's! "All their high breedin'," she says—give me them that's not bred so high, then. Now those horses of Jim's—they were nice, quiet, good-natured animals, if you like. They'd stand like lambs, they would, or else walk into their stables when you told them, as bidable and as sensible as if they was childers. But these here brutes—

NANCY (*with a laugh*): Ah, you find them a bit livelier, don't you, Mrs. Lupton.

MARGERY (*solemnly*): My word, Nancy, they're that lively they were very near the death o' me this morning. Her ladyship came into the stable and she says, "Lupton, my horses' coats are not as glossy as I like to see them." "Well, my lady," says I, "I can but do my best," I says, "I brush and shake them well every morning." "Shake them!" says her ladyship. "Yes, my lady," says I, "but the horses' hair sticks to them so, and everything shows on that bright blue so plain." "Bright blue," says her ladyship, and she begins to laugh. "I'm not talking of their cloths, Lupton, I'm talking of their skins. You must rub them down better," she says, "I like to see them shine like satin. And I don't think you change their beds often enough. Do you do it every morning?" says she. "I should think it very wasteful. Once a fortnight was always my rule, whether it's a Christian, or whether it's a cat, it's my belief that no livin' thing wants a fresh bed oftener. Every other Saturday you may see the clean sheets and pillow-cases airing at our place, and I make our Jim clean out the pig-sty, and put an armful of new hay in the barrow for the dog." "That may be all very well for creatures like yourself and the pigs," says her ladyship, "but my dear horses have never been accustomed to such treatment. They must have fresh straw every day."

NANCY (*commiseratingly*): Every day! Dear me, I'm afraid that'll give you a deal of trouble, Mrs. Lupton.

MARGERY: It isn't the trouble I mind, but I'm frightened to death of the beasts! As soon as she went away this morning I took a fork and some straw into Sultan's stall. I never saw such an eye as that creature has, Nancy—he rolled it round at me in a way that looked as if he meant mischief. However, I spoke to him very pleasant. "Go over, boy," says I, "go over, beauty," but not a bit of him would stir. So then I talked to him a bit gruff, and he put his ears back and glowered round at me enough to terrify a body. However, the job had to be done, so I put a bold face on it and went up and smacked him same as I've seen our Jim do many a time, and, my word, he up wi' his heels and let fly at me. If I hadn't nipped out of the stall, he'd 'ave broken my legs.

NANCY: Good gracious—he'll have to go without his fresh bed, if that's how he behaves.

(*To be continued.*)

A DALES VIGNETTE.

"Ye'll not ha'e kenned Jim Mecca—him ut lived at Gillside, an' his father before him? Owd Tommie Mecca were a decent owd chap, and his wife was a cheery handy sort of a body, but Jim he was allus a twined ill-heppen lyle feller, as fecky as ony owd-maid and as sour-like as cheese ost.

While his moother lived he'd an easy time on't, for they kept a hind, an' t' moother worked late an' early. Ye might call in what hour o' th' day ye would, an' Jim wad be set o' t' fireside as if he'd nowt i' this world to be doin' but groomblin' an' calling his betthers.

A regular hasstane-cat was Jim, an' when his moother died he found t' want on her. There was no one to kindle t' fire i' t' mornin's, an' to fettle t' poor lad's dinner, and he was ill to suit wi' house-keepers, an' was allus chäinging.

So at last he saw nowt for ut but to wed, and he went courtin' oop Bishopdale whar folk kenned less o' his ways and wad mebbby tak' to him kinder.

An' he cooms back wi' a girt strong lass to his wife, Molly Preston they called her, an' was so fain to ha'e gotten a helpmate that for a moonth or so he made shift to swallow his victuals wi'out askin' the way they were made, an' tellin' his wife a better.

But t' freshness wore off in a bit, an' er wad sit i' his chair an' think-on what turbel good times he had when his moother was livin'. And soon there was nowt ut could please him:—if 'twas nobbut t' hearth-stonin' on t' fireside, he wad tell his wife ut his moother had doon it a different pattern that suited him better.

"'Twas this way my mother wad ha'e doon," he wad say to Molly—"My moother used to do so an' so." He made oot his moother could get mair cakes oot o' a stone o' flour, an' mair butter oot o' a quart o' cream than was given to oother women.

And the lass was a quiet patient sort an' let him talk as he would, but went her ain ways as mawm as a mouse.

But there coom a day when she was mebbby mair thrang nor usual for she'd been kirning an' t' butter 'd been lang o' comin'.

And he says to her—"Seetha lass!—my moother wad ha'e managed o' this fashion."

I reckon she'd heerd enough o' his moother for all time, for she teemed t' kirk oot on to t' hasstane an' fair danced on the cruds so that the butter was good for nowt.

"An' didst ever see thy moother do syke-like?"



OUR FRONTISPIECE

by Mr. Will Rothenstein, may recall to mind Miss M. E. Coleridge's article on "The last Hermit of Warkworth" and the "Oxford Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood" which appeared in our October and November issues* last year. It will be remembered that no less an authority than Mr. A. C. Swinburne said that Canon Dixon ought to have been offered the Laureateship, and we feel sure that all North Countrymen will appreciate Mr. Rothenstein's excellent drawing.

In regard to our suggestion to enlarge our pages and put up the price of the

N.C.M. to 1s.

we have received many letters on the subject for which we are much obliged, and after serious consideration we have decided to make no change. As one of our correspondents kindly says, "The N.C.M. is already an old and well-loved friend. It is all right as it is, and has just the right quantity of illustrations," so that we have determined to go on as before.

ANOTHER WORD ON DIALECTS.

In reference to our paper on dialect writers in our March number we print some pertinent remarks from a correspondent in London, who points out that our censure of those who "misspelt" English words and called it dialect was too general in its context.

We did not mean to insist that *every* misspelling was wrong; all we wished to point out was that you could not get the phonology by any system of spelling, and that the real use of dialect was to preserve the special phrases, words and epithets in use in any one particular district or county. Where dialectal pronunciation keeps the older form of a particular word then we agree that that word may correctly be spelt in

* Some few copies are still obtainable, 8d. each, post free.—ED. N. C. M.

the archaic fashion. "My view" he writes, "of dialect is that it is the result of *constantly going on deviations* from earlier forms—that is, *mispronunciations* of earlier forms. In that light there is little reproach applicable to present day 'mistakes' of pronunciation, that is not applicable to the older series now called, as a whole, dialects, *e.g.*, Mr. Green's instances: Penine, for Celtic Pen wyn. York, for Efrog, etc., were once mispronunciations of Celtic words."

Another correspondent writes to us from Scotland:

Two sentences in your article on "The Lancashire Memorial to the Four Dialect writers" strike me as pointing to a very important aspect of this dialect question. The first is, "The value of dialect . . . has for some time past been recognised in England, and in Scotland, or at least in County Kailyaird, has perhaps been exaggerated of late years." The other is, "What so frequently happens is that dialect writers are content to reproduce or to endeavour to reproduce the phonology by misspelling." That last sentence is especially true of those writers who have earned for themselves the name of the Kailyaird School. Let us take Mr. "I. M." as perhaps the worst sinner in this respect, for he probably excels the others in mangling the good Scots speech. All through his books you find the first personal pronoun represented by *a'*, which Burns, Scott, Galt, and all other writers of pure Scotch give as the equivalent of the English word *all*. Now, if this were consistently adhered to, though still wrong and ugly, it would not be confusing. But on the same page, even in the same sentence, you will find two ways of writing this pronoun. For instance "*a'* mind gettin' ma paiks masel' for birdnestin'." "*I'll* wager that's the verra thing." Of course, the latter is the correct form. As you say, "No one can really reproduce the sound of spoken speech in writing, of the Northumbrian burr, or the Scotch *r*," or the various shades of accent that are found in the pronunciation of the pronoun *I*. The simple writing of that word in its usual form is surely the best, leaving the local pronunciation to be given by the reader. I. M. plays havoc with his representation of the possessive pronoun *your* and the second person plural of the verb *to be*. He writes "Hoo's *yir* laddies, Dominie?" A few lines further on, he has this sentence "Na, na, Dominie, I see what *yir* after," and so on through the book. Surely, granting him the use of the questionable *yir* for *your* he might have followed greater writers, and written correctly *ye're* for *you are* instead of the unmeaning *yir*.

He seems to remember a certain way of sounding the preposition *to* and tries phonetically to represent it, but fails. He writes "*I'm* gled *tac* hear sic accoonts" etc. Then, in attempting to do the same by the adverb *too*, he uses the same sign, "*An' me tac, Andra.*" He evidently

forgets that *tae* is, all over Scotland, the common way of speaking of the word *toe*. How foolish his method of spelling *tae* is would be seen if he wrote thus, "I'm gaen *tae* Drumtochty." "An' me, *tae*, Andra." "Ye'll no gang the length o' your *tae*." He uses *had* for hold, as "He'll be naither to *had* nor to bind." *Haud*, it should have been, of course.

The book and others by the same author are full of such examples. Crockett and Barrie err in the same way, though not to the same extent.

Sometimes, one would think, this dialect question is pushed too far. I was brought up till my seventeenth year in a village partly in Roxburghshire and partly in Selkirk. I have lived in the counties of Perth, Fife, and Clackmannan, and know the Lothians fairly well too. Later on I lived among and had every opportunity of knowing the common folk in Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire and their speech. And when I read certain glossaries of county dialects I find that a very great part of the words given are common to nearly all these counties. When Mr. R. O. Heslop's "Northumberland Words" were being printed I was amused to find that so many of them were words of every day use in my boyhood's home, quite seven-tenths, I should think. And in travelling through Durham and Yorkshire I used to delight in recognising that what I once thought purely Scotch words were in common use in England. A Scotch mother would say "Steek the door, laddie;" similarly a Yorkshireman says, "Stek t' deër, lad." Inculcating patience a Scotch mother would tell her child "He that *tholes* o'ercomes." An impatient Yorkshireman would say "I cannot *thole* this." A Scotch legal phrase is "To *thole* an assize." Canon Atkinson mentions the phrase "Fed on deaf nuts" as typical of Yorkshire speech. It used to be, and, among the poorer folk, is still quite common in Scotland. A stout healthy person is commonly spoken of as "no' fed on deaf nuts." He also speaks of a place near Danby, in Cleveland, as being known as the Tofts. At Elie, a small place on the Fife coast, a part of the town is named the Tofts. By the banks of the Gala, the boys spoke of ice shokels. In the big frost of 1860 I heard a Newcastle lad speak of "greet ice shokels." In Bishop Gawain Douglas' translation of the *Æneid*, you find, "Hang grete yse shokells lang as ony spere." In this month's number, Mr. J. Hanson Green gives a list of fifty Yorkshire words, thirty-one of which I recognised as decidedly Scotch."

THE PRESERVATION OF THE FORESHORE OF DERWENTWATER FOR THE NATION.

We understand that an opportunity not likely to recur in our generation is now offered by which, if people in the North who look upon our English Lake District as their holiday resort will lend their help, a mile

of the foreshore of Derwentwater and the chance of rambling through the woods and meadows that slope down to the water's edge from the high road on the breast of Cat Bels will be secured for ever for their enjoyment.

Now if this estate of one hundred and eight acres becomes the property of the National Trust they will by their charter be obliged to hand it on from generation to generation in unexploited beauty and all its natural tranquility and grace.

It will be seen at a glance that to obtain the foreshore of the lake between Hawes End and Brandelhow will be a boon to the visiting public of the North that cannot be estimated in pounds shillings and pence, seeing that the pleasure of a day upon the lake will be so much enhanced by giving a sadly needed right of landing and the opportunity of undisputed rambling.

The estate in question is offered to the Trust for £6,500, about £2,000 worth of wood is now growing upon it and seeing that it contains residential sites of considerable value the cost though large does not seem extortionate.

One need not labour to speak of the peculiar beauty of the estate. Robert Southey who had an inevitable eye knew this well. The indented bays of Otterfield and Victoria allows of infinite variety of landscape foreground for the sketcher and the views of Skiddaw group to the north-east, and the Glaramara and Borrowdale hills to the south will be fresh in the minds of all who have passed along the outskirts of the property of the Cat Bels road.

The estate borders an unenclosed common and those who will be able to land upon it will virtually have right of rambling up to the skyline. If anyone of our readers cares to help the committee of the National Trust in the good cause of preservation of natural beauty and of the addition to the happiness of the holiday-makers to the North, they should lose no time in sending promises of support to the Secretary to the National Trust, 1 Great College Street, Westminster, to Sir Robert Hunter, Reform Club, Pall Mall, to Miss Octavia Hill, 190 Marylebone Road, London, N., or to Canon Rawnsley, the hon. sec. of the National Trust, Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick. Cheques should be sent to the credit of the National Trust, The National Provincial Bank of England, St. James' Branch, Piccadilly, W.

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NORTH COUNTRY BOOKS—NORTH COUNTRY WRITERS.

“ADOWN THE TIGRIS.”*

It will be safe to say that Earl Percy has seen far more of the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey than the Sultan himself. This is his second book on the subject, his “Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey” having, some time ago, won for him the reputation of an intrepid traveller, a most careful observer, and a Turcophile of the first water. One reads his new book with a constantly increasing appreciation of his various endowments, his unexpectedly wide scholarship, his quite multitudinous tastes, and his admirable coolness under all sorts of puzzling circumstances; though he is not, perhaps, what a somewhat hasty and too enthusiastic reviewer calls him, “one of the ablest amateur photographers of the day.” Indeed, he makes no claim to a distinction of this particular kind, stating quite plainly and unmistakeably that the beautiful photographs in his volume are the work of his cousin, Mr. Algernon Heber Percy; but one feels that he might have become an excellent photographer if it had seemed to him worth while. There is an Admirable Crichton quality in his mind. When he converses with the Sultan through an interpreter he is inclined to lose patience, because the talk could have been carried on so much more speedily and satisfactorily if Abd-ul-Hamid would have consented to converse in the language of the Turks. He is keenly interested in Hittite sculptures and inscriptions. He has the whole Armenian question at his fingers’ ends. He can tell us why the regular collection of taxes is unpopular with the Asiatic subjects of the Sultan, and why Turkish judges are apt to decide cases otherwise than according to the laws of evidence. Also, he has a convincingly peremptory and successful manner of dealing with the Turkish official, Kamaikam or other, who attempts to impede his journey by creating difficulties that the less enterprising and determined traveller might consider to be insurmountable.

As to that matter of the regular payment of taxes. Regularity of collection is objectionable because the peasant cannot now “square” the tax collector as he was wont to do in more ideal times. Then as to the Judges, and the official class generally, they are corrupt because they are not well paid. It may happen that, at intervals, they are not paid at all. How can one wonder that, under such conditions, backsheesh is a powerful factor in Turkish administration? Throughout

* *Highlands of Asiatic Turkey.* By Earl Percy, M.P. London: Edwin Arnold.

most portions of his book Lord Percy is throwing all manner of side-lights on the way of life among populations which are quite unknown to any European traveller but himself. He has no aristocratic objection to hard conditions. He can "rough it," with the aid of an escort of sowars. He readily adapts himself to such surroundings as are here described:—"Our night's lodging, provided by an old blind man, cursed with a termagant and garrulous wife, was rich in specimens of natural history. The walls literally swarmed with vermin, and, waking from a brief interlude of slumber, I discovered a brindled cat curled up under my bed, growling in ecstatic enjoyment over a monstrous rat which it had just caught and decapitated." There are many such humorous and illuminating bits of description as this in the book. One finds in Lord Percy a good-humoured and tolerant traveller, who becomes a poet and a painter when he deals with scenery and with fine natural effects. Yet one feels also that here is another George Curzon on his travels; that the future Under-Secretary is telling us that he "has been there," that the author has not selected enough, and that there is too much note book.

Lord Percy, after talking with the Sultan at Constantinople, made a wonderful journey through Konia, Karpuz, Bitlis, and much of the country in which the Armenian massacres took place. Then he proceeded on a raft down the Zab and the Tigris, and so onward to Bagdad. His book would have been better, I think, if his mind were not so much bent on statesmanship. He makes one think of what was said by the late Master of Trinity. "We are none of us infallible: not even the youngest amongst us." I have no space to follow him in his political speculations, with few of which I agree; but to so earnest a young man, placed amidst vast possibilities, with an early inclination towards statecraft, one wishes well. These books on Asiatic Turkey may indicate the beginning of a notable career.

In conclusion, I may add that Lord Percy's book has every advantage and attraction that can be given to it by the publisher; it is handsomely got up, and its illustrations are exceedingly good.

AARON WATSON.

"PECCAVI." *

It has always been natural enough to meet the priest in fiction: but in recent years it has been quite remarkable how many purposes he has been made to serve, and in what varied, and sometimes curious rôles he is portrayed. Amongst other uses to which he is put, there is a growing tendency to make him a pulpit, from whence to dogmatise against dogma; or a stalking-horse, wherefrom to shoot criticism, and

* By E. W. Hornung. (6s. Grant Richards.)

even mud, at the churches and sects. To the iconoclast writer he is axe and hammer; to the sectarian, trumpet and advertising agent; while, to the novelist, who is unable to differentiate between an extravagant individual specimen and a fair average type, he is invaluable for wholesale condemnation. In fact, the reading public has become quite accustomed to his appearance as anything from a psychological contradiction in terms to a criminal.

In taking a clergyman of the Church of England to be the chief character of his book, "Peccavi," Mr. Hornung is quite in keeping with the times; but he has no particular sect to pillory or enthrone, no dogma to enforce or demolish, and certainly no mud to throw. Mr. Hornung (who, by the way, was born in the North of England) has changed his scene from Australia to Suffolk, and has put before the public, in the Rev. Robert Carlton, Rector of Long Stow, an illustration of how, to quote his own words, a man may fall, but "it need not be utterly and for ever," and how one who has wrought shame, havoc, and ruin, can always save something from the wreck, and may rebuild himself, though he can never repair his injury to others. Robert Carlton's fall is one of the unsavoury sort for which there is no extenuation or apology, nor does he himself claim any allowance for the hollow romance of lust mistaken for love; and he finds himself obliged to bury the girl who is the mother of his child, but whose name he may not inscribe in the parish register as his wife. Though the sole possessor of his story, it is Carlton's wisdom to share the ignominy he has brought upon the girl and to avoid the living hell of the hypocrite with a tale of shame to hide; and so he makes confession to the world through the dead girl's father. The little world of Long Stow tumbles over itself in its haste to throw stones and prove itself without sin; and their Rector from that time forward develops a faculty for misfortune only paralleled in the case of Job. During the period of inhibition that follows his act he shows the real intrinsic merit of his character and sets himself the task of rebuilding, with his own hands, his ruined church, while he leads the life of a boycotted outcast. Not only does his strength of will enable him to carry out this colossal work of atonement, but his indomitable power of recovery brings him through all the refinements of torture imposed on him by his conscience and his persecutors, and finally compels the respect of his parishioners back to him as one who has smelted away his dross in the fires of his own sin.

The above is only a small part of a plot and side issues which are well sustained throughout, but it is quite enough to show that the dominant chords of the book are tragedy and pathos. The tragic element, which, if somewhat too plentiful, is free from heaviness and

mock heroism, often rises to considerable power; while the pathos is real and temperate, often very tender, and never obtruded upon the reader. Both the tragic and pathetic are well combined in the scenes by the grave side and over the parish register, and again when the little boy strays in upon Carlton's solitude, all unconscious that he is in the presence of his father; while they culminate in chapter thirty, where Carlton learns, through Gwynneth Gleed, how deeply the animal instinct of a moment can stab the spiritual and intellectual possibilities of the future, though the wound need not be allowed to rankle.

Mr. Hornung's chief portraits are clearly etched with few strokes of the pen, and his minor ones are sharply silhouetted against the background of his stage. Jasper Musk, the father of the dead girl, is a well-drawn instance of relentless, personal hatred, which leads him, though a Gallio in religious matters, into iconoclasm beyond the best endeavours of the Kensitic dispensation. In sharp contrast to him is the mean and spiteful enmity of the time-serving Sir Wilton Gleed, who, in the end, stoops to purchase a reputation for magnanimity with Carlton's money; while a lighter element, of which there might be more, is supplied by a self-satisfied village oracle, and by the village sexton, who labours under the delusion that he has a live frog inside him.

In his scene-painting Mr. Hornung is graphic and vigorous, and calls up a clear and well-coloured picture before the mind. His narrative of events is vivid, and runs easily, with scarcely any waste of words. One is tempted to quote, but space forbids, from the striking scene between Carlton and his Bishop, in chapter seven, and from the descriptions of the fire in chapter six, and of the effect of nature and solitude on the outcast in chapter twenty. Some readers may think the story hangs a little in the middle, and may share with Canon Wilders, J.P., his desire to close Carlton's trial before its fair time. Others may think Carlton's act of shame impossible to a man of his calibre. Most, however, will agree that the book is at least much above the ordinary, and will lay it down with the feeling that to a nature like Carlton's, the bitterest punishment is to have sinned and seen the woman pay the price.

A. VARTAR GOLDING.

BORDER EXPLOITS.*

The *Proceedings* of the Berwickshire Naturalist's Club already fill sixteen volumes and the issue before us forms the first part of a seventeenth. To the Borderer they are a storehouse, towards which,

* *History of The Berwickshire Naturalist's Club*, vol. xvii., part 1., 1899., pp. iv.—184., plates i. to vi. Alnwick: Hy. Hunter Blair, 1900.

each successive President has contributed an annual review from his own special standpoint. In this instance the address is chiefly concerned with Mr. Smails' "Notes on Changes in the distribution of some of our local Birds." The personality of the writer, the minute record of his observation, and the intimacy shewn in the habits of his feathered friends are features of a discourse brightened throughout with the charm and freshness of the open-air life which he describes.

Reports of societies are often dull. Not so the records here given of these last "Exploits done upon the Border"; for they detail the results of expeditions abounding in interest. A mere mention of the names of places visited is sufficient to arouse enthusiasm: Earlstoun, and the legends of True Thomas; The Farnes, with the glamour of St. Cuthbert; Selkirk, reminiscent of its souters; Makerstoun, and its association with Sir Walter's forbear; The Peel of the Kers of Cessford; and so on through a progress, in which parks and mansions by the way stand with open gates to the investigators, and whose southward range includes Seaton Delaval and Tynemouth. For be it noted that nearly one third of the members belong to the Northumberland side and that both sides of the Border are embraced in the Society's "Field Work."

In his difficult task, undertaken, as he tells us, in adverse circumstances, Mr. George Bolam, as editor, fully maintains the standard reached in the three score years and ten during which this parent of all Field Clubs has lived and flourished. In addition to items by the editor himself there are also special articles by the President and by Commander Norman, R.N., Mr. William Shaw, Dr. Charles Stuart and Mr. William Wilson. Their variety divides our interest between natural history, geology, archaeology, folk-lore, and historical notes; and they include the late Mr. R. G. Bolam's important paper on "Land-owning in Northumberland," and Sir William Crossman's "Meteorological Observations." Not the least interesting item is the editor's list of places visited by the Club since 1831. This is no mere schedule of names and dates, for every line of it marks a red-letter day. The entry "Durham, 1879," for instance, at once recalls the masterly address delivered by the Rev. Dr. Greenwell on the occasion; an address now become memorable seeing that it forms the basis of the well-known guide-book to the cathedral, the very ideal of what is possible in a manual when the subject is treated by a master hand.

Turning again the pages of this part we realise the privilege of living in the land of the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree, and we are fain to join in the words of the President when he says: "we delight in the work of the Club, and in the beauty and the glory of all we see and feel in our pleasant wanderings over hill and dale."

IN THE HUNDRED OF LONSDALE.*

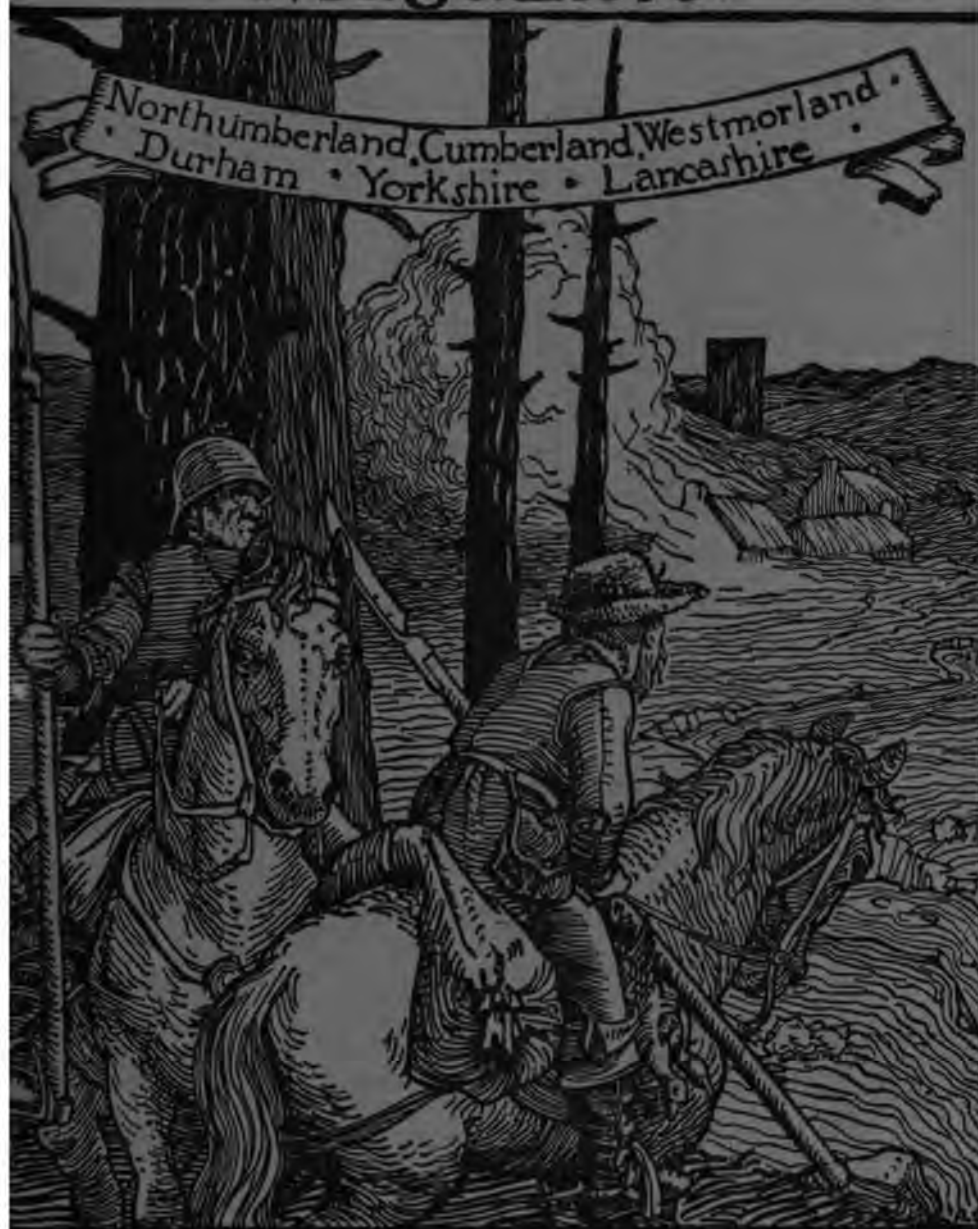
North Lancashire, stretching across the sands of Morecambe, holds in its embrace the southern frontier of our English Lake District, a territory which forms the happy hunting ground of the North Lonsdale Magazine. In the part just issued Thirlmere past and present, and Aldingham standing lonely by the sea (its church, as yet, happily "unrestored") are presented with a profusion of illustrations. Most important, however is the article on the flora of the district as recorded by its pre-Linnaean observers. In this Mr. S. L. Petty has done a service the value and interest of which it would be difficult to overrate. The remote character of North Lonsdale is realized incidentally by Mr. Petty's statement that whilst Lancashire as a whole may go back as far as the time of Gerard, if not earlier, for printed records of its flora, North Lancashire had to wait another hundred years. Its real history, in fact, commences with John Ray and his books, beginning with his catalogue of 1660. It was this same John Ray who published in 1674 the first collection of English provincial words, and was thus, as Professor Skeat suggests, "the remote originator of the English Dialect Society." Essex claims the birthplace of this famous botanist, zoologist, and dialect scholar; but the North may enter its claim for his descent. In the Trinity College MS. he himself spells his name "John Wray," and the initial W only appears to have lapsed in the process of Latinizing the name. And, as Wray, or Wreay, sufficiently testifies a Northern origin, the surmise is not at all an improbable one. Of Ray's interest in the North a quaint letter quoted by Mr. Petty affords an example. Writing in 1671, John Ray says: "I intend (God willing) on Monday next to begin a simpling voyage to the north" (the mistake of "sampling voyage" here is unfortunate). Mr. Petty will yet again, we trust, conduct us to "gather simples" with him in such company. A bibliography appended fills up the measure of our indebtedness to Mr. Petty for this delightful treatise.

R. OLIVER HESLOP.

The North Lonsdale Magazine and Furness Miscellany; edited by the Rev. Canon Ayre, M.A. (published March 7th, 1901). vol. iv., no. 4, with 15 illustrations of Lake scenery, etc. Ulverston: W. Holmes. 1s.

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THE CAEDMON CROSS.

[*Sutcliffe, Whitby.*

The Northern Counties Magazine.

July, 1901.

AN OLD CUSTOM.*

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

(Author of "*The Sowers*," "*The Isle of Unrest*," etc.)

The "Giralda" had come back to her old moorings in the Tyne. The whole world knows the "Giralda" but the Tyne knows every bolt of her; for she was the first warship to sail out of that swift river into the grey northern ocean complete from truck to keel with Tyneside work. Keel and plates, guns and ammunition, top-hamper boats and engines: all had been fashioned by the grimy, smoke-ridden Tynesiders who were proud of her, and talked of her in every engine room afloat on the broad seas.

The Thames had had her say of the "Giralda": that wordy river of the South. The Tees had muttered, and the Clyde had laughed that curt, scornful Scottish laugh which has doubled up many a fist in the fore-castle. But the Tyne sent her out to fight for a foreigner, and sat down to await the judgment of the world with the slow, wise smile of the heavy-handed. For the "Giralda" was the finest warship afloat; and all the rivers knew it.

She had sailed half round the world with her own coal. She had beaten her obscure little enemy in remote waters. She had established half a dozen new facts of naval warfare, had made a dozen new records and was now once more lying at her moorings off the Dock Gates, smoke-grimed, travel-stained, a little battered—to refit for the next war on those Southern seas where there is no peace.

She looked strong and grey and still, like the men, who, lounging by the river banks, watched her silently.

"Some of them 'll be ashore this afternoon," was the opinion

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expressed curtly and repeatedly in Mason's chop house, where the pilots eat. "And Frenchy likely as not," added one of the habitués with a gruff and awkward laugh as he glanced towards the prettiest girl in South Shields.

"Well, it's a free country, Mr. Pringle," replied Annie Mason, accepting the challenge with a ready spirit. She was drying her mugs, her sleeves turned back over her shapely arms, a stout, strong girl with a complexion like the sunny side of a peach, with thoughtful grey eyes and a tender curve of the lips. "Especially for them as has nothin' against them, like Frenchy."

Which turned the laugh against Ebenezer Pringle, Trinity Pilot, if it did nothing else. Mrs. Mason, stout and hot over the grill, turned a chop with her shining steel tongs and glanced at her daughter sideways. Annie must have been hard pressed, she thought, to fire that shot at Ebenezer, who, after all, was a harmless man, and had not been in prison these ten years.

"There's a boat fetching some of them ashore now," volunteered a lugubrious mariner who sat near the window. And as he spoke Annie's hand went to her hair and she glanced down at her spotless apron, both of which actions were noted by the stout lady at the grill.

Mason's chop house faces the river, and boasts of a verandah overhanging the mud at low tide and the lapping water at a high spring. The verandah had evidently been built by a ship's carpenter, and promised to stand for ever against all weathers, so superlatively strong were its timbers. It was a mere ornament however; for seafaring men usually sit indoors when they are on shore.

There were red curtains to the little windows overlooking the river. Although it was the month of November, one of the casements stood open, allowing exit to the odours of the grill, and through it came the dull thud of oars, followed almost immediately by a gay laugh in a voice so high and of such a tenor as no Northumbrian throat could compass.

"That's Frenchy," said someone. And, a minute later, the laugh was repeated on the slippery steps below the window. Then the latch was lifted, the door thrown wide with that freedom of the limbs and generosity of gesture which have their home on the Mediterranean shores.

"Missis Mason," cried the tenor voice, "Behold me again!" The inmates of the room turned and beheld him with a slow smile of amusement which in no wise abashed him. He was a little dark man, wearing a soft felt hat, and a great comforter rolled round his neck. He was in reality a native of Valetta, but since he spoke broken English he was held by the unwritten rules of the sea to be a Frenchman and so designated.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

He held out his hands, but Mrs. Mason, tongs in hand, merely nodded. She never shook hands with her clients, who necessarily came when she was busy, and it was no business of hers that many of them came back from the jaws of death and expected a warmer welcome on that account.

"No one asked you to be a sailor," she would say to grumblers. "There's many an honest man on shore."

But in her heart she thought that the honestest ones used the sea.

"And Miss Annie," cried Frenchy, looking at her with ardent eyes, and passing his hand across his brow as if the sight of her dazzled him.

He was so quick in thought and gesture; he conveyed so much more by eyes and hands and silence in one moment than his hearers could have expressed in an hour of careful speech, that they only half understood him.

"Ah! these chops!" he said, with a movement of the hand like a benediction over the grill. "Ah! what an artist—this lady!"

And Mrs. Mason laughed curtly at the homage his attitude paid her.

"You divn't feed them like that on board the 'Giralda,'" suggested the gloomy wag near the window, "eh, Frenchy?"

And Frenchy turned on him with ready fire.

"Ah, do I not? There never was a man-of-war so well fed as the 'Giralda.' There has been so little sickness. They healed their wounds like children. The doctor said so. The doctor—that idle man: he had nothing to do. And why?"

He banged himself grievously on the chest with both hands and looked round. Then he shrugged his shoulders at these slow Northerners who have no comprehension; to whom one has to say things, name of a dog! in plain words, before they understand.

"Are they not well fed, my people, eh? I ask you, look at Shoeorge." He turned with a fine dramatic gesture and pointed out the man who had quietly followed him into the room. Everyone turned to look at him except Annie, who was still washing beer-mugs.

George, thus brought into a sudden and distasteful notice, hastily sat down at a table near the door.

"A'll have a steak, mother," he said bashfully, in a vain attempt to turn the public attention from himself.

"Ay, George is all right," said someone. They would have called him Geordie had he been a mere fireman. But this was a third engineer, who wore a thin band of gold lace round the sleeve of his best jacket. He deprecated the further discussion of the question by shuffling his great feet under the table and changing colour like a school-girl of other days.

"I'll have a steak," he murmured appealingly. He was too large to be a ladies' man, and he looked doubtfully at Mrs. Mason, quite ready to change it to a chop if she preferred it. He had large hands too, which he kept concealed under the table. He must have had what is called a good mother; for the only thing he feared on earth was God's latest, and if poets are to be credited, best creation.

"Yes," said Frenchy, taking up a position in the middle of the sanded floor. "Yes—we are back again, Sheorge and I. And the whole world has heard of the 'Giralda,' eh? Three sloopes of war, two gunboats sent to the bottom. Four cities bombarded and the republic of Peru knocked over—that is what we have done, my frens."

He was only the cook of the "Giralda," but by sheer picturesqueness of demeanour, he threw that sordid fact into the background. George brought his hands above board again and settled down to watch Annie with steady eyes. They were large, quiet hands, ingrained with steel filings—the hands of a cunning artificer—with the strength of ten and the delicate touch of a woman, which could tell the gauge of a wire or the thread of a screw; could detect the quality of steel by the mere feel of it. He was a mechanical genius, this slow Tynesider, but he was uneducated. He had no book-learning. He could never be more than a third engineer, ready to play second fiddle to a Maltese sea-cook.

To an accompaniment of fizzling chops, Frenchy went on to tell them of the great deeds performed by the "Giralda" under, it would seem, his command. He told them of the fight in Callao Bay and the chase at sea. They could hear the water singing under the "Giralda's" shapely quarter as he told it. They could see the moonlight gleaming across the Pacific Sea.

"And the torpedo that got caught in our chains," he exclaimed at length. "You never heard that; for it was in no newspaper. It came like a great fish with a steam kettle in its inside. It got within our net where the join was, and there it caught and hissed and boiled, dragging the chain behind it, trying to get at the 'Giralda,' like a dog on a chain that tries to get at a cat."

And for a moment, by some wonder of facial expression, Frenchy himself looked like a fouled torpedo making a feint to reach Mrs. Mason and blow her into a thousand pieces.

"They tried to turn it with boat-hooks, but they could not free its little screw. There was nothing for it but to go overboard with a cold chisel and a hammer and cut the link—to drag the chain aside and slew it round! Ah! ah! away it went again like a mad dog, and presently, pam! It exploded half a mile away. And the 'Giralda' was saved, my frens, saved!"

AN OLD CUSTOM.

He stood in a triumphant attitude, with his two arms held above his head, and looked around him.

"And was it you, Frenchy, that went overboard with the cold chisel?" asked Annie, with that air of disdain which serves in some circles to indicate the immediate presence of an acknowledged admirer.

"No, no," he answered with an easy laugh. "It was Sheorge there."

But she did not look at George, who was engaged in polishing his knife on the tablecloth, a reprehensible habit soon acquired at sea.

"While you was peeling the taters in the galley," suggested the funny man near the window.

"No, my fren'," replied Frenchy with some dignity. "In my galley the 'tatoes are peel' just before dinner—not in the early morning and left to get sodden all day in a dipper of dirty water—same as on an English ship."

Which went home, perhaps, to the humorous cook, who at the moment had no ship.

Frenchy told one or two other stories, at the end of which Annie invariably pinned him down to sordid fact with the sure scorn of an acknowledged beauty and heiress. And each time Frenchy admitted, lightheartedly enough, that George was the real hero of the tale and himself only a witness. Annie never looked at George, however, as did the others, to his undisguised confusion. Indeed, she only glanced at him once after she had handed him his steak and when he first squared his elbows over his plate with an honest hunger that knew no shame; for he had been at sea two years. And for a moment her eyes were tender as she turned to her work again.

"You'll be coming for your teas?" she said to the two men when they rose and wiped their mouths with the back of their hands. At least George did; for Frenchy had a gay pocket-handkerchief with a printed border in washed-out Union Jacks. Frenchy took the remark to himself, as he always did, while George stood physically and morally in the background, admiring his quickness of speech and his self-confidence.

"Ah, Miss Annie—why you ask it? Why you ask it?" protested Frenchy, with a smile full of devotion.

"'Cos I want to know," replied Annie, with a matter-of-fact gravity.

Such an invitation was against all etiquette of eating-houses or of love, so it was of course accepted. They returned to tea, at which meal they had bloaters and slices of cold mutton. And Frenchy was very charming and gay. In his irresistible way he made love to Annie, and he made Mrs. Mason chuckle by his gallant overtures towards herself.

But George had nothing to say for himself. He never raised his eyes to Annie—not, at least, until he was sure that her back was turned. When, perhaps, she saw all the same. One never knows.

After tea, when Mrs. Mason went for her evening walk, as prescribed by her doctor, to counteract the enlarging influences of the grill, Frenchy announced an appointment with a fren' on board the Italian gunboat in Edwards' Dry Dock. George had no appointments. He had many friends, though he did not know it. He would go back on board. He was following Frenchy to the door, when Annie said calmly:

"Stop a bit, George."

And George turned back clumsily.

"What for?" he asked.

"'Cos I want to speak to you," replied the heiress of the South bank, and Frenchy went away alone.

George sat down again and tried to hide his feet and hands. For a moment Annie paused and fumbled with the corner of her apron. Then she took her courage in both hands, as queens and princesses have sometimes to do in similar circumstances.

"I was afraid," she said, "that the 'Giralda' wouldn't get back before the end of the year."

"Why?"

"'Cos it's Leap Year," answered Annie, with a perfect simplicity.

George raised his steady eyes for an instant and then averted them. There was a sudden dignity that fell over them at that moment, which the high-born and the great and the brilliant might well envy them—the dignity of self-respect and simplicity of thought.

She came nearer to him, and George stood up as if she had been indeed a princess.

"But you'll never tell that it was me that asked and not you?" she said.

"No, ma lass, I'll nivvor tell," he said.

And he never has.



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WHITBY ABBEY.

[Sutcliffe, Whitby.]

CAEDMON. ¹

Northumbria was the birthplace of English sacred poetry : and of that sacred poetry Caedmon was the father. To localise its birth-spot more nearly is to centre one's thoughts on Whitby, or rather on Streoneshalh, as it was called before the Danes came; and to think of the old wattled church, dwellings, and outhouses on the cliffs, now crowned by the abbey, and of the steep road rising from the shore to an outlook over that ocean which left its frequent impress on the Paraphrase ascribed to Caedmon. One recalls therefore with pleasure the raising of the monument to his memory at Whitby in 1898.

The great period of Anglian literature and learning lasted from the seventh to the ninth century. The home of this learning was Northumbria. Its associations are with kingly names like Edwin, Oswald and Oswy, and with ecclesiastical names like Aidan, Wilfrid, Cuthbert, Bede and Alcuin. The vigour and strength of the period burst forth almost suddenly on the acceptance of Christianity by Northumbria: and it seems literally true that one day the mead-hall might ring with pagan songs and sages, and the next with Christian hymns and poetic versions of scripture. The transition is well marked in the story of Caedmon himself; born a heathen and used to hear heathen songs, he first discovers his gift of song in praising the Creator—the God of “Genesis.”

The monastery at Streoneshall was founded in 657 by its first abess, the princess Hild, a woman renowned for piety and wisdom. It speedily became a centre of great ecclesiastical importance, and the scene of stirring events which could not fail to influence even lay dependants of the monastery such as Caedmon at first was. Kings and bishops came to advise with the abess; the princess Aelfreda was trained to a religious life under Hild; royal dead are buried within the sacred precincts. In 664 the famous Synod met at the monastery to discuss the Celtic and the Roman views on the keeping of Easter. The excitement of such a debate may even have helped to quicken Caedmon: for all we know, this may have been the very year when the divine afflatus came upon him; for Bede tells us he had learned no song until he was advanced in life (*provectoris actatis*), and his death is assigned to 680.

Our knowledge of Caedmon as a man is entirely due to the Latin account given by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History*. King Aelfred adds no information when he translates Bede into West Saxon. Bede wrote half a century after Caedmon died; he was a boy at the time of Caedmon's death, and might easily have spoken with men who had known Caedmon well. Bede's narrative is the best known story in our early literature: but it bears retelling. We learn from it how, at a feast (*in convivio*, or as Aelfred renders it, *in gebeorscipe*, "beership"), when, after the ancient usage of the mead-hall, the harp passed from hand to hand so that all should sing in turn, Caedmon was wont to withdraw from the festal board, as he saw the harp approach him. Once it chanced that he retired from the merrymakers to the cattle-shed, for the beasts were under his charge that night; and he fell asleep there, and as he slept, one appeared to him in a vision, and greeted him by name, saying, "Caedmon, sing me something." But he answered "Nay, I cannot sing: for that very reason I left the feast." Again he who spoke with him said, "Ah, but thou hast to sing." "What," asked Caedmon, "must I sing?" "Sing," replied the other, "the beginning of things created." And straightway Caedmon began to sing verses in honour of God the Creator which, literally rendered, run thus:—"Now must we glorify the guardian of heaven's realm, the Maker's might, and the thought of His mind, the work of the glorious Father, how of every wonder He, the everlasting Lord, formed the beginning. He first fashioned for the bairns of men heaven for a roof, holy Fashioner." Then middle-garth, He, the Warden of man-kind, the everlasting Lord, afterwards produced, even the Earth for mortals, He, the Lord Almighty." They are rough lines with heavy repetitions and a kind of defiance of order, but wonderfully emphatic when the alliteration of the original is observed. After all, according to the story, they are the words of a beginner.

Next morning, like Coleridge after "Kubla Khan" came to him in his dream, he could remember the words. Reporting his strange experience to the reeve who was his superior, Caedmon was brought before the abbeſs and the more learned brethren, and adjudged to have received from God a miraculous gift of ſong. He was admitted into the full fellowſhip of the monaſtery and ſet to tranſlate into Engliſh verſe the main events of ſacred hiſtory, read out to him in due order. All that he ſo heard he pondered, and "ruminating on it, as it were a clean animal, he uſed to turn it into the ſweeteſt ſong"—ſo winsome, indeed, that his teachers became his hearers.

Thus, according to Bede, was Engliſh ſacred poetry born. The ſtory may not in all its details be literally true; but on the other hand, it is very eaſy to lay too much ſtreſs on its ſuppoſed legendary features. It is by no means incredible that Caedmon amid the excitement attending his new found gift, really believed he had ſeen ſuch a viſion, but even if we grant it a tale invented, it teſtifies to the fact of the ſudden diſcovery of a half-cultured man's latent power of poetry. Remembering Bede's nearly contemporary evidence and his opportunities of teſting the truth of the account, we may ſafely aſſert that there was a man called Caedmon in Hild's time at Streoneſhalh; that having been a layman he was late in life inſpired by religious feeling to burſt into ſong; and that afterwards as a monk, he verſified the moſt ſignificant parts of ſcripture from the Creation of the world and of man to the Incarnation, Paſſion, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion of our Lord, and compoſed poems, like Dante, on the pains of hell and the bliſs of paradise.

"His aim," ſays Bede, "was to divert men from the love of evil, and kindle them to an affection for goodneſs"—ſo that the moral element which French critics have found almoſt overdone in Engliſh literature, appears very nearly at the beginning. Caedmon's own life and example were irreproachable. An odour of ſanctity may be ſaid to have clung to him. Florence of Worceſter believes his inſpiration was divine. William of Malmeſbury in the twelfth century tells of his relics working miracles: and Bede records the death-bed ſcene—impreſſive, peaceful, ſacred. Caedmon had been ill a fortnight when he aſked to be taken to the hoſpital of the monaſtery: on the night of his arrival, when it was paſt midnight, he aſked for the Eucharist, and after declaring himſelf at peace with all the ſervants of God, and being aſſured that all his fellows were at peace with him, he prepared to enter on the other life, fortified with the holy *viaticum*. "How near is the hour," he aſked, "at which the brethren muſt be called to ſing their nocturns in praiſe of God?" "It is not far off" was the answer. "It is well" ſaid the dying poet, "let us await that hour." And croſſing himſelf, he leaned back and

passed away in sleep. Fitly enough the praise of God was in his thoughts to the end, as it had been originally the inspiring motive of his poetry.

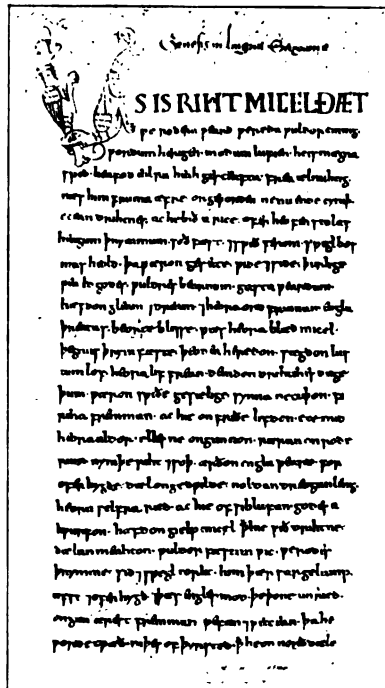
Some twenty years ago Professor Wülcker in an article in *Anglia* criticised an American writer on Caedmon for introducing the story of Caedmon's death: it might have been omitted as legendary, he contended. I do not think so. In the first place it may not be a legend; and next, its value depends not on whether it is legendary or true, but on its substantiating the opinion held about Caedmon in the age which immediately followed him.

But the truth is that if we are to record about Caedmon only matters of which critics are certain, we have already said far more than enough; for a sea of destructive criticism surges around every part of his story and of his works. By some we are assured that there was no Caedmon at all, but at most a monk of unknown name gifted with the power of versifying, whom his brethren called by a Chaldee name signifying "the beginning," because he sang of creation; by tradition we are assured that the author of the Paraphrase was a half cultivated rustic till late in life: by critics such as E. H. Müller that "Genesis" and "Exodus" judged by internal evidence must have come from an educated man who had been a warrior. Still more knotty are the questions affecting the works that go under his name. Here arise problems of criticism, the discussion of which imply the minutest philological knowledge of old English and several other Teutonic tongues; for the Caedmonian poems have been as fully debated, especially by German philologists, as the date and authorship of *Beowulf*, and in manner comparable to the ponderous learning bestowed on the vexed problem of the Homeric poems in Greek literature. Was it not a wise old critic who said life was too short for the study of Homeric question? What is the ordinary reader to think while doctors differ? Many declare that the Caedmonian poems, even if by different authors, are at any rate good Anglo-Saxon—are really English; Hicks last century pronounced them tinged by Scandinavian, so that their language must be described as "Dano-Saxon;" and Sievers this century has maintained that at least part of the Paraphrase on the Creation and Fall was a translation into Anglo-Saxon from an old Saxon original on the Continent in the dialect of the *Heliand*. But as the Continental Saxons were converted by English missionaries, it has been as stoutly maintained that the *Heliand* is indebted to the Northumbrian poems, not they to it.

This is no place for the discussion of such theories—nor even for the adequate statement of the grounds on which they are advanced. But amid so much uncertainty one may feel very sure that one's appreciation of the Caedmonian Paraphrase will not be hindered by accepting Bede's

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account in its entirety: better believe in a real Caedmon than in a mere Hebrew nickname given to an unlearned brother. It is worth noting that Bede distinctly records that the figure in the vision called Caedmon "by his own name" [*suo appellans nomine "Caedmon," inquit, "canta mihi aliquid"*]. A confusion between *ceol*, a boat, and "*ced*" induced Bouterwek, in 1845, to mistake "Caedmon" for an English word meaning "boatman." But although the name is not English, it may well be Celtic, like the name "Caedmon" (perhaps that of the carver) carved in runes on the cross at Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, where Celtic-speaking inhabitants lived long after the seventh century. If this is so, one



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may be prepared to find traces even thus early of "the Celtic note" about which we have heard so much since Matthew Arnold wrote on *The Study of Celtic Literature*.

To leave theory, and devote a paragraph to facts. The one manuscript of the Caedmonian poems is in the Bodleian Library. It is a small parchment volume in folio of 229 pages: the first 212 pages contain the Paraphrases based on Genesis, Exodus and Daniel, and are believed to have been copied in the tenth century; the last seventeen pages, in a

different and probably later handwriting, contain fragments on the Fall of the Angels and Man, on the Harrowing of Hell by Christ, and His Temptation in the Wilderness. These fragmentary poems are sometimes grouped together under the title of *Christ and Satan*. Up to page 96 the manuscript is illustrated by illuminations, about fifty in number, many of them of the quaintest description. The "Account of Caedmon's Metrical Paraphrase" communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in London by Ellis, was published in 1833, with engravings in facsimile from the text and illuminations of the manuscript. Among the most interesting of the plates are the facsimile of the first page giving the opening lines of the text; and illustrations of the fall of the rebellious angels into the mouth of Hell, which, as in the mystery plays, is represented by a leviathan with gaping jaws, within which lies Satan in bonds; or the drawings of the temptation of Eve by the serpent, the cruel laughter of the messenger-fiend when his deceit has prevailed, the sorrow of Adam and Eve, the Angel closing the Gate of Paradise, the cultivation of the earth by Noah, the elaborate design of the ark as a sort of combined ship and castle, and the dispersion at Babel. Mention should also be made of the beautiful ornamental decoration on p. 235 of the manuscript, and of the variety of grotesque design shewn in the capital letters. This manuscript was in the seventeenth century—in the age of Milton—given by Archbishop Usher to Dujon ("Junius"), an enthusiastic student of Anglo-Saxon, who in 1655 printed the contents. No author's name appears in the manuscript; but Junius considered that the contents corresponded with Bede's list of Caedmon's subjects, and the Paraphrase was entitled Caedmon's accordingly.

Accepting it as certain that there was a Caedmon who composed a "Genesis" "Exodus" and other sacred poems, we cannot be so certain that the "Genesis" "Exodus" and other parts of the Bodleian manuscript are his. We must bear in mind the wholesale transposition of Northumbrian literature in the age of Aelfred into West Saxon and the opportunity this gave for interpolation: we must also bear in mind the likelihood that Caedmon's Paraphrase might be in turn paraphrased in different northern monasteries where it circulated. Yet this proves no more than that the poems are not quite as Caedmon left them; and they are Caedmon's still in virtue of their ultimate origin. We may safely conclude that the poems we have are, if not Caedmon's, at least Caedmonian: for Bede's words tell us that he was the founder of a school of poets, and what is of much significance, that none of his imitators could rival him (*nullus eum aequiparare potuit*). I must confess a strong personal inclination to believe that the real Caedmon appears in far more of the Paraphrase than the critics would leave to him: for example, in spite of all

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the philologists, one feels it ought to have been a north countryman living on the coast, who introduced an east wind as one of the torments of hell!

In passing, a few words may be said about a point on which much controversy has arisen. The opening lines of the "Genesis"* consist of a Hymn to the Creator bearing in substance a considerable resemblance to Caedmon's first hymn—the offspring of his dream. Bede gives the hymn of the dream in Latin, which, he remarks, preserves the "sense" but not the "order" of Caedmon's original words. Aelfred in his translation of Bede, gives the hymn in Old English, saying that he preserves the original order (*endebyrðnes*). Now the hymn in the "Genesis" text and that in Aelfred's translation deviate widely, and doubt has consequently been thrown on the authenticity of "Genesis." It is contended that either Aelfred was merely amusing himself in his well-known enthusiasm for the vernacular, by retranslating Bede's Latin (but in that case why does he claim to keep Caedmon's original "order"?); or the text in "Genesis" must have been very much altered, if indeed it is by Caedmon at all. Too much has been made of the difficulty. Critics have no right to assume that the hymn at the beginning of "Genesis" was Caedmon's first hymn: its dissimilarity from Aelfred's Saxon is no argument against Caedmon's authorship of the opening of "Genesis." What is obviously a greater difficulty is to account clearly for the interpolation of a second account of the Fall of the Angels in the "Genesis," and to decide how much of "Genesis A" or "Genesis B" can be ascribed to Caedmon.

* OPENING LINES OF "GENESIS."

Us is riht micel thaet we rodera Weard,
 Wereda Wuldorcining wordum herigen,
 Modum lufien. He is maegna sped,
 Heafod ealra hesh geceafta,
 Frea aelmihtig. Naes him fruma aefre
 Or geworden, ne nu ende cymth
 Ofean drihtnes, ac he biþ a rice
 Ofer heofen-stolas heagum thrymmum.

**AELFRED'S WEST-SAXON VERSION
OF CAEDMON'S HYMN.**

Nu we sculan herian heofonrices Weard
Metodes mihte and his modgethone,
Wera Wuldorfaeder; swa he wundra
gehwaes
Ece Dryhten, ord onstealde.
He aeresst gescop eorþan bearnum
Heofon to hrofe, halig Scyppend;
Tha middangeard, monncynnes Weard,
Ece Dryhten, aefter teode.
Firum foldan, Frea Aelmihtig.

Alfred's version has been translated in the account of Caedmon's dream ; it should be added that a version of the lines in Northumbrian spelling appears in the Moore MS. of Bede at Cambridge, and may therefore accurately represent the oldest English hymn. The opening lines of *Genesis* may be rendered thus :—For us it is very right that we glorify in words, and love in soul, the guardian of the heavens, glory king of hosts ; he is the speeder of the strong, the head of all his high creation, the Lord Almighty. For him there hath not ever been first beginning, nor cometh now end of the Eternal Ruler, but he hath kingdom for aye over the heavenly thrones in high majesty.

It is scarcely matter for surprise that to a poet ranked by Bede so highly as Caedmon is, other works than those in the Paraphrase should be ascribed. Northumbrian variants of certain lines from the *Dream of the Holy Rood* were deciphered by Kemble in 1840 in the runes of the Ruthwell Cross; and the whole poem, afterwards found in the Vercelli MS. in West Saxon form, was with some plausibility assigned to Caedmon so long as it was believed that the name "Caedmon" on the Cross referred to the poet. But now the balance of evidence points to another north countryman, Cynewulf, as the author. In any case, the poem remains a noble specimen of early Northumbrian literature. The *Judith* (from the *Beowulf* manuscript), another Northumbrian poem marked by great dramatic and epic vigour in its portrayal of the murder of Holofernes by the Hebrew maid, has been often declared to be by Caedmon. And there is much in the language, spirit and even accentuation of the poem that resembles work in the Paraphrase. Others have contended that the *Judith* is at least as late as Aelfred's day; but it appears too fanciful to see in it an allusion to the exploits of the King's sister Aethelflæd.

Before touching on some of the literary qualities of the Caedmonian poems, one may allow oneself a few remarks suggested by Bede's account of Caedmon. In the first place, in his range of subjects from Creation through the series of Scripture history, Caedmon anticipates the later mystery play. He did by his Paraphrase for Early Northumbrian Christians what the trade guilds of the Middle Ages did by their scriptural shows for the townsfolk of England at large. No doubt this service to the Church of his time largely explains Bede's enthusiasm for Caedmon: no doubt it made his name a household word in many monasteries: and no doubt his works bore their part in spreading a knowledge of Scripture and Christianity throughout the North. It is this religious aspect of Caedmon's influence that leads me to think of him as occupying in English something of the position which Hesiod did in Greek Literature. In subject-matter, in poetic form and diction, in chronological position and to some extent even in condition of life, Caedmon is the Hesiod of English Literature. Hesiod, like Caedmon, was a poet of religion and of Creation in his *Theogony*. Hesiod followed the age of Greek epic represented by the Homeric lays, just as Caedmon followed the age of Saxon saga represented by *Beowulf*; both the Greek and the English poet told of new subjects in the standard diction of minstrelsy—the hexameter in the one case, the old English alliterative metre in the other. Both were sons of the soil, Hesiod a shepherd, Caedmon a neatherd: and both claimed to have been stirred to poetry by a

divine call—Caedmon by his mysterious vision, Hesiod by the Muses who appeared to him and called on him to utter true things, and sing of the race of the blessed ones that live for aye.

The story of Caedmon further prepares us for the literary qualities that are to be expected in his works. At such a point in our literature we are to look for strength, not beauty, for much that strikes us as awkward, for a rugged force, often secured by Teutonic insistence on doubled and redoubled epithets and synonyms. Equivalents are piled upon one another in the usual manner of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Thus the ark is "an ocean-house," "a mickle sea-chest," "a sea-dwelling," "a wood fortress," "a nailed-up board"; and battle is "the hard handplay" (*heard plega*), "the strife of spears," "the sword-slaughter," "the press of shields" (*lind-croda*), "the bloody bill-tracks," "the grim crash of helms." Here is no Greek polish and refinement, yet something dignified and sonorous and strenuous even in the monotonous chant of the alliterative metre. What is true of Caedmon is true of Old English poetry as a whole. If good style chiefly consists in the elements of luminousness and beauty, then Old English poetry excels in the former—in the qualities that express thought and feeling clearly rather than those which appeal to the artistic sense. Its simplicity and vigour, its quaint *naïveté*, its repetitions of synonyms are intellectual rather than aesthetic virtues. The *scóp* will have us understand; he may fail to charm. Hence no lines haunt the memory because of their beautiful word-music, as in Greek or Latin or modern English poetry; but phrases do cling to us because of their force and massiveness. Thus we do not easily forget that the sun is the "life-candle of peoples" (*folca frith-candel*). Perhaps the nearest approach to beauty is made in the compounds, where the combined elements have a suggestive charm independent of melody, as when Abraham calls Sarah an "elf-sheen may" or "woman elfin-fair" (*maeg aelf-scieno*). Rough, frequently uncouth, Caedmon is always masculine. He was no improvisatore, but an earnest Teuton who from oral renderings of scripture by his monastic brethren, could by "ruminating" produce vigorous and imaginative English verse. It is well to emphasise the imaginative in him, because he was probably all the better off, all the more unfettered, in that he could not read the Latin of the Vulgate for himself. This left his genius free. He was no slave of the letter. He could fill up the picture of the temptation of Eve as he chose: he could model the contest of Israelites and Egyptians in the "Exodus" on the wars of Teutonic peoples, or a scriptural invasion on a Northumbrian raid. His very story, with its romantic awakening of genius, and the influence which he exerted on successors make one much less inclined to take for granted, with Professor Ten-

Brink, that the less poetical portions of the Paraphrase are most likely to be Caedmon's. Bede, we have seen, said no one could equal him, and Bede's culture renders him a strong witness. Critics, judging, perhaps, too exclusively by the hymn, have been apt to assume that the rougher the work in the Paraphrase, the more certain it is to have been Caedmon's, and that the better work must be later. Besides the possibility of having two manners which Mr. Stopford Brooke has pointed out, there is the strong likelihood that Caedmon's poetic powers would, with practice, be developed and heightened, so that his earliest verse could not in the least be a fair gauge of his latest. I consider it a far more reasonable position to hold that the more heathen and warlike elements in the Paraphrase have come down to us from the age of Caedmon. They are such as he might have heard frequently in the songs of the mead-hall, and such as he would purposely retain to interest his fellow men in the new faith. And so the fires of the Eastern Gehenna alternate in the Paraphrase with the cold frost of the North that cometh ere dawn, an idea borrowed from the Teutonic Niflheim familiar to us in Matthew Arnold's "Balder Dead"; so there are traces of the ancient Teutonic terror of the mark-land or boundary of the tribe, common to Caedmon and to *Beowulf*; so a patriarch may be an "eorl" or an "aetheling" or "a guardian of bracelets" (*beaga weard*) so Nebuchadnezzar the "wolf-hearted" king of Babylon has "devil-sages" (*deofol-witgan*) around him who cannot read his dream "till that the prophet came, Daniel to judgment" (*oth thaet witga cwóm, Daniel to dôme*); and so the sons of Reuben are sea-vikings (*sae-wicingas*) as they cross the Red Sea. It is this blend of pagan and Christian elements that makes Caedmon an intensely interesting figure in the history of our culture, and marks him historically as a bridge between the secular *Beowulf* and the later Latin type of Cynewulf and his school.

To illustrate the literary power of this much debated Caedmonian poetry it would be strictly logical to choose instances only from parts of the Paraphrase which most critics allow to be at least Northumbrian. These parts, "Caedmonian," as already said, if not Caedmon's are *Genesis A* (ll. 1-234 and 852 to end of *Genesis*), *Ereodus* and *Daniel*. *Genesis B* (ll. 235-851) which contains the second account of the Fall of the Angels, has been by critics of repute allotted to the tenth century, along with the fragments of the Second Book, on the *Fallen Angels*, *Harrowing of Hell*, and *Temptation*. But it is still arguable that these are Northumbrian of the eighth century —of the school of Cynewulf rather than of Caedmon: What I propose to do is to refer briefly to some of the more impressive portions of the whole paraphrase, as we have it.

without implying that every example is the genuine work of Caedmon. This method will give some idea of the poems on which Caedmon's fame has traditionally rested.

At the outset, it is necessary to say that the effect of the paraphrase is weakened not only by frequent gaps, but by great inequalities. Much of it is dreary and prosaic in the extreme. Where it is most successful is in treating Satan's rebellion, fall and scheme of revenge—exactly the subjects that are most telling in *Paradise Lost*. Often the similarities in spirit and even expression are so striking that Milton has been thought by many to have been deeply indebted to Caedmon. The question has been differently answered by competent critics; and here it must suffice to say that I believe Prof. Wülcker's argument from Milton's *History of England* conclusive, that Milton read the oldest English only with the help of a Latin translation, and, as he was blind some years before Junius published the Paraphrase in 1655, any knowledge of Caedmon on Milton's part must have been at second hand. Further, most of the similarities may be accounted for without believing that Milton consciously borrowed from Caedmon.

No passage in *Genesis A* is more interesting than the conception of the waste chaos out of which the Deity raised creation, after the revolt of those foes whom, like a *Beowulf*, He had "gripped with cruel clutch" and thrust into exile.

Nor was here as yet,	save a hollow shadow
Aught brought to being ;	but the wide abyas
Stood deep and dim,	distant from its Lord,
Idle and unuseful ;	on it with his eyes gazed
The stout-souled King ;	and he marked the stead
Void of delights,	saw the dark cloud
Lower in lasting night,	swart under heaven,
Wan and waste,	till this world-creation
Grew through the word,	of the glory-king.
	Earth was as yet—
E'en the grass—ungreen !	great Ocean veiled
Swart in lasting night,	near and far,
The waters wan.	Then was the wondrous-bright
Spirit of the heaven's Ward	o'er the heaving deep borne.
With mickle speed.	

From *Genesis B* one might illustrate at length the fiery northern note in the independence of Lucifer who will not cringe or fawn to any "Higher" who will not be a "Younger," and who claims to have "mickle power" (*geweald micel*) himself, and stout comrades, heroes hardy-hearted, that will not fail him in the strife. But I pass to the description of Hell, a much fuller and more effective one than in *Genesis A*.

Would not worship,
Under the earth beneath
Set them triumphless
There have they at even
Each one of all the fiends—
Then cometh at early dawn
And frost fiercely cold—

Fiery and hot flame
Firebrand and broad lowes
Mist and murkiness.
That land was light less,
Mickle was the fear of fire.

Because they his deed and word
therefore in a worse light
Almighty God
in the swart hell.
endlessly long—
renewal of fire.
an eastern wind
alway fire or piercing pang :
torment they thole,
in midst of hell
and eke bitter reeking
yet was it full of lowes.

This is a vivid anticipation of Milton's picture of

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from the flames
No light.

But even more suggestive of Milton is the familiar passage containing the reflections of Satan as he lies fettered (I give Mr. Stopford Brooke's rendering):—

O how most unlike
To that other home
High in Heaven's realm !

Is that Adam now
Shall possess my stool,
Be in bliss himself :
Harm this hell within !
Might I out of this
But one winter hour,
But about me braced
Rides me here a rope of chains,

Over me and under,
Landscape loathlier than this.
Hot along this hell.

is this narrow stead
which of old we knew

This the greatest of my sorrow—
who of earth was wrought
hold my stronglike seat,
and we this bale endure,
Ai ! Ai ! Of my hands had I power
for one hour be,
with this host would I ——— !
lie the bands of iron,
realmless am I now !
Mickle fire is here
Ne'er before I saw
Never lulls the flame

The threat which he breaks off by *Aposiopesis* is as effective as the famous threat of Neptune against the winds in Virgil. And a little later follows Satan's craving for revenge ; will any thegn on whom in better days he has, after princely fashion, conferred treasures, will any thegn in gratitude "wheel him through the welkin" and undo the happiness of Adam and Eve?

Should this work with wiles—
They may leave and all his lore,
If they break his bidding,
Then their weal is whirled away,
Harm and sorrow hard !
How ye may overcraft them,
Softly rest me then.

Ah if one of you
that the word of God
loathlier they'll be to Him !
then his wrath shall burn on them,
and their wretchedness is readied,
Have in thought then, all of you,
So within these chains shall I

As Mr. Brooke says, "the comfort of vengeance was never better put." Into the details of the temptation which results we may not enter further than to say that the poet exhibits considerable originality in its management. The fiend in the guise of a "Worm" claims to be a messenger from God; he is foiled by Adam, who, with admirable caution, says he knows naught of him, but knows what God's bidding was (*ic wát hwaet he me self bebead*); then the tempter pretends to Eve that God will be angry that His message has been slighted, and that it is her duty to turn away His wrath from both; besides, she will gain more influence over Adam, and the world will seem fairer; lastly why distrust him? "I am not like a devil," he argues. And thus, with a simple pity for the deluded woman and almost marvelling that God could allow such deceit, the poet represents the Worm as triumphant. Adam can scarce be persuaded in a day to yield to all Eve's entreaties; he is not the chivalrous and more romantic Adam of Milton, who at once claims to share the fault of Eve. The moment their ruin is complete, the laughter of the fiend dramatically reveals to them their sin. Without pleasure in their fall, and without a gradual dawning of guilt followed by mutual blame, they realise their doom at once. "It is," says Mr. Brooke, "the Northern quickness of Conscience," and, in any case, it is an obvious contrast to the treatment in *Paradise Lost*.*

Genesis A resumes the Paraphrase with an account of Cain and Abel. But the next most interesting episode is the description of the Flood and Noah's building and sailing of the ark. There is abundant knowledge of sea and storm, such as a dweller at Whitby might well have. And just as it is an English feeling for the sea that lends the paraphrase force in telling of Noah, so it is a primitive Saxon glee in battle that accounts for the best passages in the life of Abraham. The love of the picturesque carries the poet away from biblical details; he thinks of eastern kings under the Saxon epithet of "dispensers of gold" (*goldes bryttan*); the treasures and hoards, the bracelets and twisted gold of the North reappear in oriental surroundings; it is the "march of the war-wolves" (*here-wulf a sith*) that devastates Sodom and Gomorrah; and we seem to have travelled far indeed from the original setting in the east when we read that "Northmen were to Southfolk deadly" (*Northmen waeron Suthfolcum swice*). Abraham is virtually an English *Eorl* in his bearing; witness, when refusing reward for his prowess shewn

* I have quoted somewhat fully from *Genesis B*; because it is, on the whole, the part of the Paraphrase best worth studying. It shows a much greater power of drawing character than any other part of "Caedmon." Briefly, its interest is both objective and subjective; whereas the rest of the poems are mainly objective.

in battle, his sturdy declaration: "there is no worldly fee that I will own, scot nor shilling." In the history of Sarah and Hagar, which follows, it is where the poet most freely departs from his original that he is most entertaining. Dialogue is introduced with dramatic effect. Quaint borrowings from early English home-life impart realism to the narrative; and in the prophecy of the holdings that shall fall to the lot of Abraham's seed, we have a picture suitable to many fortresses left by the Romans in Northumbria; for his descendants are to possess:—

Each of the folk-lands	far as these three waters
Sweep around with streams	stone burgs rising steep,
Foaming flow the floods	round the fortrees of the folk.

(Mr. Brooke's translation.)

The *Genesis* of the MS. suddenly ends in the tale of the sacrifice of Isaac. Its literary value lies largely in its dramatic touches; its anthropological value in evident reminiscences of the human sacrifices of the Northmen; its spiritual value in its testimony to the moral grandeur of faith.

The interest of the *Exodus* centres in the triumph of the Israelites over the host of Pharaoh at the Red Sea. The curt and balanced Old English style is at its best in dealing with war and catastrophes. Save for a wearisome interpolation in the midst of the battle-piece, the book is an artistic unity. It is powerful, too. The influence of the old battle-lays is everywhere felt.* The passage describing the fate of the Egyptians may be translated to illustrate the book:—"The folk was afeared, the flood-dread overcame their sad spirits; ocean wailed with death; the mountain heights were with blood besteam'd; the sea foamed gore; crying was in the waves, the water full of weapons; a death-mist arose. The Egyptians were turned back—fled as they trembled: fear they felt. Blithely would that host find their homes; their vaunt grew sadder; against them, as a cloud, rose the fell rolling of the waves. There came not any of that host to home."

The *Daniel* is the weakest book of the Paraphrase. Lovers of Caedmon have no consuming desire to claim it as his. For this tameness, there is no inherent reason in the original; for seldom has imagination been made more strikingly subservient to religious purposes, as Prof. Driver has declared in his edition of *The Book of Daniel*. Yet in its Saxon form, it is a mere versified chronicle, enlivened by flashes of better things as when the writer incorporates an earlier poem on the *Song of*

* In the preparations for the impending contest we seem to be reading of the equipment of an Old English host; while the screaming of war-fowl greedy of battle and the horrid even-song of the wolves recall the setting of Northern poems.

the Three Children in the fiery furnace, and the *Prayer of Azarius*. The most striking contrast to its general monotony of style appears in the feeling for nature which prompts the two similes:—"Them (the three in the fiery "oven") there no whit harmed, but it was therein all-to most like as when in summer the sun shineth, and the dew-drops in day time are by the wind scattered"; and when the "all-bright" angel from above quells the flames, "then was it, in the oven, windy and winsome, likest to the weather when in summer's tide is sent a down-pour of drops (*dropena drearung*) in the day's space, a warm shower from the welkin." It is highly remarkable that Old English, so rich in metaphor, should be so poor in simile. Occasionally the dryness of *Daniel* is relieved by phrases suggestive of English associations: thus Nebuchadnezzar orders his "reeves" (*gerefan*) to search Israel for learned youths to have them taught Babylonian "craft"; the magi are "book-men" (*boceras*); the warning angel at Belshazzar's feast writes on the wall runic words (*warda gerynu*) in crimson characters (*bóc-stafas*) for "borough dwellers" to see. Readers of dreams are rune-crafty (*run-craeftige*).

The second book of the manuscript is the old English *Paradise Regained*. It loses, however, greatly in interest by its fragmentary state, the first of its three portions returns to the theme of Satan's fall and torment; but he is now an object of pity in his loathsome home, agonised by yearnings after "that imperial palace whence he came":—"O that I am bereft of all eternal joy! Never again with hands to reach to Heaven; never with eyes to turn and upward look; never with ears of mine again to hear the clear-resounding clarion's voice."

In the *Harrowing of Hell*, the hero, the Lord of Angels amid light unknown to the fiends since they fell from bliss and with thunder loud from heaven, bursts the hell-door at early dawn ere blush of day (*aer daegrede*), and releases the pardoned souls from prison. They rise with him to their true country in heaven, His glorious burg (*tha moeran burh*). The other fragments of the section end with the Last Judgment.

The *Temptation of Christ* contains the dismissal of Satan ("Depart thou accursed"), with the command that he announce no hope to the dwellers in the pit, and with the terrible sentence that he "measure with his hands the width and length of hell's dreary abyss, till that he know its circuit all, from above to its depth, and mete out how broad is the swart vapour." Then the wretched fiend falls into torment once more; and as he falls, first the wan flames beat upon him; next, he beholds the prisoners lying bound in the loathly den; then, a cry rises as they know him; at length, he reaches the lowest depth (*on botme stod*), and it seems to him that thence to hell-door is a hundred thousand

miles of measured space! Finally, the words of doom ring out through hell from the accursed spirits, jeering at their Captain:—"Lo, thus be now in evil; good erst thou wouldest not."* And so most appropriately the paraphrase closes with the attention fixed once more on the central figure of its best and earlier parts, which his admirers are most anxious to associate with the name of Caedmon.

J. WIGHT DUFF.



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[Sutcliffe, Whitby.

“Stand on the cliff of Hild and be
A beacon far across the sea
To tell to every wandering sail
That here God's praises cannot Fail.”

* The situation recalls the reception accorded to the dead Emperor Claudius in Hades, as described in Seneca's famous satire on his deification. After he had failed to gain admission into heaven, Claudius is welcomed with shouts of derision below; and his former friends and courtiers curse him to his face, as the fiends curse Satan.

A PROPHET AND HIS COUNTRY.

On a certain fine morning which fell in the middle of a brilliant summer it suddenly occurred to Stephen Moore that the hedgerows round about his native place must by that time be white with may-blossom, and he laid down his pen and began to think about the country. He thought in a vague, dreamy fashion, and as he thought an unconscious contrast was formed in his mind—a contrast between his present surroundings and those wherein his youth had been chiefly spent. Without seeming to see it his mental vision saw the significance of the former: his mind appraised its value in comparison with his memories of the latter. He gradually began to think more clearly, and as sharply defined images shaped themselves in his mind—images of a village church and school-house, of a village green and the soft sunlight falling across it—he turned in his chair and looked in a leisurely critical way at the things which met his visual sense.

There was nothing to find fault with in the apartment in which Moore sat. It was large, lofty, and pleasant, and its two tall windows, the balconies of which were filled with a wealth of summer flowers, looked out upon the tree-shaded garden of a London square, filled at that moment with gracious sunlight. All about the room were evidences of taste, refinement, and the possession of moderate wealth. Books, and pictures, and curiosities were there in plenty, the books in cases of quaint design, the pictures disposed in that apparent confusion which is the height of careful arrangement, the curiosities strewn about as if their owner scarcely recognised their worth. Every chair in the room was full of invitation to the weary man or the ease-loving idler, except that in which Moore sat before his writing table. That was hard-seated and straight-backed, and the table which it faced was as business-like as itself. There everything was ranged in order, with an almost too-scrupulous precision. A brass-bound oak box in one corner, a rack filled with books of reference in another; a pile of proof-sheets here, various other things suggestive of literary occupation here and there; a vast blotting-pad, supporting a manuscript on which Moore still kept his hand as he gazed about him—these things formed an index to their owner's character. There was nothing of the imagined Bohemian in Moore's appearance—his lounge suit of grey tweed was built after the latest fashion, and his tie had come out of a Bond Street shop.

These were the things which Moore actually saw as he looked about the room and at himself. He saw different things with the eyes of his mind. Far beyond the four walls which enclosed him he saw a

Yorkshire village and in it a modest house wherein dwelt some very poor folk. He saw the gradual procession of seasons across the land; the life lived for the most part in sober tints of brown and grey; he heard the now-unfamiliar voices of the folk who lived in it. Then he began to look at the figure of one of the inmates of the modest house—the figure of a boy whose only pleasure in life was to read all the books he could lay hands on, or to ramble about the woods and fields, whose great aversion was to school and manual labour, and who was regarded by most folk as an embryo ne'er-do-weel. Moore began to laugh as he thought of this boy, and he suddenly pushed his work aside, rose from his chair, and began to walk up and down the room.

"How long is it since I left Appleford?" he said, musingly. "Let me see—I was eighteen then, and I am thirty-five now. Seventeen years! It seems seventy. I wonder what the place looks like—what the people are like; what they would say if they saw me again? Is there any one there who would know me? I dare say I should remember many of them."

Then the may-blossom suggested itself to him again: he could see it whitening all the hedgerows around the little red-roofed village, and smell its sweet, heavy fragrance.

"It's strange that I have never once thought of going back there—never for a moment. I suppose there was nothing to go for, and there was so much to see elsewhere—when I was able to see anything. I wonder what it would be like to go back and see the old place!"

The train of thought was carried on in leisurely fashion for some time—suddenly Moore threw the cigarette away, and striding across the room to his desk opened a drawer and took out an A B C. He turned over its pages until he came to the Y's.

"York is the nearest place," he said. "Supposing I go down to York, stay the night there, and look up the old place to-morrow? Why not?"

He found particulars of the train he wanted, threw the railway guide away, and rang the bell. A man-servant answered the summons with promptitude.

"I'm going down to York by the 2-20 from King's Cross, Johnson," said Moore. "Pack a portmanteau and meet me at the station. I shall be away for"—he hesitated, considering matters—"perhaps three days," he concluded.

That was how Moore came to go back to the place where he had lived his life as a boy. It was early in the afternoon of the next day when he arrived at the small market-town which was to the village what London is to its suburbs. He had not seen it for seventeen years, and yet its

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outward appearance was just the same—the wide market place, the sleepy streets, the general air of out-of-the-world-ness which he remembered so well. Even after the old-world air of York, where he had spent his morning, the market-town was remarkable for evidences of antiquity. As he walked from its little station to the heart of the town he recognised more than one face. There was Doctor Slowcombe, driving home to his afternoon dinner; there was Cutts, the butcher, standing in the doorway of his shop; there was old Stringham, the veterinary surgeon, chatting with Cupps the barber, on the pavement in front of the Green Dragon. Not a man of them looked very much different—Moore knew them at once, knew them as well as he had known them seventeen years before. He stared hard and long at each as he passed them, but none of them recognised Moore.

He walked into the cool stone hall of the Green Dragon and turned into the coffee room. It was just the same as ever—the same chairs, same sofa, same quaint ornaments and pictures: there was nothing new but the waiting-maid, and she was only new to Moore because it was quite obvious that she had seen little more than as many years as he had been a stranger to the place. Even the ale which she brought him tasted just like the modest glass of ale which he had sometimes treated himself to when he came into the town as a lad. It was all the same—all. He had been away seventeen years, and he had changed, but the scenes and people he had left behind had changed little.

Moore made a hearty lunch of cold roast beef and bread and cheese and ale—a regular country-inn feast—and mentally contrasted it, with much favour on its side, with meals eaten in gilded saloons and in great houses. He lounged in the bow-window of the room when he had finished his repast and watched the various sights which one sees in an English country-town of a summer afternoon, and he said to himself that everything was just the same. Nobody seemed to be busy; old men, retired from the cares of business, met and chatted garrulously; grooms in charge of horses stopped to discuss equine matters with grooms similarly employed, the sunlight slanted across the roofs over everything. It was very peaceful—just as it had been seventeen years before.

After a time Moore went out into the market place and wandered about it. He remembered, with feelings which hovered between delight and wonder, how he used to come there from the village three miles away on Saturday afternoons, when all the world and his wife went a-marketing, and he wished that this had been Saturday afternoon, so that he might have seen the once familiar sight again. He looked at the well-known landmarks—there was the Moot-hall, and the parish stocks still in existence close by; there the ancient cross rising from the steps

on which the country women used to sit with their baskets of eggs and butter, and there the lych-gate of the ancient church into which he had sometimes wandered as a child, half afraid of the dim light and the tombs of long dead men and women. Nothing seemed to have altered, save that half-way along the row of old, half-timbered shops standing in the midst of the square, some irreverent vandal had dared to build a new one of red brick with yellow facings.

With something of instinct Moore's feet turned towards one of the old shops—a shop whereat he had once gazed every Saturday with great reverence because it held printed books in its window. He drew near and looked at the window now: it was set out in pretty much the same fashion as of old, but he smiled as he read the titles of the books ranged in prim rows behind the quaint squares of glass. The spirit of mischief came upon Moore—he opened the door of the shop and entered.

The man behind the counter was the man who used to stand there seventeen years before, and he looked little altered, save that he now wore spectacles and stooped somewhat. He bent an attentive glance over his wares as Moore approached him.

"I—er—I want to buy a novel," said Moore, lamely.

The old bookseller bowed politely and began to show his goods. He drew attention to the works of a lady novelist (now happily released from this world, whose writings blended bad theology with worse sentiment), and said that his customers were very fond of this writer. He pointed out the works of the present-day writer—the Rev. Benjamin Bellows (full of popular ideas of serious things and of fiction of the penny novelette order) and remarked that they enjoyed a large sale. Or here was quite another class of fiction in sixpenny volumes—he indicated a row of copies of Dickens, Scott, Lytton, and other unfortunates, printed in Germany and bound anywhere. Some people, he said, bought them, but most of his customers preferred Mr. Bellows's works, or the late Mrs. Emmerjane's. Then he removed his spectacles and looked at Moore as if wondering which of the deceased lady's books would best suit his case.

"I—er—I don't think I quite see what I want," said Moore. "Haven't you—er—haven't you anything new?"

Certainly—here was Mr. Bellow's latest story "Tommy Tittle: or Never Say Die"—that was quite new, and a most instructive, elevating story.

"No thanks," said Moore. "I want something modern. Have you no modern novelists on your shelves? Have you, for instance, anything of—er—of Stephen Moore's?"

The old bookseller shook his head.

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"Dear me!" said Moore. "Now that's strange. I believe that Mr. Moore was a native of these parts, and one of his best known works is—I think the scenes are laid in this town."

"Indeed, sir," said the old bookseller. "Dear me! I had not heard of it. I don't remember any person of that name who would be likely to write a book, and I know all the good families of the neighbourhood. And a book about the town too? Really!—but we have little demand, sir, for what one might call frivolous books. Our customers prefer something of this sort, sir, something combining religion with what one may term the family story."

"Just so," said Moore. "I understand."

Then, for the good of the shop, he purchased "Tommy Tittle," paid for it, and carried it away. Once outside he laughed very softly—it had never occurred to him until that day that the book which had made his name famous in two continents might be all unknown in the little town with the life of which it had largely dealt. He strolled back to the hotel, hid "Tommy Tittle" in a corner of the coffee-room, made arrangements for conveying his portmanteau to Appleford, and then started out on his three miles walk. The outskirts of the market-town were soon left behind, and the familiar highroad stretched away in the distance before him, a streak of flaming white between the rich green of the meadows which flanked it on either side. Yonder was the sharp rise in the road leading to the top of the Nut-hatch hill—beyond it, nestling in a hollow of the land, lay Appleford. Moore quickened his steps—the sight of well remembered landmarks spurred him on.

It was with a beating heart and moist eyes that he stood at last on the summit of the hill and looked down on the village at his feet. It was just as he had dreamt of it the previous day—a collection of red roofs clustering around a village green and dominated by the grey spire of the old church, and all about it was the pink and white of the may-bloom and of the orchards, the gold and silver of the buttercups and daisies in the meadows, and the wonderful fresh green of woods and fields and hedgerows. Thin spirals of blue smoke rose from the chimneys—on the green a solitary house stood meditative beneath the shelter of a giant elm—in the pond certain small white specks gyrated here and there after the fashion of ducks enjoying a summer day's swim. It was all as it had been in the days of his youth—nature had suffered no change here at any rate.

He descended the shelving road after a while and walked into the village. Every step which he took brought him within sight or touch of some familiar scene or object. He met two or three people whose faces he remembered: they stared hard at him, but he knew that the

only reason they had for doing so was that the sight of a fashionably dressed gentleman was somewhat uncommon. The Stephen Moore who had come back, well clad, prosperous and comfortable in appearance, was a very different person to the Stephen Moore who had left in home-made garments with all his belongings in his pockets. The people had not changed and so he knew them; he had changed, and they did not know him.

Moore crossed the village green and entered the open door of the "Blue Pig." He went into the bar-parlour—there was nothing changed there—the same chairs and tables were ranged in the same way, and the same sporting prints hung on the walls. He fully expected to see the old landlord, and was disappointed to encounter a buxom young woman who had arrayed herself in her afternoon gown and ribbons and who informed him that she was the landlady. Moore asked for a room for the night and enquired as to the prospects of an evening meal. The arrangements were satisfactory—he could have anything he required.

"You have a very fine church here, I believe?" he said, with strict intent. "I want to examine it carefully."

The landlady said that was so, though perhaps Appleford folk didn't think as much of it as they ought to. But many strangers came to see it, and sometimes some of them stayed at the "Blue Pig" for a day or two. Yes—the key could be got at the sexton's cottage—that was it right opposite. Moore thanked her, fixed an hour for his meal, and went out. He knew the sexton's cottage better than she did—he had spent nearly all the years of his youth under its roof.

Until the shadows of evening fell Moore wandered freely about the village. He knew that within an hour of his arrival the news would have gone round that a stranger gentleman had come to see th' owd church, and that the only wonder about him would be that anybody could be so prodigal of their time and money as to travel so far to see what Appleford folk could see any day. And so, though he recognised face after face, and heard voices whose intonation he remembered quite well, nobody recognised in him the lad they had once known.

That evening, after Moore had finished his supper in the best parlour of the "Blue Pig," he went into the bar to join the select company already assembled there. The sound of their voices had reached him for some time, and he knew quite well whom he would find in that convivial circle. When he opened the door and went in, his eyes fell upon faces which had not altered much. There was Puddock, the biggest farmer in the place, in his chair by the hearth; there was Bottwill, the miller, at his elbow; opposite to them were Stakes, the shopkeeper, and Clough, the carpenter. Moore, knowing local custom, greeted them:

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politely and sat down amongst them, having first ordered a glass of whisky for himself. He wished them good health as he drank; they thanked him and reciprocated his sentiments. They began to talk—the weather, the crops, the last stage of the war, came under discussion. One or two other men came in; amongst them the sexton who had given him the keys of the church in the afternoon. This man, a lull in the conversation occurring, enquired of Moore what he thought of the church.

“Very fine, indeed,” said Moore. “One of the finest old churches I have ever seen. I must make a thorough inspection of it to-morrow.”

The sexton betrayed signs of pride.

“There’s a many comes to see t’owd church,” said he. “They come thro’ York, and Leeds, and all ower t’ country, and we’ve hed ’em thro’ London itself. I couldn’t say how many visitors we’ve had sin’ I been t’ sexton, and theer wor a bonny lot afore my time.”

“Why, it’s nobbut like yesterda sin’ thou tuke ho’d,” said the miller. “Thou’rt nowt but a new-beginner, like.”

“Matter o’ seventeen years come Trinity,” said the sexton. “It wor just afore Trinity ’at owd Ben Moore died, and t’ sextonship wor conferred on me straight away. Owd Ben wor my first buryin’—t’ new sexton buried t’ owd sexton.”

“And how long had your predecessor being in office?” enquired Moore.

“Owd Ben? Eh, he’d been i’ office a long time, hed owd Ben. I couldn’t rightly say,” said the sexton, scratching his head. “But it were a long time—a varry long time.”

“Fotty-two year,” said Mr. Puddock. “Fotty-two year—that’s what it wor.”

“I wonder what’s gotten yon lad o’ owd Ben’s,” said the miller. “Owd Ben’s grandson, I meän. Hes he iver been heerd on sin’ he went away?”

“Noän he!” said Mr. Puddock. “Noän he. Eh, but he wor a little young varmint, wor that theer. Stiven, they called him—aye, Stiven Moore. A wouldn’t do a stroke of work if a could help it. Bone-idle—that’s what he wor.”

The other men nodded, and said “Aye, he wor bone-idle.” Moore looked at the farmer.

“Did you say Stephen Moore?” he said. “I know a Stephen Moore in London, who is a Yorkshireman. He—he is rather a famous man, and what you’d call—well, rather well-off. I wonder if it’s the same man you’re talking of?”

Mr. Puddock shook his head.

"Nay, sir, I should think not," he said, decisively. "This here lad 'at we're talkin' about wor over idle to mak' owt out. He wor owd Ben Moore's grandson—his feyther and mother had died when he wor nowt but a bairn—and owd Ben fended for him. He did reight to that lad, did owd Ben," continued Mr. Puddock, warming to his story, "clothed, fed, and housed him, and sent him to t' school. But he wor a bad 'un thro' t' furst. He wor allus playin' t' trownt—I've catched him i' my fields many a time when he owt to ha' been at t' school. They said he wor allus a dunce at school, an' all—niver could mak' him learn owt. And yet he wor allus readin'—I lay he borrowed ivery book there wor i' t' place afore he left it. T' parson lent him books, and t' squire' lady lent him books, and owd Ben wor that soft about him 'at he said nowt ageean it. And, of course, book-readin's nayther here nor theer for lads i' his station," concluded Mr. Puddock.

"Why, o' course, nobody objects to a bit o' readin', like, on a Setterda neet, or on a Sunday, or such odd times," said the carpenter. "But its neythur here nor there, as Mestur Puddock says, for lads—allus barrin' them 'ats larnin' to be lawyers, or doctors, or parsons, like."

"And what became of this lad?" asked Moore.

Mr. Puddock spat vigorously into his spittoon.

"Nay," he said, "he left t' place when owd Ben died. T' owd woman had dee'd long afore that, and so theer wor nowt to keep t' lad here. He sold all t' bits of things 'at owd Ben hed, and he had a gravestone put ower t' owd man's grave, and then off he went, wi' a few o' pounds in his pocket. I remember his goin' varry well," said Mr. Puddock, ruminatively. "I met him at t' end o' t' village theer, as he wor settin' off wi' a bit of a bundle on his back. 'Now, mi lad,' I says, 'wheer art ta goin', and what's ta bahn to dew when tha gets theer?' I says. 'I'm goin' to see the world, Mr. Puddock,' he says, as bold as brass. 'And some day I'm going to write a book, and when I do, I'll put you in it.' That's what the young scorpril said—aye, a did!"

"I think," said Moore, "that this must be the Mr. Moore I spoke of. He is a writer of books, and this village is described in one of them."

This remark was received in dead silence. After a time.

"It's varry like at yon' Stiven *wod* take to t' book-writin' trade," said the carpenter. "He wur allus readin' 'em. Is theer owt to be made out o' that trade, think you, sir?"

"Oh, yes," Moore answered. "Yes, I should say, from the very slight knowledge of this Mr. Stephen Moore which I possess, that he makes a very handsome income."

"Dear me!—I couldn't ha' thowt it. Well, if it's t' same Stiven

Moore I'm glad to hear it, though, of course, it's a pity he hedn't a respectable trade. What might he mak', now—a couple o' pounds a week, sir?"

"It is said—on good authority," answered Moore, "that he makes over three thousand pounds a year."

"Then it's noän this Stiven Moore!" said Mr. Puddock, making his voice heard above the clamour of astonishment. "Three thousand pounds a year!—a' couldn't addle fifteen shillin' a week at honest wark!"

"A' but ye see, this 'ere writin' trade's not exactly honest work. Mestur Puddock," said the miller. "It's like lawyer wark—all trickery."

"It's amaäzin' to me at theer's owt to be made at it," said the carpenter. "A'm sewer I niver buy no books—I sud goä to sleep ower one."

"Theer's nobbut two books at iver I read i' my life," said Mr. Puddock. "One's t' Owd Book, and t' other's t' Prayer Book, an' I've no 'cassion to read owt else."

"I would like to know if it is t' same Stiven Moore," said the miller, "it seems fair cappin' at a poor lad could do owt like that theer."

"Supposing," said Moore, "supposing that—that it is the same man—you'd no doubt feel very proud to see him here again and to know that he had done so well, eh? Would you?"

But he knew as he finished his question that they would not. The old, savage-like antipathy to anything not understood, which is the true dominant keynote of rustic character, was strong amongst them, and it would never be conquered. And nobody replied to his question.

"If it is t' same man," said the shopkeeper, "I wo'dn't mind seein' him agen, 'cos if he's doin' as well as that theer he might happen pay up a bit o' brass 'at owd Ben owed me when he died. It wor nowt much—matter o' ten pund—an' I said nowt to t' lad about it, 'cos I knew theer wo'dn't be much for him to start off wi'. It wor a bill at owd Ben hed run up once when his owd woman wor badly, an' I niver pressed him for it. But ten pund is ten pund now-a-days."

Moore presently said good-night to the company and retired to the best parlour. He sat there smoking for some time and his thoughts were many. He spoke his conclusion aloud.

"They wouldn't understand," he said to himself. "They wouldn't understand a bit."

Then another thought came upon him: he laughed softly.

"If old Stakes had asked me for that 'ten pund,' seventeen years ago," he murmured, "it would have made something of a difference. 'Ten pund' was 'ten pund' in those days—thank God, it's not quite so valuable now."

Next morning Moore amused himself in various ways until noon, when he set out for the market-town, intending to lunch there. He had reached the top of the hill overlooking the village when he met a handsome woman, dressed in sober fashion, who was walking towards Appleford. She was tall and well-shaped and her face bore traces of much past beauty. Moore looked at her and stopped.

"Letty!" he exclaimed. "Letty!—don't you know me?"

The woman paused, stared at him half angrily, half wonderingly.

"I'm sure, sir—" she began.

"You've not forgotten Stephen Moore!" he said. "Look closer."

A gleam of recognition came into her eyes. She held out her hand—gloved in black cotton.

"It—it's not Stiven, surely?" she said.

"Yes," said Moore, "it's Stiven."

The woman stood looking him up and down—the wonder in her eyes grew greater. "Well, I'm sure!" she said. "Who'd ever ha' thought it? And you're changed, and I suppose I am—I've been married this sixteen years to Mr. Chipscale, the grocer, in Cowesley—he's doing well, is my husband. What might you be doin' now?—you was never one for an honest trade as a lad—allus readin' and such-like idleness, wasn't you?"

"I daresay," said Moore, looking at her and wondering what she really had been like seventeen years before when he had kissed and left her.

"You're dressed like a gentleman, and you speak like a gentleman," she said, still eyeing him over. "I hope you're following an honest calling—I've allus felt sorry there was nobody to put you to a good trade."

"It was rather a pity, wasn't it?" he answered. "However—I'm all right, Letty."

"Mrs. Chipscale," she said reprovingly.

"Mrs. Chipscale," he said. "Yes—I—I am all right."

"I suppose you'll be married, too?" she said, with an arch glance.

"No," he answered, "I am not married, but I shall be very soon. I am to be married next month."

"And where might you be livin' now?" she enquired. "I've oft thought of you, and wondered where you might be."

"I'm rather a rolling stone," said Moore. "Sometimes I live in London and sometimes in Paris."

"Paris! Ah!" she said. "I'm afraid you've not settled down yet: they're both bad places them. I was going to ask you to call in and see us at Cowesley, but I don't know—James is very partik'ler, and he's a deacon at our chapel, and much thought of."

A PROPHET AND HIS COUNTRY.

"That was good of you, but I am just going back to London," said Moore. "Good-bye."

"Good-day," said Mrs. Chippendale, wonderingly. She shook hands with him in a limp, uncertain fashion, and seemed uncomfortable because he removed his hat as she moved away. "Poor Stiven!" she said. "I'm afraid he's up to no good! What a pity he was never put to anything respectable—an' 'im such a nice-looking lad, and quite the gentleman now. Dear, dear—London and Paris!—that's what his book-readin's brought him to. I hope he's not one o' them swell mobsmen that one hears about."

* * * * *

That night Moore set foot once again on the welcome stones of London.

J. S. FLETCHER.

BLANCHLAND.

O, little grey village among the hills
Come home! come home in my happy thought:
The heart of the Derwent thrills and thrills
With one long secret my soul hath sought.
I face the river and know that here
Across the bridge which their fathers trod,
As shadows bent in the waters clear,
Man walks in the peace of God.

O, little grey village among the hills
With purple ramparts against the sky,
Where only the calling curlew fills
The heather-silence with one lone cry;
My lonely heart from its fastness calls,
While ling and heather and leaf up-roll—
Would that thy winds were its only walls
O, dear White Land of my Soul!

FRED. G. BOWLES.



PHOTOGRAPH OF A KERN-BABY ON A POLE.

FOLK LORE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

“ The master's corn is ripe—and shorn,
We bless the day that he was born,
Shouting a kirn ! a kirn ! ahoa ! ”

So they sing, or sang, “ in the fertile flats of Glendale.” The Harvest Home call of the Durham reapers runs or ran :—

“ Bleat be the day that Christ was born,
We've gotten well of Mr. ——'s corn,
Well won and better shorn,
Hip, hip, hip !—huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! ”

Even as the twentieth century dawns, it is perhaps not too late to enquire whether any reader of the “ Northern Counties Magazine ” has ever gotten mell, shouted a kern ! partaken of a mell supper, or danced before a kern-baby ? “ The kern-baby,” according to Murray's Handbook “ is a doll dressed with flowers, or the last ears of corn twisted together and tied to the top of a pole. When the harvest is finished, half the reapers raise it up and cry, ‘ I have her ! I have her ! I have her ! ’ the others shout, ‘ What have you ? what have you ? what have you ? ’ They answer ‘ A mare ! a mare ! a mare ! ’ ‘ Who is she ? ’

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'A.B.' (the name of the man whose corn is all cut). 'Whither will you send her?' 'To C. or D.' (naming a neighbour whose corn is not cut); and then they shout three times and return in triumph, thrusting the kern-baby into the faces of any one they meet. A Mell Supper follows the Harvest Home."

Scenes similar to this may have been witnessed by readers of the "Magazine" in the century that is passed. They will be witnessed by but few in the century that is upon us. In these fast dying rites, we see the last of religious ceremonies which covered Europe before Christianity invaded it, and which flourished in Mexico and Peru more than a thousand years after the beginning of the Christian era. In them we see a form of worship universal amongst all men who have learnt, or taught themselves, to grow corn, rice or maize. Amongst all, the Mell Supper, or one of its countless analogues, has been a sacred, a sacramental meal. In all cases the partakers of the supper have been those specially connected with the ingathering of the crop. The meal has been sacramental because it has been furnished by a crop itself considered not merely divine but the very body of a god. After this communion, the remainder of the crop may be eaten without religious ceremonies. But the kern-baby or the corn-mother, the maiden or the old woman, the Peruvian Saramama, or maize-mother, the Mexican goddess of maize, Xilonen, or the Hindoo Bhogaldái or cotton-mother, must be preserved until the following year.

Since the introduction of Christianity into Europe, the Harvest Supper, though celebrated with marvellous tenacity of outward forms, has been deprived of all religious significance. Before the introduction of Christianity, it is impossible to say for how many thousands of years this rite had been sacramentally celebrated in Europe with full religious meaning. The tale of Troy, Mycenae, Tiryns, and the excavations in Crete (for which subscriptions are now being solicited), must be completed before we can think of assigning a date. Then there remains the extraordinary fact that in Europe, Asia and America, though agriculture was separately and independently discovered in each continent, the religious rites with which it is intimately associated, and of which the Mell Supper is an example are practically the same. Comparative philology shows that the Indo-European peoples had long separated from each other, before agriculture was discovered by either section; and whereas it had been discovered and practised by both thousands of years before Christ, it was not till long after the Christian era that it was independently discovered in Mexico and Peru. Yet the religious rites with which it was celebrated were practically the same in Europe, Asia, and America.

The plain inference is that the religious rites associated with agriculture in the three continents, existed in all three before agriculture was discovered. If then we inquire what religious rites were known in pre-agricultural times, we find that in North America there were tribes which, even when Mexico and Peru had advanced to agriculture and attained to semi-civilisation, were still ignorant of agriculture and still remained faithful to the religious rites which reigned before agriculture was discovered. Those religious rites are summed up in the word Totemism. But Totemism was the religion not only of North American tribes which had not yet learnt agriculture from their neighbours, but also of the inhabitants of a continent in which agriculture, until the appearance of Europeans, was wholly unknown—Australia.

In Europe, Asia and America, agriculture was separately and independently discovered. In all three continents the religious rites which accompany it are strikingly alike. In America we know that the peoples who discovered agriculture were Totemists before they practised agriculture; and that they carried on in agricultural times the rites which they had practised as Totemists. In Australia we find Totemists who never advanced to agriculture; and we find them even in the twentieth century celebrating a sacramental meal, identical with the Harvest Supper of agricultural peoples. In all pre-historic antiquity there is nothing so antique and so wonderful as this primitive communion. In this the first year of the twentieth century fresh efforts are to be made in Australia to recover the rites with which it is celebrated. Is it too much to ask that any reader of the "Northern Counties Magazine," who is fortunate enough this year to witness the rites of the Harvest Supper, will commit to writing a careful record of the way in which this venerable institution is still celebrated on this side of the world?

For the derivation of "mell" and "kirn," we must wait till the lexicographers, Dr. Murray and Dr. Wright, reach the words. The derivation of Beltane, which has been fancifully and erroneously connected with Baal or Bel, seems to be lost beyond recovery. The Beltane cakes, which seem still to be made, are undoubtedly one form of the sacramental cake already alluded to. The Beltane fires, which still are lighted in some parts of Europe on Midsummer Eve, are a form of worship of the sun, which has prevailed throughout the world, from Scotland to Peru. As the totem-god was worshipped by the annual sacrifice of the totem-animal, so the sun-god was worshipped by the annual conflagrations of the Beltane fires. Are such fires kindled anywhere in the Northern Counties now? Examples of occasional sacrifice are to be found within half a century in

Northumberland. Mr. William Henderson in his "Folk Lore of the Northern Counties" says, "I am informed by Professor Marecco that a live ox was burned near Haltwhistle, in Northumberland, only twenty years ago" as a propitiatory offering to save the rest of the herd from murrain. Probably the fire in which the ox was burned was a "need-fire." At the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century the people of Bowes, both of the upper and of the middle classes, assembled on the banks of the Greta to work for need-fire, in order to stop the murrain. The fire was lighted, not as ordinary fires were lighted, but in the traditional manner, "by the violent and continuous friction of two pieces of wood; and if cattle passed through the smoke thus raised their cure was looked upon as certain." The mode of ignition shows that the tradition of the need-fire had been handed down from time immemorial. Need-fires having the same beneficent powers were familiar in Greece and in all probability go back to times antecedent to the discovery of agriculture. Are they ever kindled now?

Another practice which goes back to the earliest Indo-European times, and which is therefore older than agriculture, ought to be well represented in Northern County folk-lore but has not been recorded to any extent. This is the practice of sun-wise circumambulation. It is practised to this day in India. It has been recorded of various Indo-European nations. In these counties it seems to be limited to occasional cases in which a funeral circumambulates the church-yard in the direction E. S. W. N. It survives everywhere in the way in which the wine goes round the table; and in Homer the wine was taken round in the proper way too. Cards also are dealt in the proper direction. Motion in the opposite direction has its special name, "withershins" or "widdershins," and is unlucky if unintentional. It was, of course, practised intentionally for wicked purposes by witches, as being the opposite course to that followed by those of pious mind. There should be some possibility of observing and recording northern practices of this kind.

It is unlucky to go round the Kielder Stone "withershins." Perhaps some reader knows something about the Kielder Stone? or if not, about some other stone? if so, let him put it down at once. There are plenty of other stones of which we ought to have a record. Are children still passed over the Drake or Daag Stone? The Devil's Punch Bowl is supposed to be Druidical. The Standing Stone has the same reputation. The Bridle Rock has its own local legend. The legend connected with Cumming's Cross is evidently late. And is the Bendor Stone not earlier than the battle? The interest of these stones is that some of them may be the very oldest monuments of pre-historic

religion. Like certain stones mentioned in the Old Testament, they may have a history older than the legend now connected with them. They may be stones at which annually communion with the totem-god was sought; on which the blood of the totem-animal was shed; and into which the totem-spirit passed. Even if nothing so ancient and so pre-historic survives in connection with them, stories of later date may have gathered round them, and should be put on record. Can we produce nothing in these counties to compare with the Gruagach stone, to which in every Highland village libations of milk were offered? or with the round stones which on Thursday nights in Norway were smeared with butter or steeped in ale?

Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk Lore," records a survival of animal worship. Within a few miles of the city of Durham he observed a sort of rigging on a farm-house chimney. From it, down the chimney, hung a rope, attached to which was the leg and thigh of a dead calf. The farmer had had great difficulty in rearing his calves, until he resorted to this measure. The remedy can be paralleled in English folk-lore and doubtless goes back to times long antecedent to the overthrow of Varus, though a similar rite was practised, on the authority of Tacitus, on the scene of that general's overthrow. Perhaps some reader of the "Magazine" can produce parallel instances, or other instances pointing to animal worship?

"A woman caught in adultery they took to the market place and set upon a stone in the sight of all. Then they put her upon an ass; and having been taken round the town she was set again upon the same stone and had to live thenceforth dishonoured and addressed as 'rider of the ass.' The stone from that time was considered polluted and was forbidden." This was the mode of justice at Cymê, as related by Plutarch. Possibly the ass was a "modern" innovation. At any rate in England and Scotland, in the punishment for this offence, it was not upon any animal that the guilty person rode, but on a stang. "The riding of the stang has been practised from time immemorial in the towns and villages of the north of England, and is still resorted to on occasions of notorious scandal," says Mr. Henderson; and readers of Mr. Thomas Hardy know that in the south of England it was resorted to for the same misdeeds as the riding of the ass was in Cymê. But in England and in Germany this method of punishment has been used as a penalty for other offences; and in Durham had dwindled in Mr. Henderson's time to a schoolboy punishment. "It was a horrible ordeal. I myself have more than once witnessed the ceremony in the cathedral churchyard of Durham, when, after a clamorous recitation of the culprit's misdeeds, and a sound thrashing, the poor boy was

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bumped against a tombstone specially devoted to the purpose." In England, too, it has become impossible to punish the guilty person in this way; and, in the survival of this ancient form of justice, a boy or young man was mounted on the pole and recited the offence in verses beginning:—

" I tinkle, O tinkle, O tang,
It's not for my sake or your sake that I ride the stang,
But it's for"

and then followed the name of the offender and a ludicrous indictment.

Probably various readers have seen a plate of salt placed on the breast of a dead man. Have any of them came across a case of a sin-eater in connection with this rite? If so, it is desirable that they should speak.

"Let no one," said St. Eligius, Bishop of Noyon, some twelve centuries ago, "do on the calends of January those forbidden, ridiculous, ancient, and disreputable things, such as dancing or keeping open house all night." But let some one set them down in writing, ere they disappear from the minds as well as from the hearts of men.

F. B. JEVONS.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

By MRS. BLUNDELL ("M. E. FRANCIS"), Author of "*A North Country Village*," etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JIM LUPTON	Carter.
WILL WRIGHT	General Messenger.
BOB	Small Boy.
MARGERY LUPTON	Washerwoman, wife to Jim.
NANCY WRIGHT	Daughter to Will.
SUSIE	Little Girl, sister to Bob.
LADY FEMINA FADDINGTON	Eccentric Maiden Lady.
FRAULEIN EWIGWEIB	Her Companion, an enthusiast.
JOHANNA THOMASINA	Foot-girl.
DOROTHY	Cook.

ACT II.

(Continued from page 193.)

MARGERY (*dismally*): But that isn't all. As soon as I got my breath after that, I went to rub down the other one—Prince they call him. Well, he stood quiet enough at first, but when I got to rub him about the sides, he began dancin' and prancin' and throwin' hisself on top o' me, till he very nearly squeezed me to death against the side of the stall. Then he wouldn't let me get out—that was the worst of it—he kept me there a good hour, I should think.

NANCY: Whatever will you do, Mrs. Lupton?

MARGERY: I'm sure I don't know. I feel sure there'll be a dreadful accident the first time her ladyship goes out drivin'; I'm no more fit to harness those beasts, let alone drive them, nor a two-year-old babby. Lucky for me it's been wet all these days, and her ladyship hasn't wanted to go out, but the weather seems to be taken up this evening and if it's fine to-morrow she's sure to go for a drive, and then Heaven help us all—it'll be as bad as murder!

NANCY (*eagerly*): I wouldn't do it, Mrs. Lupton, I wouldn't indeed—I'd make some excuse. Hark! what's that?

MARGERY: Somebody's knockin' at the window.

NANCY (*running towards it*): I do believe—yes it really is—it's father! Oh father—dear father! (*Throws open the window.*)

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WILL (*thrusting in his head*): Well, my lass, how are you getting on?
First rate, I hope.

NANCY (*looking down hesitatingly*): Eh dear, yes, father, of course I am.

WILL: I can't say you look as well as you did at home. I'd scarce ha' known you. Why, what a smutty face you've got!

NANCY (*quickly*): Well, father, I haven't had time to clean up yet--and there's a deal of dirty work in this place, but of course I'm very happy, father.

WILL (*sarcastically*): You look it, my dear. What's that cut on your arm?

NANCY: I cut it when I was choppin' wood, the other day. I have a good deal of wood to chop here, father.

WILL: And your hands are all blistered, I see. However, I'm glad you like the place so much. If that's the case all is right—I thought perhaps you might ha' missed your old father as much as your father misses you, but since you're so content and so well off I go my ways home again. (*Disappears from window.*)

NANCY (*clasping her hands*): Oh, wait, father! Stop, I'm comin'! Wait a minute dear, dear father. I'm comin' out to you—I've something to tell you, there are things a body can't talk about afore folks, and I'm frightened to death of her ladyship or some of the servants finding you about the place, but I'll walk a bit down the lane with you, and then we can have a chat.

(*Rushes out of room knocking against SUSIE, who was coming in.*)

MARGERIE (*looking after NANCY*): Poor lass! she needn't minded speakin' out before me. I can see plain enough what's in her mind. She'll not stay the month, I'll be bound, and, for that matter, no more would I, only our Jim would be castin' up at me as never was, besides, of course I engaged to stop a month anyhow, and I might be gettin' myself into trouble. But, eh dear, it's to be hoped those horses won't make an end of me before the month's out. (*Turns to SUSIE who is still panting*) Well, child, what's the matter with you? You look hot enough.

SUSIE (*indignantly*): Well, an' I am hot enough, Mrs. Lupton. It's too bad, that it is. I'm run off my legs from mornin' till night, and as if that wasn't enough, Nancy Wright must go knocking the little breath I've left, out of me.

MARGERIE (*contemptuously*): Pooh, child, the idea of a slip of a thing like you talking about being out of breath. Why you ought to be glad to run about and stretch your young legs. How would you like to be rubbing down horses, same as I do?

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SUSIE (*primly*): Well, I never was brought up to it, Mrs. Lupton. My mother was lady's maid to the Countess of Rosemary, as you may remember—

MARGERY (*aside*): Well, if I don't remember it's not for want of hearin' about it!

SUSIE: An' she's very particular indeed, my mother is. She never would let me do nothin' as would have been thought vulgar in the high circles, where she was accustomed to move. She never would let me run, nor yet skip, and as for jumpin', she'd have thought it a disgrace. And yet, her ladyship's always saying to me, "Susie, run and fetch me this," or "jump down a sunk fence, and pick up my ball of wool," or "fly to the village" for some errand or other. I'm sure, Mrs. Lupton, my mother never reckoned I'd be asked to fly—she'd have thought it very vulgar. Her ladyship scolded me this morning for being so slow. Said she, "Why, Tommy, my last page boy, used to do my messages, and fetch anything I wanted, in a hop, skip and a jump." So says I, "Well, my lady, I didn't ever engage to do no such thing. My mother never like me to forget my sect, my lady. She always used to say 'Remember your sect, Susanna, and be'ave accordin'.'"

(Tramping sound heard without, and loud knock at the door.)

MARGERY (*mournfully*): Eh, dear, if I didn't know it was impossible I could have thought that be our Jim's knock. (*To SUSIE*) Run and open the door, lass, and for goodness sake, give over puffin'. I'd as soon have a pair of bellows staring at me.

(Enter JIM, who advances rapidly towards MARGERY and bursts into a roar of laughter.)

JIM: My word, if this isn't our old woman! Did anybody ever see such a figure of fun? My word, old lass, I should scarce ha' known you with that beautiful white wig and that fine, stripped waistcoat. If your drivin's as fine as your clothes her ladyship must be pleased with you (*suddenly composing his features and assuming a gloomy and determined tone*). But I'm goin' to have you home for all that. (*Thumps the table*) I tell ye what it is, missus, I can't stand this 'ere kind of work no longer—you must come home along o' me wigs or no wigs.

MARGERY (*half laughing and half crying*): Eh dear, Jim, it is nice to see ye again, but what a dreadful tear you've got in your frock, and your waistcoat wants patchin' awful! Slip it off an' I'll mend it for ye to-night.

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JIM (*firmly*): I'll not slip no waistcoats off, I'll slip you off, old lady.
I never went through such a time in my life.

MARGERY (*gratified*): Well, to be sure! And you were thinkin' you'd do so well without me, weren't you, Jim. Says you, "there'll be peace in the house, anyhow."

JIM (*solemnly*): Well, Margery, old woman, there's more pieces than peace in the house now, I can tell ye. I don't know how it is, the crockery has a fashion of breakin' itself, as soon as ever I go to wash it, and furniture tips over when I get agate a dustin', if you don't come home soon, you won't find much left, I can tell you.

MARGERY (*in alarm*): Goodness, Jim, you must be dreadful careless, but, however I am to get back, I don't know, you see I engaged myself for a month at least, (*sobbing*) that is to say, if I am alive at the end of it, I never could ha' believed that horses could be such wild beasts as those of her ladyship's are. I tell you they will make an end of me, before ever I get back to you.

JIM (*drawing her arm through his*): Well, I tell you what it is, missus, you come right along with me now. Didn't you promise to love, honour and obey me when we was wed? Well this here isn't lovin' and honourin', nor yet havin' or holdin', so I just tell ye plain, I will not stir a step from this, unless you come with me.

MARGERY (*angrily*): Aye, Gaffer, for shame on you to come threatenin' of your wife like that. I can't go, I tell ye.

JIM (*sitting down on the floor*): Well, then here I'll bide—that is all, make up your mind to it. Your old lady may say what she likes—I'll stop where I am till my missus comes home with me.

(*Enter NANCY rapidly, runs up to MARGERY clapping her hands.*)

NANCY: Just think, Mrs. Lupton, father's choppin' the wood for me! and he says as soon as it is dusk he'll nip round with a long ladder, and clean the windows for me, and nobody will know that I have not done them myself! Isn't he good, dear father! I can value him now a deal more than I did. (*Starts back on sight of JIM.*) What, Mr. Lupton, you here?

JIM (*severely*): Ah I'm here! I am glad to hear as you can valley your father now, lass, perhaps some folks would do well to valley their husbands! I daresay I could give a hand with those horses of yours, Missus, if I was axed proper. I'd teach them to behave theirselves.

MARGERY (*hastily*): Aye, Jim, if you would, to make up the beds for

them and rub them down and give them a bit of an exercise before I take them out to-morrow, you could easy do it after dark, or else early in the morning, before anyone's about.

JIM: Well, I won't say but that I will, if ye'll promise to behave respectable. No, I am not going back to yon dismal, lonesome place of ours where I haven't got no company except the mice.

MARGERY: The mice! why, there was never a mouse in the house when I was at home.

JIM: Well, there's a many in it now. Lord, they come out and play about in the evenings right under my feet. I didn't know what it is, unless it's there's such a many crumbs about.

(MARGERY wrings her hands.)

SUSIE (*running to the window*): Here's her ladyship coming across the yard and the Fraulein with her!

MARGERY: My word, Jim, she'll be in a taking when she sees you. Hide, hide, for mercy sake.

JIM (*folding his arms*): Well then, I'll not hide. Let her be in as much of a taking as ever she likes—so much the better, I'll take you.

MARGERY (*distractedly*): Whatever will I do? My orders are strict—there's never to be a man about the place.

JIM (*calmly*): Well, you can say I am a woman, if you like.

NANCY (*clapping her hands*): I have it, I have it, I will fetch down your bed-gown and petticoat from your room, Mrs. Lupton, and we'll tie a sun bonnet on his head, and if her ladyship says anything we'll tell her it is a friend of yours come to help with the horses.

(Exit NANCY.)

MARGERY: Then Jim, whatever you do, you won't get me into trouble. will you? Don't say who you are, for goodness sake, and I'll promise for certain sure to come home at the end of the month.

(JIM laughs and nods.)

(Re-enter NANCY with bed-gown, petticoat and apron; they hastily dress JIM who chuckles all the time and grimaces when the bonnet is tied on.)

JIM (*slowly turning round*): Well, I am a fine figure of a woman, you must all own that! I reckon I'll make a better woman than you do a man, old lady.

(Enter LADY FEMINA and FRAULEIN EWIGWEIB.)

LADY F.: Lupton, I am still dissatisfied with the appearance of my horses. They are not well groomed—I insist on your rubbing them down better.

MARGERY: Please, your ladyship, I have had the rheumatics dreadful in my right arm, and I don't seem to get no power in it, so I

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thought to myself that if you didn't have no objections, I would just ask a friend of mine to step up and help me. This woman there, you see, my lady—she's wonderful strong, and has been used to horses all her life.

LADY F. (*putting up her glasses*): A fine woman, truly, a giantess, in fact. Look there, Fraulein, there's an arm for you! There's a hand! Plenty of power there, I should say. What is your name, friend?

JIM (*endeavouring to speak in treble tones*): Lupton, my lady.

LADY F.: Lupton! the same as my coach-woman. Are you any relation of hers?

MARGERY (*interposing*): Yes, my lady, a kind of distant relation, my lady.

LADY F.: But how then shall I distinguish between you? What is your Christian name, woman?

(JIM stares at MARGERY and rubs his hands slowly together.)

MARGERY: Jemima, my lady—we sometimes call her Jim, for short.

FRAULEIN: Ach, but that cannot here be allowed. No man's name must on these premises be heard.

JIM: Very good, my lady, I am quite willin' to be called whatever you fancy. If it is the same to you I will go now and have a look at those beasts. (*Begins to stride across the room.*)

LADY F.: Truly, Fraulein, we may be proud of our sex, the sex that can produce such specimens as this. Look at this daughter of the soil and see what a woman can be when left to herself, untrammelled by the ridiculous rules of our modern civilization. I'll be bound that this noble creature has never submitted to the tyranny of man. Come back, Jemima! I wish to speak to you.

(JIM pursues his course without noticing her.)

MARGERY (*angrily*): Don't you hear the lady callin' you, Jim?

LADY F. (*severely*): "Ima," if you please, I cannot have that stately creature made ridiculous by such an appellation. Jim-ima come here.

(JIM returns unwillingly.)

LADY F.: Tell me, my good woman, do I not say truly that you have never submitted to the dominion of man? Yes, I am glad to see that that mighty hand of yours is ringless.

(JIM slowly raises his hand with all five fingers extended and gazes at it critically.)

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

FRAULEIN: But what for a silent creature is this! Do you not the gracious lady hear, while she question asks. You have never married been—not so?

(JIM gazes dolefully at MARGERY.)

JIM: Well, I won't say but what I may have been—a little.

LADY F.: She doesn't even understand! Let me speak, if you please, Fraulein. Is it not true, woman, that you have never had a husband?

JIM (*emphatically*): Never, your ladyship, and what's more, I never will.

LADY F. (*approvingly*): Magnificent! I am indeed glad that you should enter my service. You do well to renounce marriage. It is a wretched slavery.

JIM (*winking at MARGERY*): It is indeed, my lady.

FRAULEIN: It is a most miserable state.

JIM: You are quite right, Miss, though I shouldn't ha' thought myself you had ever tried it.

MARGERY (*angrily*): Hold your tongue, Jim——

LADY F.: "Ima," if you please. Lupton, I shall be seriously annoyed with you if you again disregard my injunctions.

(LADY FEMINA walks to the window and looks absently out.)

JIM (*aside to MARGERY*): Well, old lady, you hear a deal here about what tyrants men are—but I fancy you are gettin' a taste of what a woman can be, too. Ho, ho, ho, it is a good joke, that it is. I fancy you'll not be sorry when the month is over.

MARGERY (*aside*): You ought to be ashamed of yourself, indeed you ought, Gaffer, making light of your own wife and agreein' with all that foolish talk about wedlock. I've a mind never to go home with you no more.

LADY F.: What is this! There is that boy, that dreadful little boy—your brother, child (*to SUSIE*), running across the yard and actually coming to the door! Go out at once and tell him I cannot possibly allow him to enter the house. Run, child, run—never did I see anybody so slow! I almost think I will give up having a girl in buttons, Fraulein, she is simply no use to me.

(BOB bursts open the door.)

BOB: Oh! my lady! oh! Mrs. Lupton! thieves! thieves! robbers!

MARGERY (*taking hold of him by the collar and shaking him*): For goodness sake, child, are you crazy? What is the matter, and how dare you come here when you know it is forbidden?

BOB (*excitedly*): There's thieves in the house, my lady! thieves in the house! I was hiding in the shrubbery near the dairy waiting for our Susie——

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

FRAULEIN: Ach, gracious lady, do you hear? This little traitor (*pointing to SUSIE*) evidently-in-the-habit-is of forbiddin'ly-and-against-the-rules meeting this boy.

LADY F. (*distractedly*): For goodness sake, Fraulein, let us hear what he has to say! Remember that if this is a trick, you little rascal, I will have you——

BOB (*vehemently*): Indeed, it is no trick, your ladyship. I am just as frightened as ever I can be. I was sittin' there quite quiet, when I heard steps comin', and three big, ugly men talkin'——

FRAULEIN (*clasping her hands*): Tree! Ach! gracious himmel! vot this mean? Tree men within these very walls!

LADY F.: Go on, boy, go on, this is most alarming.

BOB: Yes, my lady, and one of them says to another, "Shall we wait until it gets a bit darker?" and the other says "Why, what does it matter, they are only a pack of women, we can soon settle them." And then the other began to laugh, and, says he, "that's true, we needn't be afraid, they are a good mile away from the village, we can carry off anything we want and take our time about it. Come on, we make for the first open window we see." So soon as ever I dared I crept out and ran to tell you.

LADY F.: Good boy, excellent boy, but oh! what shall we do? (*looking about distractedly*) Can someone ring the bell? There, you girl (*to NANCY*) run as fast as you can and call for help.

(BOB jumps out of the window.)

FRAULEIN: Gracious lady, you forget, if we ring the bell, if we for help call, men will come here, men here! men, this house to invade!

LADY F. (*impatiently*): For goodness sake, Fraulein, try and have a little sense! Do you suppose I care if a regiment comes! You don't want to be murdered, I suppose! Lupton, run quick and lock the door, let us at least keep them out of this room.

JIM: There, missus, let me out first, I daresay I'll manage to put a stop to this business before any mischief is done. (*Rushes out, throwing off his bonnet as he goes.*)

(MARGERY and FRAULEIN scream and run to the door.)

LADY F.: Since you are there, Fraulein, bolt it quickly, and do try and be calm, if you scream like that you will betray where we are, and those wretches will run in and murder us. Don't you know that all the plate is kept in the safe, here. Well, Lupton, for goodness sake, why are you screaming too? Do you want to invite the creatures to come here?

FRAULEIN (*still screaming*): Oh! oh! my friend, my goot friend, we are betrayed, that voman who left us just now no voman at all is, but a man. Ach! yes, it is true, I for myself saw his great, ugly, cropped head.

LADY F.: Ah! you lunatic, Fraulein. (*To MARGERY*) Woman, woman, do leave off this hideous din, I tell you you will be the undoing of us all.

MARGERY (*wringing her hands*): Oh, what do I care, your ladyship, what becomes of us now that my poor Jim has been drove to his death! The best man that ever a woman could be tied to! They'll make an end of him, I know they will. Jim, Jim, come back! Oh, your ladyship, I can't give over, it isn't in nature for a woman to stay quiet while her husband is being murdered!

FRAULEIN: It was her husband! Ach! you vicked voman, you have indeed deserved that something awful should happen.

LADY F.: Your husband! Come, that's one comfort, they'll have a man to deal with.

(*Sound of scuffling without, NANCY suddenly screams and wrings her hands.*)

LADY F.: What! you are beginning now, are you? Dear, dear, it is a lamentable fact that in such emergencies as these our sex is not remarkable for courage, or presence of mind. Keep quiet, girl! By-the-bye, I thought I told you to run and give the alarm in the village.

NANCY: I am sure I can't stand as it is, much less run, and, oh dear, oh dear, I know I hear father's voice. He'll be killed, for sure, I know he will.

LADY F.: Your father—that makes two! There is still hope then, all is not lost.

SUSIE: And please, my lady, my brother, Bob, jumped out of the window just now and I see him runnin' towards the village, I think he'll bring help in no time, he's the fastest runner in the country.

(*Loud knocking at door, all scream.*)

FRAULEIN: Ach, you men, you bad men, do not dare to come here! If you but outside remain I will push my vatch to you under the door. Ach yes, and my gold earrings, though they be from my grandmother descended, and are to me ever to be valued heir-looms. Ach! du lieber himmel! Only outside stay. I die if you cross this threshold!

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

(*Voice of JIM, without*): I can't make head or tail of what she is saying! Let us in, let us in, there is no fear, we've caught all the rascals and locked them up safe and sound in the fruit room.

(*MARGERY draws the bolt and JIM and WILL enter. JIM has discarded his petticoat and the bed-gown is flying open while the apron is torn and hangs at one side. MARGERY grasps his hand and bursts into tears. NANCY rushes at WILL and throws herself into his arms.*)

JIM: Why, what's to do, old lady. We're not hurt, either of us. My word, when the chaps saw me come, and I let fly at one with my fists and at the other with my clogs, you should have heard them shout. Why, I knocked down the first two and sat on them as easy as if it were in the old armcheer at home, while Will settled the other!

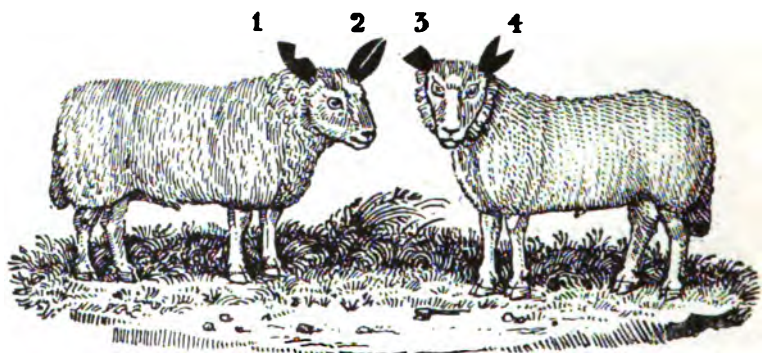
LADY F. (*hastening forward*): Brave preservers, how can I thank you!

FRAULEIN (*rising from her knees and wiping her eyes*): You will now doubtless tell them, my friend, that they must immediately out of this go. The rules, gracious lady, the rules!

LADY F. (*excitedly*): Those ridiculous rules are from hence forward done away with. Certainly the course affairs have taken during the last half-hour have opened my eyes, I have realised that in some instances men can be made useful—so there is doubtless a good reason for their creation, though I still believe that ours is the nobler sex. I will own that, according to the law of Providence, there is a place for everything, and that everything, to be appreciated, must be in its place.

THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP

Dickinson, in his Cumberland Glossary, gives the following explanation, under the heading of the Herdwick or Mountain Sheep of that County: "These are reported to have originated from about forty, which swam ashore from a wrecked Norwegian vessel. They were taken possession of by the Lord of the Manor, and in their increase being found hardy and suitable for the mountains, were let out in herds or flocks with the farms." *Herdwick* is put in italics, and *herd* seems to imply the Norse origin of the word, for it is hence usually the word used to denominate *flock*. It is to be regretted that Dickinson, conversant as he must have been, intimately, with the whole sea board of West Cumberland, did not give us some more definite note of time and place than is to be found in this once-upon-a-time description. When and where did they swim ashore?

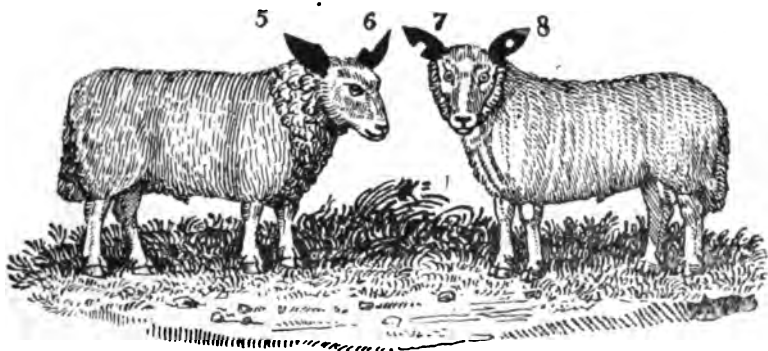


Was the vessel a derelict, and were the sheep the sole survivors of the wreck? If any of the human freight from the vessel had been preserved, it seems very likely that they would have claimed the sheep, and so prevented the Lord of the Manor from appropriating them to his land. I think, therefore, that the account must be relegated to a much earlier period than seems to be implied in the words quoted. The names and words used in connexion with the Herdwick sheep seem to have come down from a very early period. *Twinter* and *trinter*, applied by farmers to two-year-old and three-year-old sheep, are the very words that the Icelander at present applies to sheep of a corresponding age. *Gimmer* or *gyimmer lamb* means the very same thing in this country and in Norway, and the *outrakes*, or sheep drives, to be found in almost every valley amongst our Lakeland mountains, have their counterpart in Scandinavia, and are from a well-known Norse word signifying to drive; while *Rake*, formerly a very common name for a sheep dog, is, as derived from that

THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

verb, literally "The Driver." Words like these are just as generally found as the Herdwicks themselves. This proves, therefore, I think, that there must have been a much more general importation of sheep to our mountains from Scandinavia than the forty sheep that were "Kessen up sometyme lang sen."

In the well preserved and authenticated records of Norse emigration in the ninth and tenth centuries, we find that whole families and tribes set sail from Norway and carried their flocks and all their other requirements for settling with them. These Norwegians must have settled and left what cattle and sheep there are in Iceland, for there was no trace of domestic life or settlement before that time, except three or four Irish Anchorites who had carried little else with them than their crosses, their service books and their missals, and who had died as they lived, in the secluded service of God. The Norse, however, made there and made elsewhere, what may be called national, or, at any rate, tribal

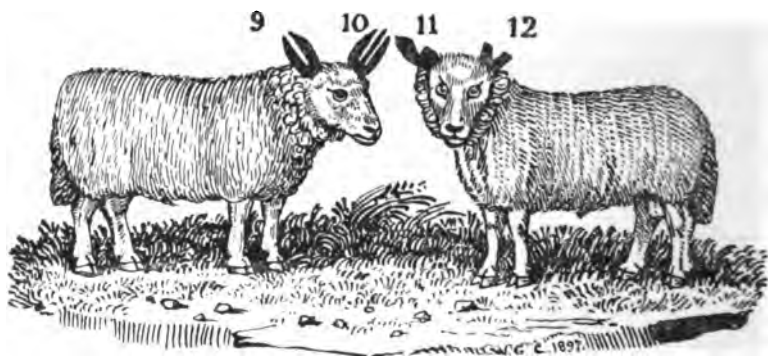


settlements, and they so settled, not that country alone, but the coasts and islands the whole way from thence to the Bay of Dublin, on which coast a Norse chief, Olave the white, landed in the ninth century. The Faroe Islands are literally the Sheep Islands, so called doubtless from the sheep landed in this same Norse migration, and most of the Orkneys, Shetlands and Hebrides bear names that evidence they were originally peopled and settled by the same Norwegian race. There is evidence enough that the same stream of colonization went on along all the islands of the sea coast of which I have named. That line included our Cumberland and North Lancashire sea board, and my own inference is that the Herdwick sheep came with those early settlers, who have left behind them so much of the folk-speech and so many of the customs of the Norse.

The Norse Thing settled and defined much with regard to sheep and shepherding which is dealt with in a similar manner by local fellsdale

associations; and as it appears in sheep books at the present day. The Thing defined boundaries, settled fell rights and pasturage and took note of the marks and laws which regulated the ownership of sheep and cattle. One law, for example, was that any sheep owner who cut off the ears of his sheep should be subject to what is known as the lesser outlawry. The object of this is obvious enough, for if the ears were cut off there could be no means of noting its identity or distinction except in the smit, which was much more easily disposed of. This mark, which descended among sheep owners from father to son, was called the Log mark, *i.e.*, the lawful mark or brand.

Cutting off a sheep's ears, therefore, removed all chance of recognition and suggested something unlawful. I heard of a case last week which had occurred in our own portion of the Lake District. One farmer asked another if he had seen some stray sheep. He had seen some. "What sort of ears had they?" asked his interlocutor. "Aw



diddent see at they had any ears at aw," was the reply. Like the tails of the Manx cats, the ears had evidently been improved out of existence, and the farmer thought he was on the right track, as the ears would not have been altogether cut off unless something unlawful had been done before.

Cutting off both ears so as to obliterate former marks is called "cropping" in the "Shepherd's Guide." No stock owner was allowed so to crop both ears unless he resided on a *hall* farm. These *hall* farms belonged, as they still belong in many cases, to the Lord of the Manor, and interested as he was in the general rights of sheep owners, it was thought that a privilege could be conceded to him which could not safely be conceded to any one else—that of cutting off both ears, so as to obliterate any former marks. A note of these brands and of the smit mark is contained in "The Shepherd's Guide," a book brought out at

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irregular intervals, extending back to the beginning of last century, and taking in in a great measure the fell district of Cumberland, Westmorland and North Lancashire. The smit as so noted, contains generally the owner's initials, accompanied by a distinctive mark. The "sword smit" was so called from having the form of a sword marked on the wool of the sheep. The "staple smit" is in the form of a rectangular door staple, while in the case of a farm called Raven Cragg is a coincidence between the place name and the smit, which is the figure of a raven marked on the sheep's side. The smit for another farm is in the form of a crow's foot spread out. The Norse as they had a particular enactment for distinguishing their sheep so they had a peculiar word for some of these distinctions. In Norse *Al-Styfngr* is the word for illegally cutting off the sheep's ear, and means "to crop close"; and "crop" is the word used for the process in Lakeland and the process applied to the Norse sheep and those in Lakeland seem to be the same. In the old word "stow," which means to cut off the ears, and is used in that sense in "The Shepherd's Guide," we have a word cognate, I think, with *Al-Styfngr*. In the dialect form the following are some of the most common ear marks:—

Bitted.—With a triangular piece cut out of the ear.

Clicked.—With a piece cut from the ear in a straight line.

Cropped.—A great portion of the ear cut off. (Cropping both ears conceded only to Hall farms or farms belonging to the Lord of the Manor.)

Forked.—With a triangular piece cut out of the top of the ear.

Fold-bitted.—When the ear is folded and cut, leaving a triangular space.

Fold-bit.—The ear-mark so formed.

Halved.—With half the ear cut off.

Key-bitted.—With a rectangular piece cut out from the ear.

Punched.—With a circular hole in the ear.

Ritted.—With a rectangular piece cut out the whole length of the ear, dividing the ear into two parts; some sheep are twice ritted, in which case the ear is for its whole length divided into three parts.

Shear-bitted.—Sheared or cut to a point at the end of the ear.

Sneck-bitted.—The ear is cut in resemblance of the sneck or latch of a gate.

Stow-forked.—The top of the ear cut off and a rectangular piece cut from the top of the remainder.

In one instance, the farm at Sella, the shape of a C, the initial letter of the owner's name, is cut out of the sheep's ear; and in another case, the distinction mark is branded upon the sheep's horns. One very remarkable case, an instance of *Nota a non notando*, is that of a farm where the sheep's ears are not cut or marked in anyway—sufficiently distinctive in this case, for it is the unique example in which an estate has no brand for the ears at all. All these forms of distinction, which I have quoted from the old "Shepherd's Guides," to be found in Lakeland, are also mostly to be found with distinctive names in the Norse system

of laws for ear marking as given in the old Norse Grágés. Only according to the Norse method of marking is to be applied not to sheep only but also to goats, cattle, and swine, and all other *fé*. Fowls were branded upon the feet.

What is known in Lakeland as key biting, that is cutting a rectangular portion from the ear, seems to have been a distinction common amongst the Norsemen, changing its significance as it was placed upon the right or left ear, or above or below them; yet the other Lakeland methods are to be found amongst those mentioned in the old records of the Norse.

T. ELLWOOD.

The sheep blocks illustrating this article are lent to us by the author, the Rev. T. Ellwood. —ED. N.C.M.

THE FARING OF DEAD LOVE.

All night with sorrow-blinded eyes
I watched and waited by her bed,
Till one among the shadows stirred
And touched me, saying, "She is dead!"

I rose and took her in mine arms;
I took her in mine arms and cried:
"Night keeps a narrow house and dark:
Come Love, the gates of morn are wide!"

I took her in mine arms and fled
Through every echo-haunted room:
The clutching shadows called me back,
And strove to snare me in the gloom.

I panted in the red of dawn:
Oh! winter-white the sleeping flower
Of her fair face; but in the light
Her long hair rained a summer shower!

I ran among the dewy grass
And leapt into the rushing stream:
As faery gold beneath my feet
I saw the little pebbles gleam.

About me fell her yellow hair
And floated in the waters clear;
While in and out the glancing mesh
The fishes darted without fear.

Deeper and deeper in the stream
We plunged, until the waters bore
The burden of our love, and swept
Our sorrow to the further shore.

Across the quivering bents I ran,
Crying, "O Love! the shining hills
Are full of ancient peace, and song
Shakes down them in a thousand rills!"

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Then climbing, climbing to the sun
I struggled, till the blaze of noon
Fell on me, and I fainting sank;
And waked not till the windy moon

Rode high among the billowy clouds,
And glittered on the mountain scaurs
That soar above the lonely tarn
That holds the secrets of the stars.

I rose and took her in mine arms:
Oh! paler than the moonlight gleamed
The flame of her white face; her hair
A shifting light about me streamed!

I took her in mine arms and sang,
"O Love! the toiling days are done:
No more for thee the joys and cares
That shine and shiver in the sun!

"No more for thee the roar of streams;
The perilous mountain path and steep:
But slumber, deeper than the sea,
Shall close around thee cool and deep."

Then, leaning to the waters dim,
Beneath the shade of desolate scaurs,
I laid her in the lonely tarn
That holds the sorrows of the stars.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



NORTHERN COUNTIES FOLKLORE.

Our readers will have noticed that as a headpiece to Mr. Jevons' admirable paper we have reproduced a photograph of a "Kern-baby."

This was taken a year or two ago from a "Kern-baby" still preserved in Whalton Church in Northumberland by Canon Walker.

We ourselves have also witnessed at the same place on old midsummer day in July the annual bonfire which is undoubtedly a survival of the old Beltane festival, once universal amongst Celtic nations.

As Mr. Jevons points out, now is the time for all to write down their memories of such scenes and survivals, and any accounts of similar occurrences we shall be pleased to receive and either print ourselves or else hand on to the Folk Lore Society's Journal.

OBITUARY.

A correspondent from Manchester sends us the following account of the late Mr. Sutton. "A poet, thinker and reformer," as he was aptly termed, has been lost to the world in the person of Henry Septimus Sutton who died last May.

He was born in Nottingham in 1825, where his father was the printer and proprietor of the "Nottingham Express." Originally intended for the medical profession, the love of literature proved too strong, and he abandoned medicine for the republic of letters. When quite young, he assisted his father in the editing of his paper, and in 1847 published his first book, "The Evangel of Love," and from this time onwards, at various intervals, choice works issued from his pen. Perhaps the tiny volume of sacred verse, "Rose's Diary," is the most beautiful thing

he wrote. When a copy of it was shown to Fanny Kemble by Frances Power Cobbe, she exclaimed, "Who on earth is this new Herbert or Vaughan you have discovered?"

When Emerson was in Manchester in 1847 amongst those invited to his lodgings in Higher Broughton was Henry Sutton, and of this young guest, Mr. Alexander Ireland of "The Manchester Examiner and Times" thus writes:—

"One of the finest spirits gathered on that occasion was Henry Sutton of Nottingham, whose little volume of poems in Emerson's opinion contained pieces worthy of the genius of George Herbert." Many writers shared this opinion, George Macdonald, one of his oldest and dearest friends, Coventry Patmore, Martineau, Christina Rossetti; while Francis Turner Palgrave included some of his poems in his "Treasury of Sacred Song," and such men as Philip James Bailey, of "Festus" fame, and others too numerous to mention, were his warm admirers. In 1850 Mr. Sutton came to Manchester and joined the staff of "The Examiner and Times," but left it in 1854 to become editor of "The Alliance News," which post he retained until 1898. To this work he gave the best years of his life, had he not been thus occupied, undoubtedly many more original works would have appeared from his pen, and he as a writer would have been more widely known. He also edited "Meliora," the first shilling quarterly, during the greater part of its existence from 1859 to 1869—a magazine devoted to the interests of social reform. In May, 1897, "The Manchester Guardian" remarked—"That in the ranks of the hard-working citizens of Manchester, there is one of the most distinguished sacred poets of this generation, is a fact, not so well known as it ought to be. It is not probable that Mr. Sutton's verse, delicately wrought, subtle, and spiritual as it is, will ever be really popular, but it will always command the suffrages of the thoughtful lover of literature, and for its author as for Spenser may be claimed the name of Poet's Poet." There was a rare charm about his personality and conversation, which could not fail to impress those who knew him, and the visible world is poorer—though the unseen is richer—because Henry Septimus Sutton is not, "for God took him."

SIR WALTER BESANT.

The death of Sir Walter Besant is a loss to this magazine in particular as it is a misfortune to the literary world in general. Sir Walter, with the lively zeal which characterised his intense devotion to his profession, expressed great interest in the promotion of the N.C.M., regarding it as a hopeful movement. He promised to let us have a

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contribution at leisure—an undertaking, alas, never to be fulfilled. Though not a North Country man born, everyone knows his close association with the North of England, and better than many natives he knew and understood the border country across and around which he tramped four times and became scrupulously familiar with every scene of the Northumbrian rebellion of 1715, before he attempted his first historical novel, "Dorothy Forster," which some people consider his best work.



NORTH COUNTRY BOOK COLUMN

NORTH COUNTRY BOOKS—NORTH COUNTRY WRITERS.

SOME MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The increasing interest taken in local history and topography,—a renaissance of which the N.C.M. itself is at once a cause and an effect,—is bearing fruit in the advancing number of books, large and small, we receive on places and subjects of particular and circumscribed importance. Much of this local literature is exceedingly valuable, and we are grateful to those responsible for its production for their earnest and painstaking labours, the crystallization of immense enthusiasm and fervent love.

One of many such meritorious publications is Mr. J. W. Fawcett's "Historic Places in the Derwent Valley," which gives much information in a pleasant manner about Blanchland Abbey, Ebschester Roman Camp, Gibside, and other well-known antiquarian treasures of the charming Derwent valley. The pamphlet is nicely illustrated and is issued under the auspices of the Vale of Derwent and the Blackhill and District Naturalists' Field Club,—two very active and useful societies.

The collection of sacred verse which the Rev. George T. Coster, Minister of Trinity Church, Hessle, Hull, has published under the title of "Hessle Hymns" (A. Brown & Sons, Limited, London, York and Hull) is characterised with more simplicity and sweetness than distinguish many of the hymns included in standard hymnals. In addition to the conventional subjects some of the forty hymns are written upon such themes as "The Day of Sheaves," "Our Kingdom of Opportunity," "The Snowdrop," "Our Hero-Sires," but in no case does the religious fervour which inspires the composition degenerate into secular sentiment.

The Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire,—one of the most vigorous and erudite societies of its kind—is fortunate in its members, among the most scholarly of whom is Mr. W. F. Price, whose papers on "The Places, Traditions, and Folk-lore of the Douglas Valley," has just been sent to us. The subject matter has been collected and studied at first hand and the result is a pamphlet of considerable antiquarian and topographical interest. How worthy of attention the little river which flows through Wigan is is proved by the fact that since "the four wild battles by the shore of Duglas" in Arthur's time Saxons and Norsemen, Cavaliers and Roundheads have met and fought on its banks, and earlier still, in the time of Britons, it is suggested, it formed a physical and tribal boundary.

The appreciation and preservation of local lore is much assisted by such little handbooks as Mr. Walter Birks' description of "Handsworth

Parish, Past and Present," which forms an important supplementary chapter to Hunter's monumental "History of Hallamshire." The constablewick of Woodhouse in Handsworth Parish possesses sufficient historic interest in itself to warrant the publication of this small volume which Mr. Birks has compiled with loving care.

BALLAST.

Ballast* is an interesting and entertaining novel in which the principal characters behave themselves as only characters in novels can behave. Some writers of fiction at the present day have the reputation for straining after what they call realism; a few favour the method of planting romance down among unsavoury surroundings, and consider that they are describing real life when they mention things about which no sane person has any desire to hear. The efforts of all realists are fortunately impotent: if they were successful they would make fiction even more dull than it already is. It is far better to have a regularly separate world where the characters in novels may dwell by themselves and act just as they please. For many of us it is a world already peopled with many delightful heroes and heroines, all, whether noble or mean, without exception fascinating, all involved in endless complication and adventure, and all acting upon motives which could influence no human being.

The seasoned reader of novels is able to evolve for himself, though with some vagueness, one or two general principles upon which the people in novels appear to act, and it must be admitted that the authoress of "Ballast" is to be found adhering faithfully to some of the more familiar of these rules. Her heroine in particular, attractive as she is, has all that fondness for terrific mental struggles, which are so much commoner in fiction than in fact. A heroine in a novel is nothing unless her soul issues strengthened and purified from some appalling ordeal, which confronts her suddenly; and Miss Grey Alison in "Ballast" has quite her fair share of ordeals. Then there is the young lady, whom we seem to have met before, who returns from a school in Paris to her quiet country home. In real life there must surely be one of two ladies who have undergone a Parisian education and yet have subsequently lived estimable, or at least respectable, lives. In novels the girls brought up in this manner never come to any good. It did not surprise us therefore to find Miss Firenze Alison, half-sister of the heroine, taking to drink: grief, but not astonishment, was our's.

The heroine herself, Grey Alison, is a well-drawn and attractive character—indeed we are so fond of her, that, while admiring her heroic

* *Ballast*. By Myra Swan. (6s. Longmans).

self-sacrifice, we feel very much irritated at the amazing lack of common-sense which caused her to make herself unhappy for nine years and two hundred and fifty pages. When she discovered that Firenze drank she determined to devote her life to her sister rather than to Charles Howard, her devoted and sympathetic lover. In our opinion she certainly ought to have explained to Howard the whole of the painful circumstances of the case. The reason for not doing this was that she was afraid of spoiling his career, a scruple quite characteristic of the heroine in fiction. It is not as if her devotion to her sister did the smallest good, for she proved the most ineffective nurse. Firenze had a husband, Mr. Beaumont, who, in the earlier chapters, was a stern misogynist of a resolute character; failing to be consistent he tries marriage, but in his endeavours to reform or cure his wife, fails hopelessly. Indeed neither he nor Miss Alison seemed to have had any idea what steps to take: they do little more than look on and lament like a Greek chorus while Mrs. Beaumont drinks herself to death. Here surely the assistance and advice of Charles Howard would have been invaluable. Of course, owing to the heroine's curious line of conduct, endless complications and misunderstandings occur between her lover and herself. Poor Howard thinks all kinds of things, as well he may, and hits upon every interpretation of the mystery except the correct one. All, however, is well that ends well. To conclude we may say that the novel is most cleverly and capably written, and contains many epigrammatic gems and paradoxes. The minor characters are filled in with real humour, and the ménage of the Robinson Smyths is described with a skill which alone makes the book worth reading.

A. C.

ANCIENT MIDDLESBROUGH.

To all of us who are acquainted with Middlesbrough and are, like Southey's Doctor, curious to know who lived before us and how they lived, Mr. R. L. Kirby's little volume* will give much interest and pleasure. The title of the book excites curiosity and surprise. Few of us consider Middlesbrough older than the Queen's reign. It is one of the mushroom cities of this industrial age, happy in having no history. So in our ignorance we believed, forgetting that even in cities there is none new, forgetting that the germ of Ironopolis existed in the lowlands between the Cleveland moors and the marshy mouth of the Tees away back in the middle ages when a prophecy of the future was incarnate in those mediæval ironworks which Canon Atkinson told about in a paper

* "*Ancient Middlesbrough*," by R. L. Kirby, *Middlesbrough*. (T. Woolston. 2s. 6d.).

printed in the "Yorkshire Archæological and Topographical Journal." And if this is not sufficient claim to antiquity, we may go back to a still earlier time and cite the evidence of Domesday Book, in whose brief, dry records are enumerated the villages and parishes around Middlesbrough: with names that are unchanged save for being modernised. This corner of Cleveland, secluded and among the marshes, did not escape the vengeance of the ruthless Conqueror, and we of the old province of Northumbria have reason to be as proud of the desperate resistance the Leasingas of Linthorpe and the "Raven's" descendants at Coatham offered to the invader as East Anglians are of the feats of Hereward among the fens around Ely. Mr. Kirkby's gleanings of local history, gathered in a lifetime of reading and study, form a valuable nucleus for a more ambitious work which could not fail to make a fascinating story. And not ancient Middlesbrough but also modern Middlesbrough is in need of such treatment, for in this latter part of the town's history especially is there opportunity for a literary hand to show its skill now that the late Canon Atkinson's promised voluminous history of the town will never be published.

W. G. K.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS.*

(*First Series.*)

It is no wonder that Sir Herbert Maxwell's First Series of "Memories of the Months" should have been recently reprinted (we understand that already it is in a second edition), for the charm of the Second Series was so great that the public insisted upon "more."

Beautifully got up and printed, exquisitely illustrated, it is full of the most delightful and varied reading. One wanders with Sir Herbert Maxwell along Tweedside and is re-introduced to Tom Purdie (Sir Walter's famous henchman who insisted, when the baronetcy came, on marking all the sheep with an extra S); one is shewn over famous Levens Hall in Westmorland, one hears a most amusing history of the contest of scholars over famous Ruthwell Cross and its inscriptions, one listens to all sorts of interesting facts in Natural History, and there is an air of diffused, but not oppressive, scholarship over all the pages.

One curious error, by the way, in his Second Series Sir Herbert Maxwell makes, as was recently pointed out to us by a northern scholar and fisherman, when he praises Sir Edward Grey's book on "Fly Fishing," and congratulates him amongst other things on his omission to quote from Izaak Walton. "Having perused it," Sir Herbert Maxwell writes, "from title to colophon I have not once come upon an allusion to the immortal Izaak."

* 6s. E. Arnold, London.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, however, must have forgotten the existence of the introduction whereof Sir Edward Grey devotes six pages to a comparison between Walton's and Charles Kingsley's methods. But this doubtless is the solitary slip in two delightful volumes.

H. P.

CASTING OF NETS.*

Richard Bagot the author of this book has evidently been behind the scenes of Vatican life, and talks of what he knows. To the uninitiated in the ways of Rome this pleasantly written and carefully descriptive novel will certainly appear to speak of things in another planet, but those who understand the methods of making the faithful, still in vogue in Roman circles, will probably take the story as a matter of course and read it without that astonishment which certainly adds flavour to it in the minds of the unknowing ones.

The plot is simple enough. Lord Redman of Abbotsbury, who is too honest a man to profess a creed he does not believe, and too thoughtful a man to adopt a creed at another's suggestion, marries a Miss Cawarden of Cawarden, a Roman Catholic, not a little to the delight of a certain Lady Merton whose soul was bent on making Roman Catholics.

The young wife had been led on by her mother and her mother's friends to look upon her marriage as a kind of divine appointment whereby she would first rouse her husband to some sense of the worth and duties of religion and then be the means of bringing him into the Church. But Lord Redman had extracted a promise from her on the eve of his marriage that she would not interfere with his religious opinions, and notwithstanding suggestions by Lady Merton and talks by a certain Father Galsworthy, the confidential family priest, things do not get forward in the desired direction.

Lady Merton cunningly uses the wife of the village rector Mrs. Russell as her tool. She will win her over and in the process get her as Lady Redman's confidante and friend to put religion into Lord Redman. "If Walter Redman is to be converted at all," said Lady Merton to Father Galsworthy, "he must be made to think about religion. Protestantism will be as good as any other form to begin with."

Chapter ten, one of the ablest, though not the most dramatic or picturesque of the volume, gives the outsider a glimpse of the power of the Confessional, and the methods of those who are trained to use it

* Crown, 8vo. pp. 358. 6s. Edward Arnold.

to torment souls into consciousness of sin and then turn them into the channel of escape from torment which is really the channel of the Confessor's stronger will. If no other chapter had been written, the book would by this chapter alone have been what it is, a terrible indictment against the ways of spiritual direction in the Church of Rome.

"You have," said Father Galsworthy, "the priceless heritage of the Faith. But how is it with your husband. He is not even a believing Protestant. You have married this man, my child, whose soul is condemned to everlasting punishment unless a means of grace be found to intervene and save him from himself and doom. When your hour comes for judgment think you it will avail to plead this loyalty to a compact which you knew in your heart to be sinful. Will you not be asked what steps you took—you a Catholic to help your husband in his struggle with scepticism and unbelief and what will your answer be?"

"Hilda hid her face in her hands. Father Galsworthy had struck a chord on the keyboard of the unknown which he knew would find an echo in the heart of the woman before him."

There is an illness, and always on the alert, it is seized as a golden opportunity by Lady Merton and her coadvisers. But they overdo their part and when Lady Redman recovers strength, she has made up her mind to have done with priests and proselytisers and in her hate of the word "influence" to let her husband's conversion alone.

Lord Redman and his wife determine to visit Rome, and Lady Merton's nets are cast with greater zest than ever, to "surround the unbeliever with that atmosphere of Catholic piety and the black world" which she and her friend Mrs. St. Leger believed to be vital to his conversion.

"There can be no doubt," she said, "that his determination to come to Rome is a direct answer to our prayers that Lord Redman may be brought nearer to the Church."

Of all that came of that visit to Rome, it is best to let the reader find for himself. It is enough to know that the Redmans are in spite of all the devices of the net casters thrown into the more liberal circles of Roman society, and have their eyes opened considerably to the intrigues of the Holy City, and, the fraudulent way in which the wife of the Rector of Abbotsbury is made a convert, hardens the heart of Hilda Redman and her husband.

Chapter twenty-three is devoted to an admirable account of the great ceremony of the Canonization of Saints in St. Peter's; one feels as one reads it as if one were really present.

In chapter twenty-four we are introduced to the dramatic scene

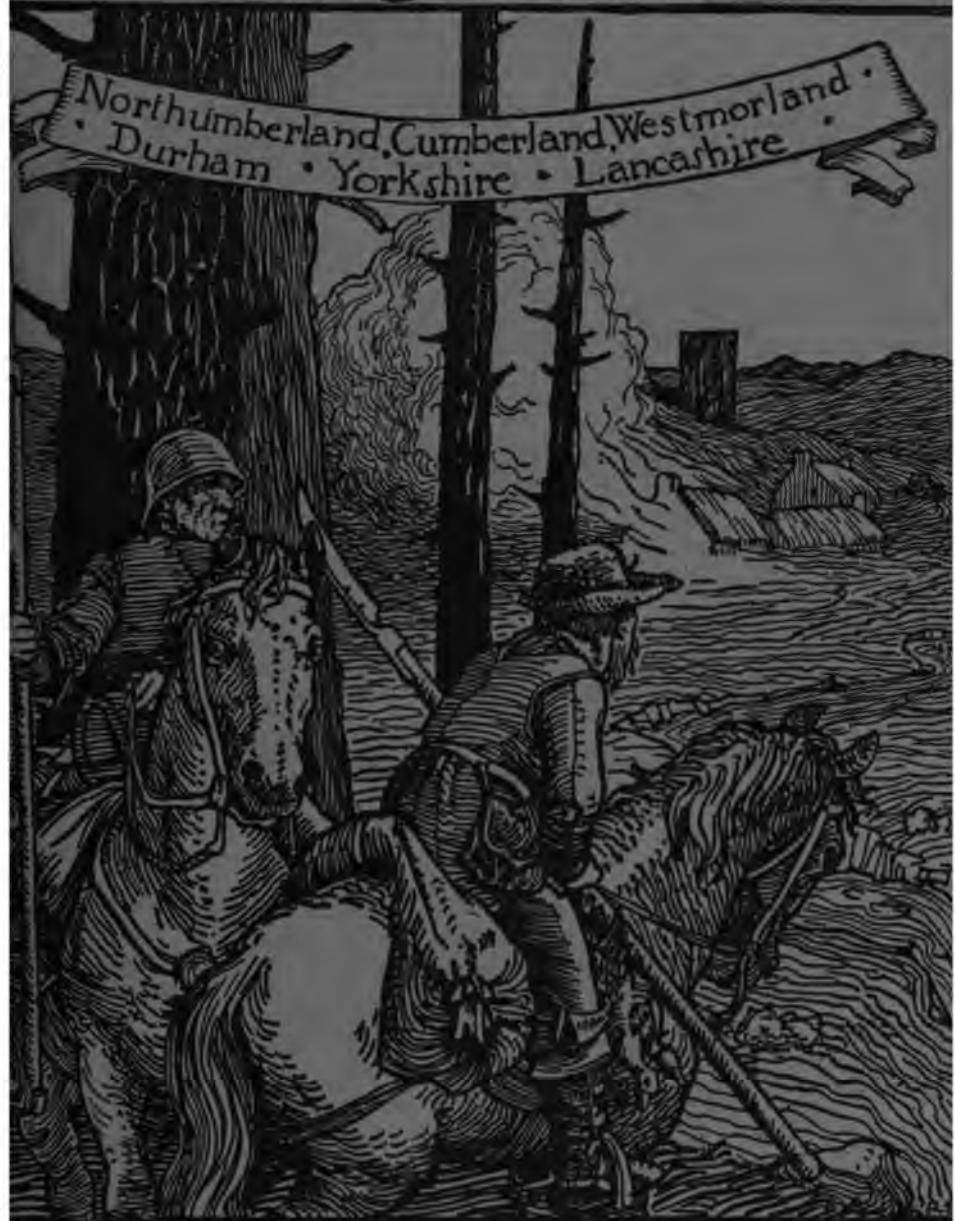
wherein Lady Redman is again as it were at the Confessional, but this time her Father Confessor is an honest man, a certain Monseigneur Martini, who is looked upon coldly by the Roman ecclesiastical world because of his liberal opinions. She poses him with a question as to whether anything could justify a Catholic mother in consenting to her child being brought up in another religion, and appealing to him not as to a priest but as to a Christian, she wrings from him the assent to her proposition that it would make for religious belief and happiness of soul in Lord Redman's future, if he knew his children were not to be brought up as Catholics but as Protestants.

The last chapter shows us what new happiness came into the lives of husband and wife when the wife renounced her Roman faith, as far as the children's education went, and one is allowed to see how her hate of the casting of nets and all the worldliness of the intrigues of a Church which had condemned her and her husband to the torment of separation because of difference of creed, worked like leaven in the heart of her husband and how they two became of one faith and one joy with one deep sense that Christ and not Creed was all in all.

The novel will be put upon the Index, but it will be widely read by those who care to know the working of a church that casts its nets so widely and counts all that comes to its net fair fish for the modern representative of St. Peter; and it will probably make the next Roman Catholic who falls in love with a Protestant or *vice versa* think twice before contracting an alliance by marriage.

H. D. R.

The Northern Counties Magazine.



Frontispiece : **A Record Day**, by R. Jobling.

Contemplative Man in Norway, by (late) J. W. Pease.

Intager Vitso, by Alfred Cochran.

Of "Jeremiah-Fear-the-Lord."

A Yorkshire Character, by Rev. G. R. Soans.

Scott & Stevenson, by Howard Pease.

The Coaforth Cross, by W. G. Collingwood.

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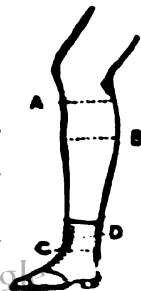
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legging
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Length down front A to C.





Drawn by R. Johnson.

"THE BAG THAT DAVE AND JOHN HUNTERED AND TWO FOURER"

[After Photo by Mrs. Fosse.

The Northern Counties Magazine.

August, 1901.

NO. 2.—THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN IN NORWAY.

It is one of the many charms of salmon fishing in Norway that the best fishing comes in the best months of the year.

The memory of spring fishing in Scotland, amidst deep snow and thick ice causes a shiver to come over me as I write. No one, I suppose, could have enjoyed it more than I did at the time, but I must say, when business arrangements came in the way, and caused the usual March holiday to be postponed for a month, the pleasure, and the sport too, were wonderfully improved by the delay.

And then again when, in the fulness of time, a Scotch spring was exchanged for a Norwegian summer, there was a still further gain.

The great longing for fresh water comes to the Norway fish two months after the symptoms are fully developed in his Scotch brother, and those beautiful light summer days and nights, when you near the Arctic circle, bring a charm to the fisherman which the bygone hardships of Scotland make him appreciate to the full.

I have looked up my notes of one of these summer days.

The morning was bright and beautiful, but there were light clouds both in the south and the west, which seemed to promise some protection from the fierce heat of a sun which had risen hours ago, and had hardly allowed itself time, the night before, decently to set. The barometer was steady. The thermometer had gone down as usual a few degrees in the short night, but was up into the higher fifties before breakfast, and the music of a full and quickly rushing river came sweetly up to salute us at the Lodge.

The air was full of the fragrant scent of the birch and the pine. There was no wind below, and as we looked up at the deep blue of the sky the light floating clouds were seen to be quickly melting into each other's arms, and everything, above and below, promised us a perfect fishing day.

It was an early day in our well-earned holiday. There was a delightful feeling that we had many days before us. We all know how that feeling, from school days onwards, continues to enter into every moment of those early holiday hours, and brings a special pleasure which fades away as the inevitable end approaches.

Breakfast did not take long. There might be a goodly store of days before us, but the real fishing days are few and sometimes very far between, and here, at any rate, was one of them.

Our men were waiting. They were soon helping us, under the little two-seated verandah of the Lodge, to buckle on our armour for the fray, and after listening to the reports of the river, and mapping out the programme of the day, we separated, each with high hopes of what the next twelve hours was to bring.

The writer walked up the river, on the right bank, and commenced his work at the pool called, for some unknown reason, "The Eastern Foss." It was in perfect order, and we were satisfied.

" Oh, the sweet contentment
The fisherman doth find,—
High trolollie loliloe,
High trolollie lee,—
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind ;
Cast care away
And come along with me "

It may be observed that there is nothing about this pool connected with a "Foss" at all. *The Foss*, the Upper Foss, is about a quarter of a mile higher up. There, at all times, and in all states of the river, is to be seen a mighty rush of glorious glacier blue water tumbling over the rocks, in a great leap of thirty feet. Then comes a quick run of a couple of hundred yards, at the end of which we see the "High Rocks Pool," and the boulders which give the name, side by side in the stream, a shelter and a resting place for many a big salmon on his way to the deep Foss Pool above.

After "High Rocks" comes a comparative calm. The river rests a wee in its course to the Fjord, and in the process almost forms a little lake, which is called the "Lyng," and the "Lyng" quietly glides into the best pool on the river, where we left our fisherman waiting peacefully on the brink of the misnamed "Eastern Foss."

Here the narrow channel causes the river again to show its full

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN IN NORWAY.

strength. Deep hidden ledges of rocks hem in the current, and form the best of all hiding places for the salmon. At the end of the pool, in the present state of the river, you can command the stream by wading carefully from the shore. It was at this point, then, that the fisherman began his work. Commencing as high up as he could, he fished steadily to the very end of the pool. Then walking up to the boat, he was very quietly and very slowly allowed to drift downwards, the man at the ropes holding on in the usual Norwegian fashion, keeping the boat in the current, and using the pressure of the stream just as you use the pressure of the air in flying a



"THE BOAT GENTLY RESTS ON THE SURFACE."

kite. Without the slightest noise or disturbance of the water, the boat gently rests on the surface, or is allowed to glide downwards at the will of the fisherman or his gillie and guide.

The upper part of the pool has been left behind ; the deeper channel is reached. The fisherman throws a longer line. It is here, in the present state of the river, that the chance is most likely to come. Three casts have gone out towards the large rock which stands high on the other side of the stream, and have come each to the end of the usual sweep without the longed-for check.

And now, while the fourth cast is taking shape in the straightening

of the line high up and above the fisherman's head, it may be convenient to state that we have arrived at that particular part of the river where a salmon, feeling the first prick of the hook, often makes a rush out of the pool, and is locally supposed, indeed expected, and it has even sometimes been suggested that he is actually encouraged by the man who holds the boat to take the downward course. That there is reason in this view, it cannot be denied. The man at the ropes feels his responsibility. He has vast experience, and he knows even better than the man with the rod that at any moment the attempt of the fisherman to coax his fish upwards may be suddenly marred by that well-known and very attractive feminine characteristic of the salmon which instinctively feels what others expect it to do, and firmly resolves not to do it.

There is also something to be said for the man with the rod. He knows from moment to moment what he can do with his fish. If he could pull the boat just when he wants it pulled, at the exact instant of time, he could often frustrate the wiles of his foe. But changes come very quickly in feminine tactics, and the ropes of the boat are always pulled just a moment too late. The fisherman hears the deep roar of the rapids below him, and this may perhaps unconsciously affect his plan of operation. There is thus, very often, this sharp conflict of opinion between the boat and the rod. Another matter may, in this interval, be shortly alluded to. As a rule, the tackle for the rivers of Norway is very strong.

Treble gut casting lines are almost always used on this rapid water, and the confidence of your gillie receives a rude shock when you discard his warnings, and put on a single gut casting line. A confession ought here to be made. The writer, ten years before, at this very pool, on his very first visit to the Jüngen, despising the advice of old Peters, his guide, deliberately selected a single casting line, and hooking a salmon at a rapid part of the pool, in about two minutes felt his line coming back to him, with that dismal, half-ashamed, quite broken-hearted aspect which every line of every fisherman has had occasion to assume, at one time or other of its career. This particular breakage was quite unaccountable. There had been no great pressure, and this dark mystery to the fisherman must remain without explanation. But to his mentor and adviser it was plain enough. "*Ugh*," said Peters in English, I think, but with the longest and strongest and most emphatic Norwegian accent, "*Ugh*," and the writer had not an answer to that long-drawn "*Ugh*." The repartee required would not come.

"Oh, how I wish it was not single gut," has often been hissed into the rebellious ear of the writer, after the first mad rush of many a to-be-safely-gaffed-salmon since, and it is clear that the memory of the breaking of that first casting line can never fade entirely away.

And now we are at the spot where these conflicting views will assuredly come into play. Sir Herbert Maxwell in the last of his charming angling recollections as given in "Blackwood's Magazine" writes of the usual behaviour of the salmon in that "Valley of Enchantment" which hems in the famous "Romna" River of Norway. He says "those who have fished much in British waters wot well that although the noblest of fishes generally exhibits an agreeable degree of violence, it is exceedingly seldom that he takes out a hundred yards of line or leaves the pool in which he is hooked. In a river like the Romna it is different. There he is not only described as doing such things, *but he is fully sure to do them.*"

And so in any of the other swift rivers of Norway—it is almost certain that before the end of the fight, there comes an ugly rush which no line can stop, and a run of the fisherman from one pool to another bringing with it an amount of excitement and a spice of danger which often turns the hooking of a heavy fish into a most interesting adventure.

But the fourth cast, mentioned, I am afraid, some little time ago, has gone towards the big rock, still waiting patiently for the continuation of our proceedings, on the other side of the pool. The line is coming slowly round. The stream sends back a gentle strain as the fly reaches the end of its tether.

A sudden wave is seen in the water, where the fly is intended to be. A pull, that well-known pull, sends a signal up the line, and then a wild rush, a turn of the wrist, a voice from the reel, and a loss of forty yards of the line; and in a moment, a leap high up in the air of a glorious salmon, thirty yards higher up the pool than that salmon ought to be. And then the quick winding of the reel to shorten the distance, and recover the line which is drowned, and a call to old Peters to pull the boat up the stream. The call, and the meaning of it, take time before they sink into the slowly-moving Norwegian brain, and that quick feminine instinct of opposition at the end of the line comes at once into being. The reel speaks louder than before. The line goes out again. The next jump and the next, and the next, are down, and down, and down the river. The boatman, of course, pulls in the wrong direction now, and the fisherman can only take comfort in the thought that his reel holds, or did hold one hundred and forty yards of line.

Slowly responding, the boat at last follows the fish towards the rapids, which are very near. The end of the pool is all but reached, when with a sudden turn up goes the salmon with two more summersaults, over the very place where he first felt the sting of the fly.

The winding and the re-winding of the line, the pulling in and the letting out of the ropes of the boat go on.

At one time it looked as though the end might after all come in the upper and quieter reaches of the pool. At another all hope of this vanished. But those high leaps and bounds of comparative prosperity always tell. And it was now clear that with a long line and the end of the "Eastern Foss" close at hand, the time for leaving the boat had come. The fish would have to seek a resting place below. The ropes were soon at work, the rod was on land again, the line went out with a will, the race down the rapid began. "There are boulders besetting every path that call for patient care." Both stones in the river, which stretch out eagerly for the line, and slippery stones, off the sides of which the nails of your fishing boots are apt to glide. And then the pace. The stumbling, bungling career of the fisherman on the rock above, and the dashing motion of the fish below. For a certain space of a few hundred yards it is too much for the sixty year old fisherman, who, with short gasps and sobs, still follows, clutching the rod, and the responsibility of the whole transaction is for two or three minutes, during a sharp run, which must occur round the next corner of the river, shifted to the broad shoulders of Peters. "Here, take the rod and give me the gaff," and he is off, leaping the end of a low wall, and down the stream. The "Birch Pool" is now in sight. But it never looks much like a pool in the quietest of its moods. Now it is rushing and tumbling along like a rapid. But it is deep, and there are no great boulders here. The panting fisherman takes the rod once more. Again and again he hopes to stop the fish, but the stream and the strain press on for ever.

And there is no rest in the "pool" to be found to-day.

Right before us there is a bad piece of going amongst big rocks and fiercely-fighting currents; and worse than all, we see the long out-stretching ledge of stones and knife-like rocks, which drive the river into its very narrowest compass, and round which no line can safely go.

There is one little bay on our side into which you may per-adventure guide your fish, but the line must be short, and the strain must be very strong to force him out of that middle current, and old Peters, panting, whispers, "Oh, how I wish it was not single gut."

But no time must be lost, the line must be gathered in without a moment's delay the little bay just before us has to be reached. A heavy strain is applied. The drowning salmon flounders on the top of the rushing river. His whole length lies now against the current. It seems impossible to turn his head. That dull heavy weight, that great resistance caused by the length of the fish stretched like a great log on the surface of the stream brings agony to the fisherman, and with a long line and a

strong river the end of all things seems very near. A few steps, very grudgingly taken forwards, enables the pull of the line to give the desired direction to the head of the fish. And now with a run backwards and a great pressure from the upright rod, and a little less rush in the river the quieter water is reached. The fish comes slowly inch by inch towards the gaff waiting for its chance below. The yielding line shows that all is going well, some overhanging birch trees make it very difficult to see, but soon a great shout is heard. "Here he is, sir," and Peters, with his big gaff held firmly in both hands, and the fish half in, and half out of the river, are visible through the branches of the trees.

We pull the huge fish up the bank. The great roar of the river becomes subdued. The rod is resting on the grass. Our aching arms may take repose, and all the racking anxiety of the last half hour is at an end.

It was worth coming over the North Sea for this. The fish, a grand salmon of thirty-six pounds, in perfect condition, forty-five inches long, girth twenty-six inches, single gut casting line, fly No. 2 silver Wilkinson double.

But the day's work is not yet done. A little resting time is allowed. There are pools waiting lower down, which must be tried before the sun bursts out in the fulness of his power.

We are in a beautiful wood of birch which comes down to the river's brink. At one part of it there seems to be a fieldfare's nest in every tree. The sun's rays are very hot.

" This day Dame Nature seems in love,
The lustie sap begins to move :
Fresh juice does stir the imbracing vines,
And birds have drawn their Valentines.
The jealous fish, that low do lye,
May rise at a well dissembled flye."

And we press on. We pass one long pool and aim for the "Sten" Pool lower down. When quite out of the wood we see that every cloud has gone. The sun is in full possession of every part of the valley. Our gillie says "It is of no use." And we gaze and gaze on the brightly sparkling water, and long for the high hills to protect us from the glare and heat.

But is it quite hopeless? Memories of former days by the Aberdeenshire Dee come over us. We recall one April day under the shelter of snow-clad Lochnagar, with a cloudless deep blue sky, when our old keeper John Thomson of the Lion's Face maintained with all the strength of his strong Scotch character that no fish would rise "until the sun was aff the water."

There was not a breath of wind. The surface of the longest pool just below Cluny Lodge was like glass, and yet by the use of the finest tackle,

and the help of a beautiful little blue fly, which I had used with success in the far west of Ireland, seven salmon were taken out of that pool of the Dee, one after another, against all rule and against every angling theory, just to prove, I suppose, that the only rule to be always obeyed on a salmon river is to go on fishing. And go on fishing we did. There came, that season, a very unusual succession of hot and cloudless April days, and I remember very well the great interest and controversy a continuation of these captures caused amongst the fishermen of the upper Dee. Old "Angus" one of the Invercauld veterans coming down daily to the river to see it with his keen and cautious Scotch grey eyes, and Bowman, the Queen's tall keeper, and others becoming convinced against all their most cherished views of the rules of conduct rightly to be observed by the whole family of salmon under the sun. We killed one hundred and sixty salmon in twenty days' fishing that spring, and a goodly number of these fish were guided to their fate by the light of the brightest April sun I ever remember to have seen. And what exciting fishing it was. Every movement in the water was visible. One fish after another was seen to rush from his sheltering ledge of rock and take the fly. The main difficulty being so to direct his course as not unduly to disturb the pool.

What was good for a salmon in Scotland might prove to be good in Norway also, and so we tried the experiment once more.

A small fly and a careful cast just over a dividing line of rock in the current takes the line in the direction required, and at once there is a great boil in the water, and the head and shoulders of a big fish flash in the sun. There is an awful pause. Will he come again? What matter does it really make whether he comes or no? What matter! I appeal to any brother angler. The fish, the fish, my kingdom for the fish. Or if you do not happen to have a kingdom, the wife of your bosom, and every member of your family for another chance.

There must be a five minutes rest, and under that fierce sun we wait with every fibre tingling, and with great beats of a restless heart.

The time has come, and with trembling fingers the rod is grasped once more. One cast after another gives at last the right length of the line, and now the fly is seen to drop into the back of the dark wave which sweeps over the boulders below. There is a grand plunge at the fly, and the fun begins. The fish is very heavy. The stream is wonderfully strong. A great effort is needed to keep the salmon in the safety of the pool, the rod bends as if it must break, and then springs up again, and old Peters says "Ah! that single gut again."

But our little fly is in its place. The single gut is as long as before. It is the hook that is broken at the bend.

We sneak up to the Lodge just above us, for the comfort sometimes

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN IN NORWAY.



"OUR BROTHER OF THE ROD."

to be discovered in a cup of afternoon tea. It might be the effect of the long lasting heat of the sun, or perhaps it was caused by the weight of our sixty years. At any rate we concluded that we were very thirsty, and we find consolation in the first place in the tea, and soon afterwards in another salmon of fourteen pounds.

We return at nine o'clock to meet our brother of the rod. We turn the corner of the path and see him, fifty yards away, stoop down and carefully scan our fish of the morning on the grass. But what has happened since we parted in that morning light, he then so neatly groomed and in all his accustomed glory of well appointed apparel! He is now without his gillie, without his waders, and trousers, minus his stockings and boots, dripping miserably, more than half drowned, and yet with an evident feeling of sweet peace, and a deep rooted contentment, which puzzled those who gazed upon his generally dishevelled aspect. *He had had an adventure.*

THE ADVENTURE.

Crossing the river by the bridge just below the Lodge in the evening, he had commenced to fish one of the longest, and, on the whole, the quietest of our pools. About the middle of this stretch of water, near the side he was fishing, is the deepest and the calmest piece of it all.

After carefully casting down to this spot he gave a throw into the body of the stream, and letting the line come gradually in towards the deepest part of the little bay, he was suddenly aware of a tug and a strain which made his pulse give a jump, and his rod an obeisance to the unseen power below. There was the usual period of uncertainty, the quick turn of the reel, the bending and the bowing of the rod, the pause and the renewal of the welcome and well remembered strain, and then the fight began in earnest. A steady, strong and heavy pull in one direction, and that direction always the wrong one, a giving out of yard after yard of line, a rush, a plunge, and then the sight of a monster salmon high up in the air.

The pool is a long one for the Jüngen, but the struggle had begun alas! when half the distance to the rapids below had been traversed. The quiet water where the fish had made his home was the place to keep him. The question was would he be content to stay?

At first and for ten minutes all was right. A rush back again to home quarters allowed many yards of the line to be enticed in again. And now commenced a heavy pull on the rod, and a stately parade up the pool, and down the pool, round the pool, and across the pool, and sometimes a little jaunt out of the pool, towards the white foam of the rush and the rapid ahead.

Twice the reel gave out a short sharp scream and danger seemed very near, but back again turned the fish, and the man and the rod, and the line

and the hook united in the effort to persuade him that in his present and parlous condition there was no place like home for him.

A quarter of an hour had gone. No change of tactics had been tried either by the fish or the man at the wheel, but the strain on the rod was becoming heavier, not another yard of line could be reeled in. Little by little the downward path had to be taken, and then inch by inch, and foot by foot, and yard by yard the reel gave up her line. The foaming waters below came nearer and nearer. The reel began to moan and lament, the fisherman had to run. the rod jumped up, and jumped down, and away went the fish for the sea.

Now without an experienced gillie who could guide the poor fisherman aright a run on the Jüngen like this could only end in grief.

Directions were quickly given. Sometimes, I was told, the rod changed hands. Sometimes the gillie was in the stream, sometimes the owner of the rod. Often both together. The pace became faster, the rapids were like cataracts, the fish always making the pace far ahead. The crisis would come at the end of the big rapid just in sight. There the river divides. Keep the fish on the near side and all might be right. Let the current take him to the other, and your line must come to an end.

The near stream takes a turn to the left, and an island is before you. The far branch and the deep one goes away to the right.

For one moment all is in doubt, and then the last few yards of the line go away from the reel with a dull scream after the fish, which takes a rush to the right, and away goes my brother fisherman into the flood with the island right before him, and with clenched teeth and a vow that some of his line shall be reclaimed, the fisher and the fish struggle alike in the foam of the separate branches of the stream.

Waist deep in the water the fisherman struggles along and a straight cut to the island has shortened the length of line.

The river has united once more, and the race goes right merrily on.

There are rocks ahead, one of them standing up ten feet above the water, and the fish is again on the far side. The line cannot be kept clear, and the river is here far too deep to cross. A minute more and the fish is on the other side, and the line hangs helplessly round the stone.

Again the struggle seems at an end, but the gillie shouts "Stay where you are, sir, give out the line as slowly as possible, and I will run for the boat at the next pool, and join you as soon as I can."

Deep in the river remains the fisher of salmon, as deep as he can keep his footing, and mournfully and very grudgingly he tells out his line. Time goes slowly, oh! so slowly now. Every moment it seems that the link between the fisher and the fished must be cut. Again the reel is almost empty, and sends forth a funeral dirge. But high above the roar

of the Jüngen breaks out a strong voice below. "Hold on, sir, we shall have the boat abreast of you directly," and two hardy Norskers are now seen pulling and lugging the boat over the rocks and the breakers. The line is once more clear, the fisherman rushing along in the little craft, now safely guided, into the deeper currents of the stream, and the next big pool is in sight.

Seven hundred yards has the struggle of the man and the fish continued, and here at last near the gravelly shore of the "Pool of the Bank" the big fish comes heavily rolling along. A sharp stroke of the long gaff, and the deep strong form of a forty pound salmon lies safe on the grass above.

The cares, the sorrows, and, woe is me! the trousers of three-quarters of an hour ago are forgotten, and the fisherman, in the cool of the evening, clad like the men of North Scotland, appears at the Lodge, breathless and very wet, with his forty pounder borne after him in state.

The writer is conscious of many omissions, and he is quite unable to account for the loss of the garments which are indicated above. He only states the very naked truth just as he saw it. But the facts of the fight are truly given. The next day was a day of rest, and the brother fishermen went over the ground together, and in the evening this account was written to a fisherman friend. With the two large fish and two small ones our bag that day was one hundred and two pounds.

" But this is not half the happiness
 The fisherman enjoys,—
 High trolollie lollie loe,
 High trolollie lee,—
 Though others think they have as much,
 Yet he that says so lies.
 Then come away, turn,
 Fisherman, with me."

" Well sung, brother-in-law Coridon, this song you sing with mettle, and it is choicely fitted to the occasion; I shall love you for it as long as I know you."

JOHN W. PEASE.

INTEGER VITAE.

A man with sympathies that moved
To human interests, human needs :
And with unwearied kindness proved
By courteous words and friendly deeds.

One, upon whom his neighbours thrust
The burden of their constant cares,
A counsellor to love and trust,
He mixed in other men's affairs.

Yet with the soul serene, for which
The restless thinker vainly looks,
That made him in contentment rich
Among his birds and flowers and books.

For in his faith abiding strong,
Nor by regret nor doubt dismayed,
He stood asunder from the throng,
And spake with conscience unafraid.

No fierce ambition for the strife,
No master wit to scheme and plan,
But through a sane well-ordered life
The wisdom of the upright man.

ALFRED COCHRANE.



OF "JEREMIAH FEAR-THE-LORD."

[Being part of a narrative of certain events that ensued upon an attempt at escape by his late Majesty, King Charles of Blessed Memory, when residing in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the year 1646, set down in a letter of young Mr. Warwick's (younger brother to Sir Philip Warwick, who was one of the "Troop of Show" * that fought in the battle of Edgehill), written at some length of time thereafter to his mother for her full information in the happenings of that time, inasmuch as being enfeebled by the "new disease," she was then residing abroad and ignorant of many particulars in the late events.]

My brother, being by his private occasions necessitated to go southward for some weeks did recommend me to his Majesty as one no whit less devoted to his service than himself, and not less ready than anxious to minister to his necessities.

His Majesty was very graciously pleased to accept of my service, and tendered me the post of page extra-ordinary about his person till my brother was returned.

His Majesty had been brought to Newcastle by the Scots army from Newark, and in the beginning treated with the consideration due to his Royal Person, but there, whether it was that the air coming oftener from the North bore along with it that huckstering taint which ever afflicts that nation, or whether it may be that they had but cloaked their knavish intentions lest the King should take fright, certain it is that very shortly a different complexion showed amongst them, and the guard

* History repeats itself, compare with this title that given in the recent war to the Duke of Cambridge's troop of Yeomanry.

"These last were commonly known as 'The Millionaires,' as they were many of them very rich men—one hears of a tent with an aggregate income of £80,000 a year—and supplied their own horses and kit."

of honour grew liker to be a sheriff's posse than an ornament to do His Majesty honour.

Philosophers did oft in olden times dispute whether the Goddess Fortune did not scatter her favours as an Eastern King his largesse, unmindful of merit, but in the period whereof I write, there were many who, deriving their learning from Geneva, upheld that fortune is but an idle word, and that all circumstances are pre-ordained and happen of hard necessity.

If this be so, then certain it is that predestination is no courtier, for 'twas by a low fellow exceeding in his cups that the King's purpose was wrecked during the occasion of his stay in Newcastle.

Now there was one in particular of this guard that had been appointed by the Scots army, who delighted, so far as it was in his power, to heap indignity upon our Royal Master, or Martyr, as the same now truly style him, whom they then, as this same "Jeremiah," did use to call "The Man of Blood."

"Jeremiah Fear-the-Lord," for so the rest of the guard named him, was chief amongst them by reason of his greater learning in the Scriptures, a more inveterate hatred of the Episcopalian Liturgies, and a fiercer jealousy of the Royal Cause. A scrofulous-faced fellow he was, coarse-haired, knuckled-nosed, with a painful, long, Scots twang in his speech, much used to "edification," and a follower of his namesake of old, the melancholy prophet of Israel.

This Jeremiah then would sit him down without courtesy within the outer Hall, and at times even endeavoured to expound the Scriptures to his Majesty himself (who had no lack of knowledge therein nor need of wit to make good use thereof), drinking* his tobacco from a long pipe he carried with him, and filling the Hall with its noisome fumes.

The fellow having no true erudition in him nor fundamental faculties, was ever driven to a non-plus by his Majesty, whensoever he was pleased, as sometimes he was, to take notice of his clumsy speech or readings from the Scripture, which was another reason the more for the still further exceeding in his outrageous bearing towards him.

But the King, as it so chanced, had soon an opportunity of heaping coals of fire upon the head of Jeremiah, which he did with his usual princely grace and generosity, as the following shall testify.

The King had forborne to attend at service in St. Nicholas, the main Church of the town, after the outrageous behaviour of a Scots Preacher who had directly railed at him as a Tyrant from the pulpit; but he had

* It may be noted that this, the original phrase, is very similar to that employed by the Arabs to this day, who always speak of "drinking smoke."

chanced to pass thereby on a Sunday afternoon just as the lecture was finished and the people came thronging out, amongst whom was a woman bearing a child, who, seeing his Majesty, pressed towards him, and kneeling to him and shewing him the child's face, plainly marked with "the evil," besought him to touch and cure it.

Whereat Jeremiah, the guard, who was in attendance upon us, came impertinently forward and thrust the woman away in dudgeon, who in return at once began rebuking him, crying out, "'twas his child as much as her's!" After a few questions put, the woman was plainly discovered to be Jeremiah's wife, and the child his daughter, the more by token of the said scrofula in either face.

The King thereupon promised her that if she came to his lodgings he would e'en require his chaplain, worthy Bishop Juxon, to perform the religious ceremonies incident to the occasion, and then would himself "touch" the child's face "for the evil." She departed in great joy and thankfulness, and the next day was appointed for her coming.

'Twas evident that Jeremiah was much disquieted at his wife's persistence, for he could plainly be overheard muttering to himself concerning "Romish superstitions," "Kingcraft" and "Priestcraft," "cast clouts o' the scarlet Woman," yet when the morrow came, and his wife and babe appeared in the King's chamber, his affection for his child finally triumphed—though he yet endeavoured to conceal it—over his hostilities to both King and Bishop, so that he fell quiet and interrupted not the ancient and pious office beyond making sundry ejaculations and protests thereupon.

The surgeon then, who was in waiting, led the woman holding the child in her arms, up to the King, who was sitting in his chair at the high end of the chamber, Bishop Juxon, clad in his formalities, standing beside.

With that grace that ever attended His Majesty's demeanour towards his humble subjects, he first enquired some particulars of the woman concerning the age of the child, then, leaning forward gently stroked its cheeks with either hand, the Bishop meanwhile repeating from Holy Scriptures, "*He put His hands upon them, and He healed them.*"

"Hum, hum, hum," groaned Jeremiah hereat from the further end of the chamber, whence he kept an uneasy eye fixed upon the ceremonials, but yet forbore himself from interruption, save that his distaste of the Bishop's office suddenly overcoming him, he repeated in a loud tone a verse from James his writings, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall heal the sick and the Lord shall raise him up."

"Whist ye, then, whist, Jeremiah," cried his wife at this, "for have not baith ye and the elders anointed and prayed and never a scale been removed from the puir bairn's face?"

Whereto Jeremiah replied not openly, but was heard to mutter concerning the case of "Naaman the Syrian" and of the "bowing down in the house of Rimmon," but thereafter quoted no further from Holy Writ.

Then the good Bishop kneeling, presented unto his Majesty an angel of gold strung from a white ribbon on his arm, who, taking it from him, put it about the neck of the child, while the Bishop repeated, "*This is the true light which came into the world.*" Thereafter followed an epistle with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick and finally the blessing. Once being completed, 'twas my office to come forward with a basin, ewer and towel wherewith his Majesty did wash his hands.

Never did I see a woman so transported with joy as this same dour guard's wife after the office was finished. Comely enough before, she was now radiant with happiness, and became beautified so that even Jeremiah had a touch of grace ephemerally, and forbore from interrupting her whilst she poured out her thanksgiving to the King.

Next morning, as 'twas very wet and inclement, we stirred not out, but it so chanced that the King sent me on some small errands in the afternoon, and as I returned homewards I felt on a sudden my sleeve plucked from behind.

Turning, I saw 'twas none other than Mistress Jeremiah, who at once accosted me, "Good-day, young sir, and indeed 'tis well met, for I have e'en somewhat here which I would ask ye to put into the King's own hands, though scarce worthy his acceptance."

"Why not come yourself up to his lodging and present it to his Majesty in person?" quoth I.

"I could not present it aright, young sir, I doubt me, and again there is Jeremiah who, though he be honest and upright, is a hard man like him we read of in Scripture, and loves not the King, nor Bishop, but would have all ruled by all and an entire new ordering of things which is, I think, beyond a woman's comprehension. But that the King is good and gracious and noble, of that I am assured, for a woman's heart is a true seer, and my sweet bairn e'en begins to mend in this hour—her colour comes fresher in her cheeks already—yea, the King hath worked such a miracle as did the great Elisha who brought back to life the Shunamite's child of old. And indeed, young sir, my gratitude to him is no less than her's, though, alas, I possess no means nor opportunity to prove it, but one small favour I would ask of you, which is that you will carry to him this token—insignificant howsoever it be—of a humble woman's affection and respect unto the King who has shown favour unto

his servant. 'Tis but a small silver pomander ball of great virtue in times of pestilence—and perchance might be of service at one time or another. I have e'en obtained it from my cousin Macindoe on Tyne Bridge, who deals in silver ware, having sojourned in Flanders and there become learned in the mystery. 'Tis a rare piece, he saith, and hath a history attached, nor would he part with it to another, but only to me who am his cousin on the mother's side, and for whom in the old days at Berwick he had an affection. Perchance it might have grown to somewhat further length," she continued thoughtfully, "but Jeremiah was the stronger man, and women, young sir, though thou art over young for that lore yet, in such case too often rate strength higher than ought else," and here she sighed, though scarce conscious, I think, that she had done so.

I promised to do her bidding, and as I walked away a sudden idea cropped up in my mind.

I had been nursing a project latterly which had not yet seemed feasible owing to want of a proper instrument. Now this project was none other than the King's escape from the Scots' Army, for rumour had it that they were secretly bargaining with the heads of the Parliament in London concerning him, and that crafty nation was never yet known not to get the upper hand in any transaction of that kind.

The impediment to my project was chiefly Jeremiah himself, who scarce ever left us out of sight or hearing, having a native dislike to the King and being as full of suspicion as an attorney's clerk, but here, thought I, was occasion offered for drawing him off when opportunity was ripe for our enterprise upon which I had already conferred with Bishop Juxon.

'Twas certain that Mistress Jeremiah would do aught for the King that was in her power, and as for the rest of the Guard of Honour, a keg of aqua-vitæ, opportunely discovered, would settle their accompt.

Having delivered the silver pomander ball to the King, I sought an opportunity for private conversation with Bishop Juxon, who seemed to think well of the suggestion, for he had grown vastly uneasy of late in regard to the Scots' intentions towards the King.

After a lengthy pondering, he dismissed me for the night, bidding me speak to no man further on the matter till he had conferred with the King thereon.

Next day, when out walking in attendance on the King, the Bishop took an opportunity to draw me to him, and gave me certain letters to deliver secretly to two citizens of the town, well known to be ardent well-wishers to his Majesty, with directions to await their replies thereto.

One was addressed to Sir John Marley, who had but recently been put out of the office of Mayor by ordinance of Parliament against the "delinquents," as they were pleased to style them, in the town, and who was then living privately in a house in the Close belonging to a friend of his.

It was this same Sir John who had defended the city of Newcastle so gallantly against the Scots, and was inferior to none in his devotion and loyalty to the King.

The affair was evidently of moment, for I had a great wait at either house I called at, and it was only after Sir John had sent out a servant to make some enquiry outside that he was able to indite a reply to the King.

Late that same evening the Bishop came to me, as I lay upon a pallet bed in the withdrawing-room that communicated with the King's apartment, and, informing me that matters were all in trim for his Majesty's flight, enquired of me if I knew where Mistress Jeremiah lodged, and whether I could arrange for her to call away her husband from the guard the next night but one at a quarter before nine of the clock without arousing his suspicion.

"For the woman's fidelity to his Majesty I pledge myself, and I think if she came up with some concocted report of the child's health that Jeremiah would at once go with her, for next to his love for the Covenant comes, I believe, his affection for his child."

He bade me then seek out Mistress Jeremiah the next morning and straitly charge her to repay her debt of gratitude to the King by exactly performing what was required of her.

A chance visit to Master Macindoe, the silversmith upon the Bridge, was sufficient to enable me to discover Mistress Jeremiah's lodging, whither away I at once directed my steps.

She was, as I had known she would be, full fain to do aught that was of service to the King, and without telling her of what was toward, she at once straitly bound herself to call for her husband at the time mentioned.

The fateful day passed with leaden footsteps, and well I remember how cheerless and gloomy was the atmosphere without door—being thick with what the Scots called a "haar" or sea-mist, which the east wind in those parts oftentimes brings up with it in the afternoons.

Everything was in train for the attempt, but 'twas weary waiting for the oncome of night. My Lord Marquis Hartford and myself had long before explored the underground passage that led from Anderson House to the Lort Burn that runs through the centre of the town, egress being given at a gate on the street called the Side, some hundred yards

from the town wall, where it fronts the River on the south. The Scots knew not of this passage, and indeed 'twas generally thought by the people of the town that it had long since fallen in, so that little regard was taken of the gate, which was secured by a simple padlock and chain.

A ladder was to be obtained from the house of another well-known loyal citizen of the town, by which the King would escalate the wall: a four-oared boat was to lie waiting where the Lort Burn flows into the Tyne, and a swift sailing schooner was safely chartered at North Shields to take up the King and set sail on the instant for Aberdeen, where 'twas said the Lord Marquis Huntly was in a readiness to take the field.

My part in the affair was to lead the way along the underground passage to the gate aforesaid, which would then be unlocked by Sir John, who would be there betimes, after which the King and two chosen attendants would straightway repair to the house of Mr. George Clavering, whence by means of the ladder the town wall might be escalated.

Everything, then, was in good preparation; Mistress Jeremiah had her part pat, so that unless some fatal mischance occurred, our Lord and Master the King, was sure to be free of the Scots' grip that night.

As the design had been in some degree of my contrivance, I felt the weight of the matter press so heavy on my mind that at the last I could stay still no longer, and ventured down into the outer Hall, where Jeremiah was sitting beside the door, drinking tobacco and reading in the Scriptures, as was his usual custom.

After passing a "good e'en" to him, and finding him less surly than usual, I ventured to enquire the meaning of a difficult passage in Holy Writ as the best means of ensuring his complacency.

"Hum, ha," replied he ponderously, clearing his throat after the preaching manner, "'tis a difficult text for babes dootless, but since ye ask for bread I shall no' proffer ye a stone," when a sudden clattering of the knocker on the outer door at this moment interrupted the speaker, and he paused in some vexation whilst another of the guard undid the fastenings. No sooner was the door swung open than Mistress Mary appears, tear-stained and tremulous, asking eagerly for Jeremiah, who, on hearing her voice, strode forward to meet her on the threshold.

"What is't then, woman?" I overheard him query in some vexation, for he was of the Muslim kidney of husband that loves his womankind to keep the house.

"O-oh, come your ways quickly, Jeremiah, then, for the bairnie's ailing sadly, an' maybe a prayer from yourself might avail to bring her help."

Jeremiah glanced backwards at me with some show of exultation, as it seemed, then in a loud utterance quoth he with a mighty self-

sufficiency, "Aha, so the bairn ails? Ah, well-a-day, but praise be, the hour of shibboleth and superstition is past and gone, whilst still the effectual and fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much. Michael, keep guard till I return! Woman, lead on!" and so without more ado Jeremiah strode away upon his healing errand.

My admiration for Mistress Mary was increased ten-fold, for she had performed her part to the letter. Now all that remained to do was to allay the watchfulness of Michael and the remaining guards.

Now, Michael, though doubtless one of the Elect, had yet what Jeremiah was wont to call "a joint in his harness," and indeed 'tis true that if he bore not the flaming sword of the Archangel, he made some amends in the colour of his nose, so that I opened ground and lay trench against him instantly.

"'Tis a parlous cold night, friend Michael," said I, "and is like to grow more damp and chilly as the hours pass, but is there not balm in Gilead? What sayest thou to a small keg of aqua-vitæ, which an honest tradesman of the town sent here to-day as a present to his Majesty, but which he does not use? 'Tis pity to waste that comfortable creature—is't not so, my friend?"

Whereat Michael, with that freedom that oft distinguished the "saints" in those days, at once accepted the proposal, for was there not "a time for all things," and to make a difference in things immaterial was oft-times inexpedient, as Holy Scripture said.

'Twas scarce ten minutes after this ere the Marquis Hartford and myself were guiding the King's footsteps with our lanthorns down the slippery, narrow passage that led beside the burn.

It may be that we were over afraid for the King's treadings, or over anxious lest any noise might discover us, but we were some eight minutes late at our appointment at the gate with Sir John Marley, sufficient time enough to admit of that same scurvy trick of fortune I made mention of above which did so fatally shipwreck our attempt.

Now it chanced that Mr. Clavering, being something timorous and nervous in disposition and expecting as he did our coming momentarily, grew so disquieted at the delay that he left his house in the Close to meet us, and came cautiously along till he reached the turning from the Sandhill to the lower end of the Side.

Turning the corner sharply he fouled up—either by evil chance or that same scurvy predestination, as you will—against one of the ill collier breed that infests those parts.

"Look ye here!" cries the collier in his semi-barbarous speech, reaching out as he spoke and detaining Mr. Clavering with a giant's

hand, "look ye here! Aw'll not be knocked up against by any man in England, sae if ye wish to fight, just let s know."

Whereat the other much disquieted, and being at something of a loss for ready speech, whispered him secretly, that he was engaged upon an important service that night, and bid him leave his hold "in the King's name."

"An' whe's the King?" retorted the collier with that coarseness and brutality that amongst the common folk of the northern parts appears to have no bounds set to it, "Wey, Aw's a king mawself—Geordie Nixon, the King o' Sandgate,—head skipper amongst the keelmen," and therewith still holding his captive gripped tight in the one hand, began beating him with the other upon the back, as he sang in loud and drunken voice out of one of the northern songs:—

"He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet and a dimple in his chin."

Mr. Clavering on his side here violently endeavoured to escape, but the two tripped over and fell into the kennel together, whence the noise of their scuffling drew the attention of the town guard, who chanced to be nigh hand at that time.

To add a crown to the misfortune of the night, Jeremiah happened to come posting back that same way in high ill humour at having been drawn off from his post at an idle summons, for the child, as he had shortly discovered, ailed nothing, and he too drew up as the brawling reached his ears.

Now just at that same moment we were coming along at a swift pace from the opposite direction, and thinking that it was but a matter of some roysterers fighting among themselves, pressed swiftly on upon the other side of the road.

Jeremiah, however, his suspicion already aroused at his wife's behaviour that night, spied at us through the darkness; then, seizing a lanthorn from the guard's hands, came towards us boldly.

"Who are ye, and whither bound?" cries he, with sword drawn as he spake.

"Peaceable citizens, sir," replied Sir John Marley, turning backward and shielding the King's person as best he could from the other's observation, "on a visit to a friend. Good e'en to ye," and therewith turned again and secretly pressed the King onward with his hand.

"An' wha's this, then?" cried Jeremiah afresh, as he darted forward and laid a fierce grip upon myself, whom he doubtless recognized by my smallness of stature. I drew on the instant, for if I could hold him but a few moments in fight the King might yet escape. I fought

with desperation, but Jeremiah still kept the lanthorn in his left hand, and the flickering light of it dazzled my eyesight, so that after a pass or two he had me disarmed, and dashing on had in another moment drawn upon the King himself.

Yield thee, Charles Stewart," he cried. "To me, Watch, the King escapes!" Just at the moment a figure rushed forward betwixt them, and Jeremiah, thinking 'twas one of us, lunged out straight with his sword.

A deep moan sounded upon our ears, a great sob followed, then a heavy thud upon the ground, and as we gazed at the poor convulsed figure, lo and behold, 'twas a woman lying there.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen all," cried the King in a voice of authority, as the town guard came thickly round; then, kneeling down, with kingly kindness he raised the poor woman's head upon his knee, and as we blankly gazed we saw 'twas none other than Mistress Jeremiah who lay there, dying at our feet.

The King groaned aloud as he recognized her features, and he muttered sadly, "Alas, Charles Stewart ever brings misfortunes on his friends,"—then sternly, as he caught sight of Jeremiah standing by in stupified amaze, "Haste thee, man, haste for a surgeon, for she bleeds to death."

Thus sadly ended our essay that night; and this, Honoured Madame, is the full, true, and particular relation of his late Blessed Majesty's attempt at escape from the town of Newcastle in 1646.

THE PARISH CLERK.

A YORKSHIRE OLD WORLD CHARACTER.

If not born at Hilltop, a little North Yorkshire village, Will Dale, the character in question, lived there nearly all his life. There, too, he died and was buried.

He was a tall, thin man, of active habits, and was apparently impervious to the effects of wet or cold. He used to remark that he had "nowt on fer t' weather to tak' hold on."

On Sundays, Will's attire was eminently appropriate to his profession as parish clerk; on week days it was selected with due regard to the particular trade he might be pursuing, for he was master of more than one. Let us consider in this place his clerical garb. This was entirely of a raven hue, respectable and orthodox, except where two slight expanses of shirt front and collar revealed themselves—two precious oases of white gleaming out from a desert of black. He wore a long frock coat, and a tall, well brushed silk hat. A stiff black stock encircled a stiff stand-up collar, with huge peaks projecting right up to the corners of his mouth, then with lateral slope losing itself behind the silk stock.

Will's first duty at church was to ring the bell, the erratic ringing of which was apt to lead the casual visitor to the church into grievous errors. Whilst still half a mile from church, the bell might cease ringing indicating, apparently, that the service was about to begin, in spite of the fact that your watch still wanted some ten minutes of the appointed time. You would naturally hurry on, ashamed to appear late. Then the bell would begin again, with probably another interval of silence, before the last few notes pealed forth, a moment or two previous to the actual commencement of the service.

But Will was not idle during these flashes of silence. Perhaps he was stirring up the fire in the stove, or discussing the weather, or the state of the river, with some member of the scanty congregation, either in the porch or outside the church, and finally helping the parson to invest himself in his voluminous surplice—the cassock had not yet been re-introduced as a part of clerical attire.

Somewhere about the proper time the service began, the clergyman not being unpleasantly strict on the matter of punctuality. It must be remembered, however, that he lived four miles from the church.

Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant a Confirmation had never been held in Hilltop Church, but matters altered with the building

of a church in the centre of the parish. The Bishop of the Diocese came to consecrate it, and made another visit to hold a Confirmation some two years after. In the meantime, however, he had taken to himself a wife. As soon as he entered the vestry on this his second visit, Dale went up to him and holding out his hand, asked him in the most friendly manner, "Well, sir, and 'ow are ye, I'm right glad to see ye back agin."

"Oh, I'm very well, thank you," replied the Bishop with a twinkle in his eye.

"That's right, sir," heartily replied Will. "And how's t' missis? We heard ye'd gotten wed sin ye were here last."

"Oh, thank you, she's very well too," further replied the Bishop, a broad grin of amusement beaming on his face.

"Come now, that's well," replied Will fervently.

It was evident that his lordship had a much more extensive acquaintance with parish clerks than Will Dale had with bishops.

Dale always alluded to the Bishop after this, as "a haffable and well-spoken gentleman."

Our parish clerk did not lose his presence of mind when confronted with any unexpected difficulty.

On one occasion—this was in the new church—a strange clergyman was engaged to preach some charity sermon. Living some considerable distance away, he was unable to reach the church till long after the service had begun. Will met him in the vestry, with the remark that he was in plenty of time for the sermon. Just as a hymn was being sung, the stranger left the vestry for the church through a door leading into the chancel, and took up his position at one end of the choir stalls, then as the choir began the last verse, he marched up into the pulpit. Unfortunately, however, the hymn just concluding was not the one before the sermon. His movements had been a little premature. The congregation looked up at the preacher in amazement, the choir looked enquiringly at the Vicar, who looked with a bewildered air at the choir. Here was a difficulty indeed.

But Will Dale, without looking for help from anyone, grasped the situation in a moment; and with equal promptness decided on his course of action.

With the utmost calmness he followed the stranger up the steps into the pulpit, and then giving a vigorous tug at his surplice whispered "Ye mun coom down, sir, ye mun coom down!"

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the bewildered clergyman, with a very puzzled air.

"Why, ye mun coom down, we hev'nt gotten t' prayers over yit!"

He came down and subsided into the nearest vacant seat, whilst, with increased dignity, Will Dale resumed his own.

Will not only fulfilled the duties of Clerk, but also those of Precentor, which was by no means an easy task in a church which possessed neither organ nor choir, especially when the congregation—always scanty—fell as low as six, officials included. Under such circumstances it is hardly a matter of surprise that the service mainly consisted of a duet between the Parson and Clerk. The sound of your own voice seemed appallingly loud and startling in the almost empty building. To convert the duet into a trio was an ordeal from which the very boldest spirit shrank back in alarm.

Some indeed of the parish ancients may have deemed it a sacrilege to interfere with the time-honoured method of conducting the service. As a rule, the rustic mind holdeth fast to the old traditions, and loveth not innovations.

Nevertheless the people did sing, using as a service book the venerable collection of Tate and Brady, formerly contained at the end of every Prayer Book, but now, alas, discarded for some more modern arrangement.

Like most North Country folk, Will Dale had some ear for music; but his knowledge of hymn tunes was limited, and I question whether he could read a note of music. If therefore the Parson had selected the hymns, a little awkwardness might not unfrequently have resulted therefrom. For Will Dale might not have known a tune suitable for that particular metre; or perchance his tune might have been in parts too high or too low for his voice, owing to an excess of draught or damp in the throat, either of which, as is well known, lamentably affects the voice.

It is true that the Parson and Clerk might have settled the question both of hymn and tune in the vestry before the service, but the former being a most tender hearted man shrank from wounding Will Dale's feelings by throwing the least doubt upon his musical knowledge. The confession from a precentor that he "didn't know any tune to the hymn" would indeed be humiliating—hence the clerk chose the hymn which he was to start.

Let me try to give an idea of the manner in which the musical part of the service was conducted at Hilltop Church. At the end of the third collect Will stands up, and, in a loud but distinctly quavering voice, says, "We will now sing to the praise and glory of God the one hoondreth Psalm."

Will clears his throat as a preliminary measure, then mentally endeavours to pitch upon the right key on which to begin. He boldly strikes up, "Hall peepul that," but alas he can proceed no further. He

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has set the tune so high, that without danger to the roof, to say nothing of his own lungs, further progress is impossible. Anyone sitting near Will can just hear him mutter as in explanation to himself "That's a bit over high." Another mental running up and down the scale, then Will strikes up again, "Hall peepul that on hurth do dwell" but again he stops, for even the deepest bass voice might shrink with dismay from singing a hymn pitched so appallingly low, even a bass viol might have had occasion for its reserve powers.

At this second failure Will looks rather surprised, for it is seldom indeed that his second attempt is unsuccessful. But he is quite unabashed; still preserving a wonderful presence of mind. And why not, pray? He is among friends, and moreover has done his best. Will's third essay is eminently successful, and we triumphantly sing away right to the end of the first line.

But here another pause ensues. This time the congregation is to blame. Will turns towards the two lady members of the congregation, stretches out his arm, and making a beckoning movement with his forefinger, utters in a very audible stage whisper, "Sing oop, Sally Brown, sing oop, plase," then resumes his duties as leader by beginning the next line, "Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice," Miss Sally Brown and her friend faintly following his lead. So we manfully struggle through the first verse, at an immense expenditure of exertion on poor Will's part. Again he makes a piteous appeal for help, a distinct threat, however, mingling with the appeal. There is, too, an infinity of reproach in his look and voice, as he summons us to his aid with the words, "We'll hev te stop if ye doan't sing up!"

Dale was by inclination a fisherman. No one knew the river better than he, surely no one loved it half so well. Most means of taking fish were familiar to him; he could throw a fly with any one, and beat most people with a worm or other ground bait. In the case of salmon, he could use a rod, a net or even a spear. Many a fine fish has he transfixed with his glistening trident.

Perhaps his most remarkable feat was with one of his night lines, of which he would frequently have a dozen or more stretching right across the river. Eels were his staple catch on these occasions, with occasionally a trout, chub or flat fish. But one morning he made an unprecedented capture; one quite unique, even in the history of the oldest and wildest angler, whatever river he frequented; for on one of the lines he found a herring! and caught by the tail too—more than that it was a red herring—well salted! This of itself would have been sufficiently remarkable, but to crown all, this red herring had a well blackened cutty pipe in its mouth!

"Ah, he's a reglar owd sodger is this chap," quietly remarked Will, with a broad grin on his face as he took the fish off the hook, "he knows how to enjoy hissel, he does that. It's first I ever seed caught i' this river and Ah think we mun hev him stuffed."

Like every true sportsman Will liked a little excitement with his sport. There is always the element of uncertainty in fishing, to this in his case was added a spice of danger, for he contemptuously disregarded the regulations laid down by law as to the taking of salmon. And it is indeed remarkable what a fascination there is to some minds in the unlawful pursuit of game. The poacher is by no means only found in the lower ranks of society, for I have known several amongst the undergraduates at Oxford, men who could have as much legitimate sport as heart could desire.

Will Dale rented from one of the riparian owners a stretch of water some two miles long. But on a dark night who could say on which side of the river he was, or whether he was on his own hired property or not? for Will did not advertize his whereabouts too loudly, you may be sure of that. In my early days a watcher or water bailiff was unknown at Hilltop, and even after one had been appointed Will Dale as a rule was able to elude his vigilance, perhaps for years together.

When engaged in spearing salmon Will used a boat of quite unique type which he called "Trows"—no doubt a mis-pronunciation of "Troughs." It was made of two shallow flat boxes, or troughs, about five and a half feet long and eighteen inches wide, fastened together at both ends by a board placed over the upper or hollow part of each trough. These troughs were fixed close together, there being a space of six or eight inches between them. One end of this novel boat was cut away to a sharp angle or point, thus forming a sharp prow or stern.

Will stood upright in this machine, one foot in each trough and propelled it by a pole, worked over one side, or through the cavity or well running the whole length of the "Trows." In his hands, and for his purpose, it was a most ingenious and useful contrivance. Drawing but little water, it could be used over the shallows which abounded in the river, whilst in the deeper stretches it glided along with almost imperceptible motion: one dexterous stroke from Will's arms making it shoot along for twenty or thirty yards. And above all, through the slit in the centre of the craft you could discern a fish lying immediately under you, without exposing yourself to the risk of being seen, and thus scaring away the wily prey. But Will's salmon spearing days have long been over, the last fragment of the "Trows" has vanished into smoke, the spear perchance has been converted into a pruning hook.

With the new church and a new parson came fresh customs. Will's

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part in the old fashioned duet was usurped by the congregation; an organ pitched the proper note which formerly he precented, whilst a surpliced choir filled the places of the Sallies and Maries who in times past followed his quavering lead.

"I's a bit over auld fashioned fur these days," quoth Will.

R. G. SOANS.



SCOTT AND STEVENSON

Between "the great wizard" of romance at the beginning of the century and the Master of the Romantic School *au fin de siècle*, there is a great gulf fixed, not merely as regards art, but as regards environment, personal idiosyncrasy and temperament also.

For Sir Walter was as truly the last of the Jacobites as Stevenson is the first of the moderns.

The former had been brought up amongst those whose fathers had fought for Prince Charlie; he had himself seen in his youth "Craig," or "Pate-in-Peril," and sat at dinner with those who had been "out" in "the '45."

Sir Walter, indeed, was the last of the giants; the spirit of the old, hard-riding Borderer, of the sturdy moss-trooper burned in his breast; morbidness he knew not, dejection ("the mulley-grubs" he styled that malady) he tossed from him as a spaniel shakes water from its ears.

Thus there is something of the old world spaciousness in his treatment of life: something Homeric in his joy of living; dyspepsia—that latter-day incarnation of the Promethean vulture—affected him not, for he was "sib" to the older race of men—the Fieldings, the Smollets, the Samuel Johnsons of the eighteenth century, who forgot the twinges of the gout in "cracking t' other bottle."

But Stevenson is the child of a different era—a modern of the moderns; impressionable to the finger-tips, he viewed life from the personal standpoint: critical rather than creative, artificial rather than spontaneous, subjective rather than objective, and more of the scholar than the sportsman, he was the type of the latter-day artist.

Perhaps what strikes one most in reading his romances is the finish of his work and the extraordinary skill he shows in making the most of his material; as a stage-manager he is unequalled, as "full of crafty artifice as some old experienced carpenter of plays—some Dennery or Sardou."

This is as much as to hint that he was somewhat theatrical in his treatment of character and incident, and some of the most famous passages in his works will, on reflection, bear out this suggestion.

In his historical novels again, the sole use of antiquity to him lies in the artistic opportunities it offers: there is nothing of the antiquary in his composition. "The Black Arrow," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Kidnapped," "Catriona"—all are essentially modern in con-

ception, even though the cross-bow twangs and rapiers clash in the shrubbery.

The "great wizard," on the other hand, realized the past as probably no other man ever did before (and as certainly no one ever will hereafter, for the simple reason that we have now lost touch with the old order); his intellectual being dwelt therein, and he treasured the old customs and traditions as a mother the mementoes of a favourite child.

Modern problems, with their hosts of weary doubts, would not have interested him; he would have put them by as he might the subtleties of the schoolmen, and, with a whistle to "Maida," have thought out the plot of a new "Waverley" as he strode across the moors. There never was perhaps a man more entirely healthy in body and mind; as he says of himself, he was of the old Border breed, hard-riding, deep-drinking, a lover of the cudgel and back-sword-play, a stout wrestler; in short, a true descendant of old "Wat of Harden." Intellectually, his capacious mind partook of the same homely order of strength; the love of Nature and the delights of honest living, combined with an intense love of romance and a weird knowledge of the past, furnished forth a storyteller who has cast a spell upon man, woman and child of all degrees and every age alike.

Now, "Tusitala" (as the Samoans fondly styled him) was a "story-teller" of another age, as we said above, and differing nature.

One may perhaps liken the former of the two romantics to the mediæval knight who bore away prizes in the jousts of the day, and in the great hall at night enchanted the ears of all the company with his skill as a jongleur.

The latter to the pilgrim with cockle-shell in cap who travelled far and near in quest of health for body and soul, and noted with the harvesting eye of the student the quaint, and the strange, and the marvelous as he journeyed restlessly onward on his life's pilgrimage, eventually to reproduce it all in his own quaint and most delightful missals.

The former, borne along on the full tide of the imagination and emotions, could even forget his own existence, and like some eager school-boy listening to a moving tale, lived only in the interest of the tale itself.

There is no stranger story in literary biography than that of Sir Walter dictating amidst the torments of internal cramp "The Bride of Lammermoor" to his amanuensis Ballantyne, and afterwards, when free from pain, entirely forgetting the whole transaction. The incident is so remarkable it may perhaps be quoted at length from Ballantyne's own narration.

"The book" (says James Ballantyne), "was not only written, but

published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as did before he took to his bed, but he literally recollected nothing else—not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, not anything with which he was connected as the writer of the book. ‘For a long time,’ he said, ‘I felt myself very uneasy in the course of reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However, I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure you would not have permitted anything of the sort to pass.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘upon the whole, how did you like it?’ ‘Why,’ he said, ‘as a whole. I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.’ I do not think I ever ventured to lead to the discussion of this singular phenomenon again; but you may depend upon it, that what I have now said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down in shorthand at the moment: I should not otherwise have ventured to allude to the matter at all.

“I believe you will agree with me in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful.”

Once again, it may be remembered how when a lady had finished singing one of his own songs, Sir Walter himself joined in the chorus of approbation with the innocent query—

“Byron’s, I suppose?”

He was indeed the type of the unconscious artist. “A great romantic, an idle child,” wrote Stevenson critically of his technique, but the great master of the “big wow-wow” style could never have borne the fetters of a Flaubert or a Stevenson.

In the one case you have the infinite pains of an artist, in the other the “spate” of genius. Stevenson could halt for the right phrase and suggestive epithet with the clash of his hero’s sword in his ears; once Sir Walter was started on a “moving incident by flood or field,” no

obstacle of style could stay his stride, but, like a hound breast high upon the scent, rested not till he had pulled down his quarry in the open.

His interests lay with life itself rather than with impressions, which are often all the neurotic school has to build upon.

The ultimate test of genius, is, doubtless, the creative power, that is, the power not merely to erect a statue like Pygmalion, but to make it live.

Now, to create an individual type, say, an Andrew Fairservice, for example, "you must take,"—to borrow the language of the Cookery-book—some fifty or sixty Scot gardeners, calvinistic, dour, semi-hypocritical, their eye alternating between "the Book" and the main chance, "boil slowly, and leave to cool in a mould."

That is, you must have a large knowledge of human nature in gross before you can create the one particular individual who shall be a real person, but yet at the same time a type. Otherwise your character is but a "strengthless head" when compared with the figure of Odysseus—the man of flesh and blood whose eyes are bright with the "light of day."

Whence comes the spell that casts so strange an enchantment upon us that we can actually claim the phantasm of another's brain as a personal friend of our own?

The answer is that genius fashioned them, then,—with the stolen Promethean fire, quickened them into life.

The essential characteristic of such creations is their humanity. We love them at once, for are they not all fellow-sinners with ourselves?

To attain this, "to fill another's house with friends," as once was pathetically said by an unknown lady to Dickens, requires nothing more nor less than genius.

Such an one, indeed, has, to use the quaint and forcible Carlylean metaphor, "fire in his belly, and nothing human is "hid from the heat of it." But the workmanship, the technique of such an one is often inferior to that of another with far less native power.

To compare Scott and Stevenson is to discover that the former was often as slovenly as a school-boy in his writing, and as careless as a sign-painter in his artistic details. "I write in one way, and another man writes in another, and that's the end o't," Scott once replied in effect to a correspondent who accused him of bad grammar; and indeed when a man has genius it does not seem to matter whether his grammar is correct or no.

Stevenson on the other hand being, not a genius, but an artist of a wonderful talent, and an exquisite conscientiousness, turned out work of the utmost finish and highest artistic merit.

Scott was an artist unconsciously and almost in spite of himself: Stevenson an artist consciously, by instinct, choice, and training.

There are doubtless born story-tellers as there are born painters, but these belong to that rarest of species—genius—and it is Stevenson's great merit that he—with infinite pains and under the disadvantage of ill-health—taught himself to write exactly as an artist learns to paint, through years of drudgery and by careful study of the great masters.

His keenly perceptive intellect grasped the fact that if you had not the genius to produce great works by gift, as it were, of fairy god-mothers, you could nevertheless attain to a very high degree of excellence by perfection of technique.

Short of the highest—which is Nature's dowry—you can attain by use of intelligence and dint of craftsmanship to the lower slope of Parnassus. By diligent apprenticeship you can eventually arrive at membership of the "mystery."

"You know Stevenson, don't you?" Sir John Millais once called to Mr. Sidney Colvin across the dinner-table. "Well, I wish you would tell him from me, if he cares to know, that he is the very first of living artists. I don't mean writers merely, but painters and all of us. Nobody living can see with such an eye as that fellow, and nobody is such a master of his tools."

His craftsmanship was supreme, but his "power" of living was but small compared with the exuberant vitality of Scott, Dumas, or Balzac.

He wrote, not because he "must," but because art supremely interested and amused him. He fashioned his puppets, as he quaintly expresses it, "to please himself, a friend, and God Almighty."

He worked, indeed, on an altogether different scale from Scott, and on another level.

"With all my romance," he writes in one of the Vailima letters. "I am a realist and a prosaist, and a most fanatical lover of plain physical sensations plainly and expressly rendered." He was above all an artist, a lover of style, but of the "real creator's brush," as he says in another passage of the Vailima letters, he was not possessed. "Three people only," he asserts, "have had it—Scott—see much of 'The Antiquary' and 'The Heart of Midlothian' (especially all round the trial before, during, and after), Balzac, and Thackeray in 'Vanity Fair.' Everybody else either paints thin, or has to stop to paint, or paints excitedly, so that you see the author skipping before his canvas." Stevenson could never forget himself: but Scott, as the instance quoted above as to the composition of "The Bride of Lammermoor," could be entirely oblivious of his own personality.

No doubt his imaginative conceptions, once endowed with flesh and

blood, thought, spoke, and acted in "a most admirable concatenation accordingly"; it does not follow, however, that because they are clearly conceived, definitely drawn, and logically developed, they are therefore types—the hand may be the hand of Esau, but the voice is Jacob's. In other words, beneath the quaint garbs and wrappings of his most unconventional and delightful characters one is still conscious of Stevenson within; here a puppet-string perhaps shows itself, or there a rent lets in the light, and the result is that the illusion is not complete; we are not "wholly rapt," but are self-conscious still, as in a theatre—spectators, not partakers of another's life.

Thus in that most exciting and suggestive scene at cards between the Master and Lord Durrisdeer, the culmination of the quarrel is most admirably led up to, but the Master's words, when he is struck by his brother, savour surely of the theatre: "I would not take a blow," he cries, "from God Almighty."

The dénouement again, with its lurid accessories, recalls the foot-lights; wonderfully imaginative, it does not seem wholly real.

Take again what is perhaps Stevenson's highest gift—his sense of the unearthly, the unseen, yet the "Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is not comparable for power with "Wandering Willie's" tale in "Red-Gauntlet."

If, then, it may be asked, If Stevenson is to be denied the title of genius, how comes it that he should have attained to that height of personal and intimate affection and esteem in our hearts which have hitherto been reserved for genius alone?

The answer, of course, is *Because of his personality*. For here you have a man who, notwithstanding the high order of his intellect, kept to the end a child's engaging simplicity of mind. What interests himself must interest you, and he introduces himself with the greatest frankness in the world.

He takes your friendship by assault, for he is so open with you that you would be a churl, no less, to refuse your sympathy, and when he has your ear what a tale it is he unfolds!

There is no vanity in this; it is simply an undying interest in, and love of life that bids him tell his tale to you, and it is his essays and poems, not his romances, as some think, which have touched the deeper emotions, and laid a spell upon the heart.

For who ever had a more Catholic sympathy with men and things? or a keener appreciation of life as a thing lovable in itself?—a priceless gift—which yet the right intelligence will regard as a loan to be put out to interest, definitely made use of, like the talents in the parable, and, finally to be surrendered to the Donor with a ready alertness?

To no one certainly did the picturesqueness of the world, and the drama of man's life appeal more forcibly, nor has any one ever set it forth more artistically than he.

It is not so much the depth of thought as the intimacy of feeling displayed that captivates the reader.

It is as the voice of a lover singing to his beloved, and enumerating her charms with a depth of appreciation of which "time cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety."

Even of death he could write heroically—death of whose dread approach he was conscious even in his youth.

"A Peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives: not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas?

When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye.

For surely, at whatever age it overtakes a man, this is to die young?

Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side.

The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

Some of the Scottish cairns are built by wayfarers who, passing beside the burial place of the honoured dead, cast each a stone upon the site, and so in process of time the "monumentum aere perennius" is verily built up.

Of this kind is the cairn of "Tusitala," high on the Samoan mountain, built by the enduring love of all who knew him.

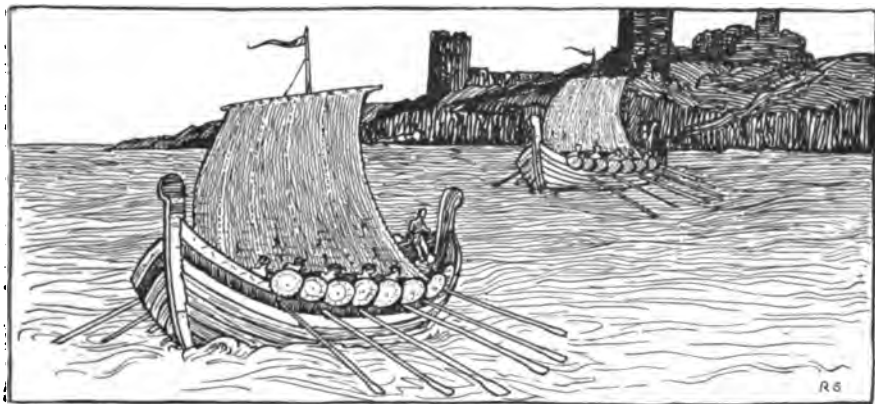
For here was a man who died in the prime of life, in the very acme of his talent, as simple and unspotted from the world as when, a nameless student, he rambled dreaming amidst the Lammermoors and Lothians.

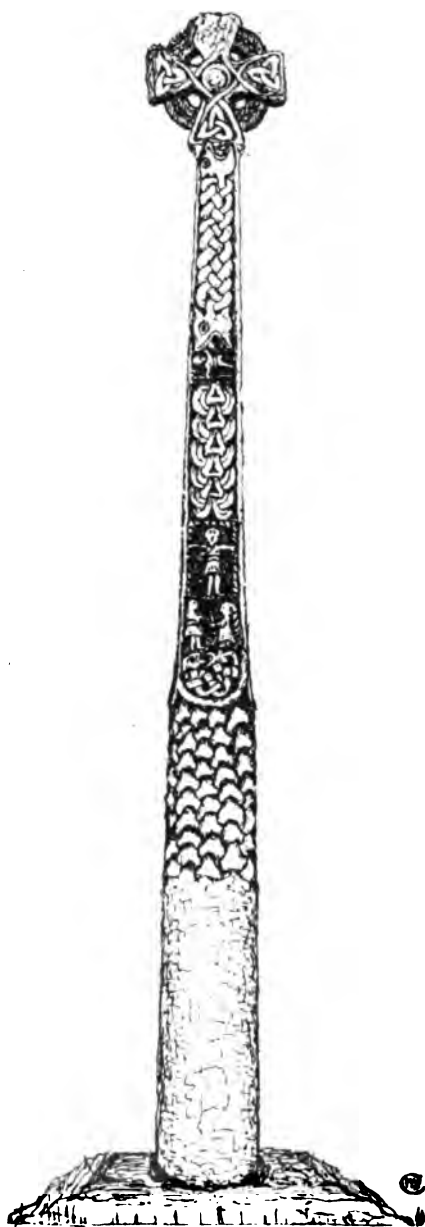
A man in years, in imagination still a child with all a child's intensity of interest and praise; from birth an invalid, he delighted in the strong man's tasks, constitutionally introspective with a vein of Calvinism in him, as loved the open-air "adventure both by flood and

field," with all the zest of a schoolboy. A "pipe's stem atomy," as he quaintly says of himself, but a hero's heart, and when the end came, it found him still battling fearlessly, tirelessly fighting—his harness on his back, yet content withal to go, for—

"Glad did he live and gladly died,
And he laid him down with a will."

HOWARD PEASE.





GOSFORTH CROSS (EAST FACE).

THE GOSFORTH CROSS. ✓

I.—THE CROSS AND ITS INTERPRETERS.

Nearly twenty years ago an important discovery was made,—important to anyone who is interested in the old times of the North Country, and to anyone who has seen or heard of the Gosforth Cross. There is a cast of it in South Kensington Museum; but under the skylight and among strangers it is, as a clever French writer has said, “Art in Prison.” To feel its charm you must go to Gosforth, an easy walk from Seascale on the Cumberland coast, and visit the celebrity at home. It is not hard to find. Up the street of the quaint, quiet village you come to the churchyard; and above the crowded gravestones, clear against the sky with delicate tracery and fretted carving, you will know it at once. The only doubt may be “Is it possible? So ancient and yet so pretty, so well preserved? How can it have been spared; and who, in wild Cumberland, in wild days of old, could have carved such a thing?”

Nobody knew, in spite of antiquaries' guesses, until on July 8, 1881, the local archæological society visited the place, and in discussion the Rev. W. S. Calverley pointed out that one of the figures was like another he knew elsewhere, namely the Bound Devil at Kirkby Stephen church, a pre-Norman sculpture, which is placed (rather oddly) close to the font. The children there call it “Taggy,” and believe that the “Taggy bell,” at night, rings to warn them to bed, or Taggy will come off the stone and catch them. But Mr. Calverley, who had studied old Northern mythology, recalled the explanation given by Prof. Stephens, of Copenhagen, that this Bound Devil was Loki, the evil spirit of the Norse Edda, who so tormented the good gods that at last they seized him and bound him with three bonds and laid him on three sharp rocks in a cavern of hell, with a serpent hanging over his head to drip its venom on his face eternally. Here, said Mr. Calverley, is Loki again,—the Norse Loki: and the other sculptures must refer to other Norse myths.

The cross was crusted with lichen and very difficult to examine; so Mr. Calverley returned to the spot with Dr. Parker, of Gosforth, and carefully cleaned it. Then they saw that the figure bending over Loki was a woman with long hair, plaited, holding a cup, as if pouring something out. That was another step in the interpretation: for the Edda goes on to say that when Loki was bound, his faithful wife Sigun sat by him holding a cup to catch the venom and save him from the torture of

its sting; but when the cup was full, and she had to turn aside and empty it, a drop fell on him so that he writhed in torment and the earth quaked. "This men call earthquakes," adds the Edda.

Now until 1881 it was supposed that Christian crosses had none but Christian subjects carved on them. Mr. Calverley, with help from Dr. Parker and Prof. Stephens, upset that dogma, and showed that here was a distinctly Christian cross, with a Crucifixion on it, which, nevertheless, bore a series of unmistakably heathen figures.

For the original writings of these fortunate and enthusiastic discoverers the reader must consult "Early Sculptured Monuments of the Diocese of Carlisle," by Mr. Calverley, and "The Ancient Crosses at Gosforth, Cumberland," by Dr. Parker. Here it is enough to say that they were substantially in agreement in thinking that the Cross was set up to teach the Christian faith by means of pagan symbols and parables, "types and shadows," and that every part was meant to bear a double meaning. This was worked out more elaborately by Dr. Parker on the basis of Mr. Calverley's first suggestion, with results as following:—

The whole shaft is meant for a tree, with round smooth trunk, breaking into a pattern which, in the Dearham cross, seems to represent foliage. Nearly halfway up the round stem is whittled away into four flat faces, on which four pictures are given. It is somewhat like a mediæval Tree of Jesse, in this respect; but to the artists it meant the Tree of Yggdrasil, the mythic Ash which supported and encircled the whole world: at whose roots was hell, in whose boughs was earth, on whose topmost twigs was heaven and the home of the gods. Now this is described in the *Völuspá*, or Song of the Prophetess, a poem of the Edda; and it seemed as though the sculptures had been done in conscious illustration of that very poem, while susceptible of interpretation in a Christian sense for the edification of converts. We will take the subjects briefly in parallel columns, in Mr. Calverley's order: some of the interpretations in the Christian sense being Dr. Parker's.

HEATHEN.

CHRISTIAN.

A. *West side.*

1. Loki bound.
2. Odin on horseback upside down, i.e., riding to Hell to consult the Fates.
3. Heimdal the warden of heaven, defying
4. The wolf-dragons.
5. Dragon attacking the sun-symbol of the cross head.

- The devil overcome.
 Death on the Pale Horse,
 overcome by
 Christ as the Shepherd,
 defying
 Powers of evil.
 The old serpent attacking the sign of the Trinity.

THE GOSFORTH CROSS.

HEATHEN.

CHRISTIAN.

B. South side.

1. Odin riding down the monster in Hell, represented by wattled snakes as described in the Edda.
2. The wolf of darkness attacking
3. The hart of heaven.
4. The wolf-dragon gagged.
5. Another, as before, attacking the cross-head.

Christ riding in majesty over diabolic powers.

The wolf of persecution attacking

The hart, symbol of Christ.

Leviathan with hook in nose.

The dragon attacking symbols of god-head.

C. East side.

1. Serpents under the feet of
2. Nanna, Baldr's wife, and Hödr the blind, who is aiming the fatal shaft at
3. Baldr the beautiful: or Odin hanging in the tree, self-sacrificed to gain the secret of the Runes.
4. Headless monster.
5. Vidar the silent, rending the wolf's jaw.

Evil powers under the feet of

Mary Magdalene

and Longinus, the blind soldier, piercing the side of

Christ crucified.

Evil powers overcome.

Christ's descent into Hell.

D. North side.

1. Decorative interlacing.
2. Odin upside down, i.e., overcome in the last battle of Ragnarök.
3. Surt overcoming Odin, or Odin returning to glory.
4. Many-winged dragon, flying from the cross-head.

Ornament.

Death or the devil overcome by

Christ or St. Michael.

Evil powers in retreat from conquering deity.

This shortly but fairly gives the interpretation suggested by the writers already named. If it does not hold water at all points, one thing is distinctly proved, that certain mythical subjects from the Edda are intentionally illustrated here. No one can look at the figures without admitting that Mr. Calverley was right in his identification of Loki and Sigun, Heimdal and Vidar.

A strong confirmation was afterwards found by Dr. Parker in the Fishing Stone, as it is called; a fragment of a lower and broader cross to which we may attribute a large wheelhead now in the church. This stone bears an obvious illustration of the *Hymiskvida*, a song telling the story of Thor's fishing for the Midgard's-worm or the Leviathan, the the original great sea-serpent which encircled the earth, lying at the bottom of the outer ocean. It is told how Thor went out in a boat with Hymi, a giant of the icebergs, baited his line with a bull's head, let it down amongst the whales, caught the serpent, hauled up, and then the giant in terror cut the line—all of which is distinct on the stone, though above it is the well-known conventional Lamb trampling on the Serpent, which occurs on so many of our Christian crosses.

We may say that the case is fairly made out for the use of Edda myths on Christian monuments, though we may not agree in the elaborate double meaning; and still less in the date assigned to the Gosforth Cross, which was given as about 680 A.D.

II.—THE DATE OF THE CROSS.

Mr. Calverley's discovery was won by an application of the comparative method. We must carry his method a step further; comparing the Cross with other remains at Gosforth, and those with a similar series throughout Cumbria, and those with pre-Norman remains elsewhere. We shall then find that the Cross was one of a group centred in Gosforth, but having relations with the Northwest and Midlands of England on the one side, and with Ireland on the other.

To put it as shortly as possible; there were three crosses of this type here, and two hogbacks or coped tombs, all of one school if not of one date. The Standing Cross had a fellow until about 1789, and the base of the lost cross is now the sun dial; its head is in the church. The round shafts resemble those found also in the Midland counties and at Beckermest, and two crosses at the Giant's Grave at Penrith; which last bear figures of Loki and Sigun and the Lamb, very difficult to see except in the cast or in a photograph taken in carefully chosen light. Thirdly, the low broad Fishing Cross, like that at Dearham which has the Yggdrasil motive; that at Dacre with the Hart and Wolf and the Lamb; and others in Cumberland.

These form a group with a character quite distinct from the Bewcastle Cross and other known works of the early Angles. They might be called Hiberno-Saxon or Hiberno-British; a term which cannot be applied to the Anglo-Italian school. But apart from what may seem vague opinion about styles of art we have here some more tangible reasons for dating them.

The first hogback, called by Mr. Calverley the Warrior's Tomb, was found in 1896 under the twelfth century foundations of the church. The second was found in a similar position in 1897. They are not quite of the same date perhaps, but very nearly. They have so much in common that they must be monuments of the same race, of the same local family, if in different generations. The second hogback shows a style of work very closely resembling the Standing Cross. There is a certain use of the drill in both, the curves are similar, the treatment closely akin. The great cross, with its Edda subjects, must be of the same school as the Fishing Cross, taken from the Edda; and the lost cross can be judged to be very like the Standing one. All these five monuments are practically of the same period or school.

THE GOSFORTH CROSS.

Now as the hogbacks were used as building stuff in the latter part of the twelfth century, none of these can be works of that age. They must belong to a time before the Normanised monks came to Calder Abbey, and cannot be their work. We can understand why the crosses were spared while the hogbacks were used; for the twelfth century builders wanted solid blocks of stone, not slender shafts, and there is plenty of stone near Gosforth. They would not need the Crosses, and though they had no great reverence for art of an earlier age, they may well have thought these beautiful things worth leaving untouched. This gives one limit to possible dates; the whole series cannot be later than the eleventh century.

The costume strengthens this conclusion. The Warrior's Tomb has on its side a remarkable scene of battle or truce-making, in which two armies are standing opposed; one side apparently with spears reversed, handing over their flag to the conquerors. The beaten side have small round shields, but among them there seem to be three of the kite shape which came into use during the eleventh century; these, however, are mere breaks in the stone. The conquerors have the large round shields of the Vikings. It is the picture of one army surrendering to another, not later than the earlier part of the eleventh century.

We have no history of invasion or war in these parts at that period except the campaign of Ethelred "The Unready" in the year 1000, when he "went into Cumbraland and harried it very nigh all, and his ships went out about Chester, and should have come to meet him, but could not." We must not push a guess of this kind too far; but it is just possible that we see here Ethelred's army come to the coast near Raven-glass, where they would naturally expect to meet the ships, but instead are met by the Viking settlers, and turned back, after ravaging not all, but nearly all Cumbria. If so, it was an event which local pride might well commemorate, and it fits in with the other indications of date, which we have next to examine.

The Edda myths here so accurately illustrated were not known in their completed form in the seventh and eighth centuries. The Angles shared the general beliefs of Northern paganism; but these details about Loki and Thor's fishing are part of the poetical developments of the Viking age. Modern criticism fixes the date of the songs at the end of the tenth century: the *Hymiskvida* is supposed to have been made in Greenland, which was not discovered until 982-3; and it could not have been known in Britain until about 1000 A.D. Poems are usually made before the pictures that illustrate them, except in such artificial cases as Shelley's sonnet on the Medusa, or Rossetti's on Burne-Jones's Circe: and we may assume that these sculptures were made after the songs

became known. But they are not likely to have been made very long after. It must have been while the songs were in vogue, while they were popular, and while the people who had created them were flourishing on the spot.

So, accepting the now recognized date of the Edda, we have a new reason for placing these monuments early in the eleventh century, for that is exactly the time when the subjects here portrayed would be most likely to afford the artist his inspiration.

We still want to know why Edda-myths, which are Norse, Icelandic, anything but English, were represented here at Gosforth in such a series of elaborate, costly, artistic monuments; why Gosforth, of all places, should be the focus and centre of a peculiar and unique school of art, spreading widely through the Northern world, but nowhere seen in such bloom and beauty as in this quiet, secluded village in the remote north-west of England.

III.—WHO MADE THE GOSFORTH CROSS.

Cumberland, about the year 1000, was the very middle of the world to those Northern folk who were in the act of evolving what we look back upon as old Northern culture at its highest. The ruder Viking days were over, and several generations had taken into blood and brain the feelings and notions of the refined peoples among which the first adventurers had been thrown. They had mixed with the Angles of Yorkshire, and with the Irish across the sea, both of them highly cultivated races, wealthy, artistic, literary, and enervated. Norse poetry was modelled on Irish and Anglo-Saxon verse; the skalds were imitators of the court bards and gleemen; the subjects of their songs, the sentiments, even many words were borrowed, though they kept their own vigour and their own traditionary faith, together with the dainty forms and new ethics and symbols in which they clothed their old ideas. The songs of the Edda were the outcome of this combination, and they were made by men who were familiar with Northern England and Ireland, who lived hereabouts in constant intercourse with both sides of the Irish Sea, travelling the old Roman road from York to the Cumberland coast, on their way to Dublin and back again. We see this in the confused history of the tenth century, repeatedly; and we know how from the shores in sight of Gosforth men voyaged far and wide, going and returning, for raid and trade, the busiest of the age. We know how many went out to Iceland from the borders of the Irish Sea, and how they returned continually to the old haunts. We find that they were half Irish or Scottish or English in blood, in habits and belief; some holding to the old heathenism, some baptized, some

THE GOSFORTH CROSS.



THE SAINT'S TOMB, GOSFORTH.

prime-signed or "half-baptized." And the Edda is their song book, reflecting the thought of the mixed race in its nascent energy. And somebody at Gosforth, in the central point of the busy swarm, made the pictures to the songs.

It has been long established that Cumberland was a great haunt and hive of Danes and Norse—or rather of the mixed Gallgael, the people who, for want of a better title, we are forced to call the Vikings. There is no need here to go over the proofs from place-names, dialect, ethnology, folklore, old customs, and scraps of history; but keeping the fact in view, with this added fact of the birth of Northern poetry in its final form as a result of contact between east and west, we can see that what is true in the abstract must be true in the concrete: however strong the Scandinavian element was north, south, east or west, in Cumberland we find the focus and centre of it all; and in the Gosforth Cross the visible sign of it. Motives from Ireland in the wheel-head, and in the type of Crucifixion; motives from England in the shape of the shaft and in much of the treatment; motives from pure Scandinavian sources in the literary subject, are all combined just as a parallel combination created the Edda.

It was not a Preaching Cross, if analogy be any guide. These Crosses, in that age, were monuments of the dead, and can only be understood as such. No missionaries would have had the wealth to procure the labour of constructing such an elaborate series of works of art for "Churchyard Bibles"; but for the tombs of the great dead they would be fitting and possible, as they were elsewhere.

We cannot name the persons here commemorated; perhaps from place-names some indication may be given of the founders of various Viking settlements near at hand; though Gosforth, like several sites on the coast, was an Anglian place before the Vikings took it, and its name was fixed already. But we can see that, given the circumstances of a Norse settlement, there must have been a powerful chief on the spot, near the good soft beach of Seascale where he drew up his boats from the tide after raids abroad, and near the fells where he hunted the forest deer of Wastwater; having fertile land in the little valley of the Bleng around his timber hall that needed no fortress strength, for the place, until Ethelred came, was quiet and secure; a retreat in territory neutral between the greater powers of the day. We read of *jarls* in Bretland, dimly located, and this too was the land of the "British": so that the Gosforth chief may have been a lord among his neighbours; at any rate wealthy enough to command such monuments as indeed must have cost many an ounce of burnt silver or hundred of woollen cloth. His hall must have received many a traveller from rich England.

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and fair Ireland, and old Norway, and new Iceland, as they went their ways from the port nigh at hand, by the Roman road. His retainers, maybe, were the round-shielded and spear-bearing men who stopped the march of the invaders; and he is the warrior who stands armed at the gable end of his last home, the roofed and tiled shrine tomb, set up beside the little wattled kil or church where his Anglian or Irish priest said the prayers for him. And for such a man, in dying, what would his last hope be? What confused faith, like that of Helgi Magri, who believed in Christ, but prayed to Thor *at sea*?

"The cross, aye, set it high above me. Trolls cannot face it; I learnt that of my mother in Dublin, my grandmother at York. The White Christ, make Him too on the stone; they have fair Christs to watch the dead saints over sea yonder, in the abbey garths of Ireland. But yet I am no monk; what was it the skald sang in the hall at Yule? Who was it that bound Loki but the good gods of my father's fathers? were they not helpers at need? Let him lie bound, then, and quake the earth as he can; and good gods of old—the Warder of heaven, let him ward me, and the Avenger of Odin, let him rend the wolf's jaw for me on my tomb.

"O far forward I see;
O, many a word could I say
Of the fight that the gods must fight
In the twilight of their day.
An axe-age, a sword-age,
Shields cleft in the fray:
A wind age, a wolf age,
As the world sinks away!"

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

NOTE.—In the paper on Bewcastle Cross, No. 1 of this Magazine, page 36, line 17, for THU EAND CYNING read THU EAN CYNING.

For the blocks illustrating this article we are indebted to Mr. Collingwood (President) and Mr. T. Wilson (Secretary) of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society. For an account of "The Saint's Tomb" we must refer our readers to the late Mr. Calverley's book on *Early Sculptured Crosses* (edited by Mr. W. G. Collingwood), printed by Mr. T. Wilson, Kendal.—Ed. N.C.M.

DIALECT STUDIES. I.—TYPICAL TYKEISMS.

Our readers will doubtless have studied and enjoyed the "Survey of Yorkshire Dialect," from the scholarly pen of the Rev. J. Hanson Green, which was concluded in our June number. We now print a popular paper on "Typical Tykeisms," by Mr. B. Kirkby, which deals more particularly with the mixed speech, slang words and nick-names of the Borderland and towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire.—Ed. N.C.M.

Where the county of Lancaster and that of York join, the folk-speech is as different in many respects from that of Holderness as either of them is from the twang of a cockney. Up on the moorlands such words as "tarry," "chaymer," "pitcher," are in everyday use, and curious indeed is the effect on the ears of the wayfaring man and the stranger, when he hears these old Bible terms so frequently.

In some of our expletives what echoes of a dim past are heard! "Nay the dægger mun"; "What the heck art agate on?"; "What the hummer is this for?" Again, what old tribe of ancestors do we honour in our use of "hyme" for hoar frost?" and what stores of speculative fancies may we not weave around our word "ginnel?"

It is the "funny side" of the dialect, however, that furnishes most entertainment,—the "speyks" of the wayside, street, cottage, and workshop. This phase of West Yorkshire dialect has an enormous literature of its own, and the body of it grows, whilst its writers' names are household words. And what names! Ab-o-the-Yate; Ike Longtung; Tom Treddlehoil; T' Sammer Up; Bill-o-th-hoylus-end. What titles! Back-o-th-mooiin; Front-o-th-sun; Natterin Nan; Bag-o-Shoddy; T' owd "clock"; Pogmoor; Bogthorn; T' Weyver's Awn; Yorksher Puddin.

But this grotesque manner of naming is typical of the district. It extends in every direction, and largely gives that tinge of native jollity and good humour which is everywhere apparent. Where else could we find such names as Bills-o-Jack's; Tom-o-Ned-o-Joe-o-Gurt Hannah's.

The "raffle-coppin" with his "looped and windowed raggedness," the "raggabrät," or "raggabrash" are varying forms of the social and moral disasters arising from too zealously emptying pots. Many of our most commonly-used phrases are witty and terse summaries of the person or thing signified. Thus, a person of noisy, windy, and indiscreet habits is a "crackpot"; an unreliable one is a "crate-egg"; one that is always right in his own estimation is "like a wood clock"; and one of little energy and shift is compared with a "pot-dog." A soft spoken, oily tongued person with deceit in him is a "greeazer," "greease-horn," or "elbow-creeper," and is usually spoken of as "long-fingered." A woman who gossips is said to "cal"; if she tells more than she should she is a "bloach," "blab-mahth," or "blab-tongue." If she wastes her substance

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and fails to "make ends meet and tee" she is a "shut." Untidy about her hair, she is said to be "o' aflunters," and gaily decked with loose ribbons or other "flummery" she may be said to be "o' affloits." Restful or "easiful" about her household, and content with her belongings in dirt she is a "muck-lump." Always "ningin," or "nannin" she is a "natter-can," "nip-a-curran," "nip-screw," or "nip-skitter."

That there is a parochialism in even the most broad minded of us is well illustrated by the derision and contempt infused into the designations which one district or town will apply to those who hail from another. Thus we have tups, lillies, cuckooers, blades, carls, hoilers, loiners, tewiters, cahpiers, yahrsiders, gobylanders, cahrquieters, mooin-rakers, lug-chowers, duck shoosers and muck-eaters. These are all Yorkshiremen, and their place in history has been made for them by some of the strangest of incidents. "Lug-chowers" have theirs from a method of fighting. At one time it is said an adult "lug chower" with a full and unmutilated set of ears was regarded as a town's talk and disgrace.

Curious indeed are some of the oft-recounted stories of the soft side of the Tyke's brusque nature. Not many, however, go to the same length as one well known character who when any one died, naturally or by accident, would remark "my luck ageean, anybody can dee but me." Few envy those whom he envied. The same spirit in another direction must have credit for the grim consolation offered to a husband of many wives and who had just buried his "third." "Ah can dew wi' comin' ta help ye ta side yer wimmen fowk times aht o' number, but it lewks bad when fowk niver ass them back, an' some on us hev nobbut varry poor luck." The good hearted, hospitable, and hopeful dame whose "luck" had been of an abnormal nature in the matter of "fellys," and who "thenkt God from the bottom of her heart 'at shoo sided them o' wi' ham" must go in the same category.

"Mungo" is an apt illustration of word coining. "It mun-gooa" [must go] said the first mungo man. It did, and will go for some time yet. Quite an elaborate list of these handy, home made phrases could be given—*e.g.*, han-span, hand-ovver-heead, neck-breck, leg-it—signifying haste. (Leggers were men who formerly propelled canal boats through Standedge tunnel, laid on "brooad o' ther back" and resting the feet against the tunnel roof for a fulcrum.) "Door-steyd-heigh," "one decker" (without upper rooms), "poverty knocker," "poverty box," "weyver's beef" (herring), "cauf-leg-deep," "lang as a rocap walk," "streyt as a pickin rod," "brooad as mi thum," "wake as mule ee' watter," "thin as dike watter."

One of the staple industries of West Yorkshire, that of cloth making, being of ancient pedigree, it is not surprising that some of its terms have

an old world ring about them. Thus "miln" for "shrink"—"it milned up till it was as thick as a bull lug." A weaver is said to "middle," "fell," or "dahn" as the piece progress. Measurement is computed by such terms as "string" and "chain." "Piece" does not refer to a "bit" of cloth but a web. "Piece ends" may have yards of cloth in them. A piece when woven is "perched," or, as it is commonly said "peeaked." By this is meant its examination by an expert who passes it over a bar before a good light. Fines for damages, dismissals for bad work are decided at the "peeak," and so in common parlance it has come to have the same significance as being "brought to the bar."

Shop talk enters into more than one little narrative. "What's he waiting on?" was asked of a tortured political speaker whose words had taken to themselves wings for the moment. "He's laiken o' bobbins" came the prompt and pitiless answer. Of a fervent minister, who had not yet acquired the knack of sitting down, it was said in perfect good feeling, that the only fault he had was "he span when he'd nooa tow."

"Laiken" is usually held to be connected with "playing."

Of the homeliness that is inherent in much of the West Yorkshire folk speech nothing is better illustrative than the terms "Ahr owd lad," and "ahr owd lass" which are so much in vogue to indicate the "old folk at home." "Owd lad" and "owd lass" are diminutive terms of endearment for all whom it is necessary to address between the ages of eight and eighty. Homeliness and a strong attachment to locality are typical characteristics of West Yorkshire. The native who got a good appointment in London, and was back again in his accustomed place in a few weeks declaring "he wor niver e' sich a hoil sin he was boorn, they cudn't even bake a mowfin" is not an isolated specimen. Love of good cheer of necessity belongs to a people who for generations have held and taught "that strength gooas in at t' mahth"; that "its t' bellies 'at hod t' backs up"; whose word of welcome is "full yersen for yer as welcome here as at hooam."

"Minnin-on" for a slight meal—"we've hed nowt but minnin-ons fer a week." "Chews-hah" under any, or under all circumstances—"Ye mun come ta ahr anniversary chews-hah t' cat leets ta jump." "Lig-away";—"liggin-away-time,"—to cease from work, the time to cease from work or play. "Laid-away"—given over some usual occupation or engagement. A poorly, delicate person thinks that "another white shirt" will finish him, or that all he is good for is a "wood suit." When one has "laid-away" for good he is said to "have cockt his clog." The last obsequies are "a slow walk and spice cake do." Thus the "bite" keeps hold of us to the last.

B. KIRKBY.



THE ROUSING OF THE KING.

With blaze and splendour of the sun
 O bonnie burned the fells at noon !
 With all the gold, with all the gold
 That summer bears the earth in boon.

No stir of wings was in the air,
 Nor laverock song, nor curlew call :
 I sat and knitted in the sun
 Beside the ruined Castle wall.

The Castle of the Seven Shields
 Full-grimly reared its seven towers ;
 Now high th' adventurous thistle lifts
 His purple plume in ruined bowers.

The Castle of the Seven Shields
 Was name of dread through all the shire ;
 Its hall of state is but a fold,
 Its banquet hall the common byre.

The Castle of the Seven Shields
 Was brawly built for housing kings ;
 Free-lord of all its broken pride
 The evil nettle boldly springs.

The Castle of the Seven Shields
It housed the goodliest King of old ;
The bramble-thorn and vagrant briar
The four deserted gateways hold.

Deep, deep within the grassy hill,
Beneath the root of tower and wall,
King Arthur lies with all his knights
By darkling spirits held in thrall.

In warm, warm sleep that is not death,
Happed round with elfin bonds they lie :
(O woe betide me that I dared,
And daring failed—and could not die !)

With blaze and splendour of the sun
O bonnie burned the fells at noon,
With all the gold, with all the gold
That summer bears the earth in boon.

The while I knitted in the sun,
My thoughts, from roving far and wide,
They lighted where the bonnie knights
Were stricken low in youth and pride.

Though I was naught but shepherd lad,
Whose only cares were silly sheep,
I thought me of the bonnie knights
Fast-holden in the baleful sleep.

I sat and knitted in the sun
Beside the ruined Castle wall,
When down among the tangled brake
My clew of yarn, I let it fall.

It slipped among the thorn and briar,
And nothing barred or broke its fall ;
No hand of mine could hold it back,
It ran beneath the Castle wall.

I hacked away the thorn and briar,
I struck the thistle down to die,
When, deep and dark before mine een,
I saw the secret passage lie.

THE ROUSING OF THE KING.

O dark and drear before mine een
I saw the way that no man knew ;
I took the trailing thread of yarn
And followed fast the rolling clew.

With blaze and splendour of the sun
O bonnie burned the fells at noon,
With all the gold, with all the gold
That summer bears the earth in boon.

O dank and dreadful was the way
That closed around me as I sped ;
Beneath the little lizards hissed,
The bats in terror flapped o'erhead ;

Their clammy wings beat on my face :
I smelt the smell of all things dead :
But still the charmed clew ran on,
And in its winding wake I sped.

I thought me of the bonnie fells
That glowed and glittered in the sun,
When, like a flash, from out the mirk
Within the magic hall I won.

The vaulted roof was all of gold,
And blazoned o'er with jewels fine,
With emeralds green as elfin fires
And rubies red as ferlie wine.

The roof was fretted o'er with gems
That glistened with an eerie sheen,
With diamonds white as moonlit dew,
And sapphires blue as fairy een.

There sprang from out the cloven earth
A leaping fount of livid fire,
Withouten fuel or food it burned
In pinnacle and flaming spire.

It lit the mirk, it lit the gloom,
It glinted on the blazoned roof,
That like a heavenly fabric shone
With jewelled weft and golden woof.

Beyond the cleft, beyond the fire
There lay the threescore leashed hounds,
That ne'er shall bay behind the deer
Till loud the rousing bugle sounds.

Low crouched the fire within the earth,
Then sheer into the air it leapt;
But still, beyond the further brink,
The pack in thirty couples slept.

Beyond the flame, beyond the hounds,
There hung the garter and the horn;
Hard by them shone the sheathed sword
That never mortal knight had drawn.

Beyond the cleft, beyond the pack,
The horn, the garter and the sword,
King Arthur slept with all his knights,
And every lady with her lord.

King Arthur slept with all his knights,
His bonny Queen and maidens fair;
The light it burned upon their shields,
And glinted on their golden hair.

O they were strong in sleeping might,
And beautiful in dreaming grace!
Three score and ten with sealed een
And never a stir was in the place.

I looked upon them as they lay;
My heart it greeted for them all;
I sprang across the flaming cleft
And tore the scabbard from the wall!

I sprang across the flaming cleft
And slumbering pack: by sleeping lord
And dreaming dame I dared to stand,
And slowly drew the fateful sword.

The blood was holden in my veins
And through my body ceased to creep,
For as I gripped the golden hilt;
The King he stirred him in his sleep.

THE ROUSING OF THE KING.

The blood it surged from out my heart
And through my body seemed to sweep,
For all the knights and all the dames
They sighed and stirred them in their sleep.

Then, as I bared the naked blade,
The King arose with waking eyes,
And one by one, about his throne,
I saw the lords and ladies rise.

I saw them rising one by one ;
I cut the magic garter through,
Into the gaping earth it fell
A writhing adder cleft in two.

I saw them rising one by one,
And all their eyes they fixed on me,—
As shafts of steel they pierced me through—,
I dropped the sword ; I turned to flee ;

I sprang across the flaming cleft
That yawned beneath me, weird and wide ;
Then one swift breathless space I paused
And faced them from the other side.

The King was seated on his throne,
And with an awful voice he spake ;
Low quailed the fire before his wrath,
And all the jewelled roof did shake : —

*“ O woe betide the evil day,
On which the witless wight was born,
Who drew the sword, the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn !”*

Then slowly down to sleep he sank ;
And one by one, his courtiers round
Each laid him down to sleep again,
And slept, withouten stir or sound.

But dragon-terrors gripped my heart ;
From out the dreadful place I fled,
Along the passage fell and murk
Withouten heed or halt I sped ;

The vampires fastened at my throat
And fiercely sucked the living blood;
The lizards stung my naked heel;
And darkness thronged me as a flood.

With blaze and splendour of the sun
O bonnie burned the fells at noon!
I leapt to gain the open light,
And stumbled in a blinding swoon.

I bide forever by the hill,
I bide by ruined wall and tower;
But never more may find the track
That leads into th' enchanted bower.

I bide forever by the hill,
In living death, but may not die
Until the true appointed knight
Shall ride from out the western sky.

Who, underneath the fortunate star
To deeds of mighty peril born,
Shall draw the sword, the garter cut,
And sound the rousing bugle-horn!

With blaze and splendour of the sun
O bonnie burn the fells at noon,
With all the gold, with all the gold
That summer bears the earth in boon!

Forlorn my fearful watch I keep
By day and night, in sun and rain,—
The cursèd wight who may not die
Till good King Arthur rise again.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

By Sir B. C. BROWNE, D.L., D.C.L.

At this time we hear very great complaints of the Corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and this feeling is probably very much intensified on account of the state of the streets. Men say that our local government is bad, and we ought to have some new Town Councillors, yet when an election comes, no one is opposed. The ex-Councillors are quietly re-elected and everything is as it was before.

People often speak to me, as an ex-Councillor, and ask me what I think about it, and it is to answer this question that I am writing the following article.

I was on the Newcastle Council for about twelve years, for two of which I had the honour of being Mayor. I found the work extremely interesting. I never had to complain of an unfriendly word or act from any of my fellow Councillors, and the only complaint I had was that the work took up too much of my time. This was not, however, the reason why I left, but owing to the stipulations of an Act of Parliament which I believe to be generally wise, but happened in my case to press rather hardly—I ceased to be qualified, and so could be a member no longer. My retirement therefore was simply owing to circumstances over which neither I, nor anyone else, had any control, so that I am an absolutely impartial critic.

Before I went on to the Council, people often hinted to me that I should find a great deal of jobbery, and other things that ought not to be. I can only say that this forecast was not borne out by my experience. I should say, speaking generally, that the Council was as free from any-

thing of the nature of jobbery as any body of sixty-four men is likely to be. I do not mean to say that nobody ever had an eye to his own interest, or that sometimes a man would not act with a certain amount of unfairness, but such action received no sympathy from the Council as a body, and I should say it was quite exceptional and not of serious moment. At the same time this state of things can only be kept up by constant vigilance as, undeniably, if an unscrupulous man could get on to the Council, he might find many opportunities of benefitting himself and his friends improperly.

One of the more serious and practical faults I found lay with men who had the vanity to think that they could do things which they had never learned, that they could speak with authority where they had had no previous experience, and above all, the worst fault, which I fear is the case with every public body, perhaps the most serious one of all, was the fault of trying to curry favour with the public and being afraid to take the lead in doing unpopular things.

I should like, however, to say that I believe Newcastle to be, for reasons which I will state hereafter, one of the most difficult towns in England to govern, and some allowance must be made for this.

I hear great complaints that our leading citizens do not go on to the Council in the way they did formerly. Where, they ask, are men like Sir Lowthian Bell, Mr. Joseph Cowen, and other names of world-wide celebrity? I remember too that when I first joined the Council there were three directors of the North Eastern Railway on it. But against this, it is only fair to remember that when these men first went into the Council, they were not nearly so well known as they became afterwards, and possibly some of our present Councillors may yet attain to great celebrity.

As regards North Eastern directors. As the governing body of that railway has seen fit so to arrange matters, that not one single Newcastle business man has a seat on that Board, it is quite obvious that no director can aspire to have a seat on the Newcastle Town Council. It is a great misfortune that a Company whose interests and existence are so interwoven with the well-being of Newcastle should not be represented on the Council, but it is a still greater evil, and a positive injustice, that the metropolis of the North of England should have no voice on the Board of the North Eastern Railway Company.

However, as regards actual criticism. While complaints against the Council have been going on for a long time, there is no doubt that the central complaint has gained intensity from the present state of the streets, and I must candidly say that on this subject the Council deserves all the bad that can be said of it. For the credit of English

engineering, I hope nobody will suppose that it is impossible to lay down electric tramways in a town without all the confusion and discomfort that our citizens have had to endure for a long time past.

Probably the fatal fault was for an already overworked Council to take into their own hands an industry, of which, as far as I know, not one of their members had any special knowledge.

Now, had such men as Sir Lowthian Bell or Mr. Walter Scott been on the Council, there is no doubt that either of them, had it been left to him, could very readily have planned out a scheme, and organized and classified the work in such a way that only a fraction of the inconvenience would have arisen.

I do not suppose there is anybody left now who thinks the Council wise in taking this work into their own hands. Personally, I look upon municipal trading as Cobden did, as altogether an evil, and to my mind the only case in which there is any justification for it is, when something must be done that no public company, or private individual, will undertake.

For example, in country districts it is often very urgent to get a good water supply, and no Company will take up the work. In the Colonies, the Government have to make railways, but if the English railways had not been made by private enterprise, we should have lost all that enormous wealth which has come from trained Englishmen having made railways all over the world.

But this state of things does not exist in our case, and I believe it is best for all these things to be done by private enterprise, or Companies. The Corporation ought to have strong powers to keep these bodies in order, and this, I think, it is qualified to do well.

However, notwithstanding this, the Council in other directions does a very large amount of useful work, and the strain on the members is very serious, and while I think it a pity to minimise their mistakes, I am quite satisfied that half of our citizens are ignorant of how greatly they are indebted to the Councillors for the large amount of silent work that they carry through, and for which they get very little return in the way of either thanks or credit.

To my mind one of the most important things in the Council should be to minimise the amount of work which each Councillor is called upon to do. About twenty-five years ago a very small alteration was made, which I think had very far reaching and evil effects. It was then that they took to publishing the number of attendances that each Councillor made on Committees. This may seem quite fair, but I believe it was wrong in principle, and above all, that it tended to set up a false standard

before both Councillors and electors, and caused the work to be done worse than it was before. I will try and explain how this is:—

I do not consider that the value of the Councillor depends in any degree on the number of attendances he puts in on Committee. A young Councillor would be far more usefully employed if he took hold of one Committee, made himself really master of it, read all about it between one meeting and another, and then gradually took up a second and a third, instead of going on to a number of Committees without having studied the working of them. In fact the usefulness of a man on Committee depends, to a very great extent, on the amount of study he has given to the subject since the last Committee meeting.

A man who attends several Committees in one day is probably of no use in any of them and again it often happens that the men—and there are many—who have not studied a question outvote the few who have really worked at and mastered it, and naturally this discourages the industrious.

In a place like Newcastle it is nearly always the case that a useful man is a busy man, and such an one will not waste his time by going to Committees where he is no use, nor does he care to listen to the talk of ill-informed men. He would however make real sacrifices of time and trouble if he felt he was doing really useful work.

When a Councillor becomes an Alderman, he usually cares less to score attendances; he devotes himself to one or two Committees, and consequently is far more useful.

The first reforms I should like to see carried out are:—First: No published list of attendances. If the public take an interest in public matters, they will always know who are the useful men. Second: Fewer Committees. Third: Much fewer men on each Committee. And Fourth: Members of Committee to be selected rather by the Council than by men choosing their own Committees.

I have said that Newcastle is a specially difficult town to govern, and I should explain why. Most large towns are self-contained communities, both as regards their wealth, and their social life. The wealth of Manchester is cotton, and the town is full of cotton mills, and both cotton employers and cotton operatives are abundant. So with Liverpool and shipowners; Birmingham and metal industries. But the source of our wealth is coal, and it is only in a very trifling degree that either coalowners or miners belong to Newcastle. So with the chemical trade, and shipbuilding. Engineering works, of course, there are, and their workmen, but on the whole Newcastle more than almost any town depends for its influence and wellbeing, not on what is inside its boundaries, but on what is outside them. So those who govern

Newcastle and labour for its comfort and prosperity, ought to be in the closest and friendliest touch with the whole mining and manufacturing area round about it. I have not time to do justice to this question, but anyone will find it well worth thinking out for himself.

But the question is, how to get the best possible class of men to stand for the Council as vacancies arise?

After a man has made his reputation, he is usually so busy that he cannot be induced to stand for Parliament, let alone for a Town Council. At one time there were great hopes of getting plenty of high class working men members, but most energetic working men are too busy to serve. There is, however, one important exception to this, namely, Trade Union leaders. They are generally men of known and recognized ability and energy, with business experience, and they are often at liberty during the day, which ordinary workmen are not. Evening meetings are a great failure. Men will do more and better work in one hour in a morning than in two or three in an evening when mind and body are tired.

Of course a lot of the useful thankless work is done by our shopkeepers, but as their businesses get larger, and are worked at a higher pressure, this will be less and less the case.

The men we should look for are fairly young men, who have opportunities of gaining wide experience, both of social and industrial matters, the men in fact who seem likely to be the leading men in the future. When men are once on, they often stay.

The difficulty usually is to persuade such men to stand, but I believe that to any one who can spare the time, and is not afraid of work, that he will be well repaid by the experience of all sorts that he will get. He learns about the habits, needs, thoughts and feelings of every class of the community. He acquires a knowledge of buildings, of the value of property, of the scientific and economical administration of all the many organizations that are carried on either by the Corporation, or under their supervision. He learns the ways of elections, and incidentally learns from his brother Councillors a great deal about their respective callings and trades. All the time he is doing really valuable work for the community. Should he wish to carry out any reform or initiate any useful work, his position on the Council gives him the best possible *locus standi*, and should he be elected Mayor, he holds, I believe, about the best position to which an ordinary citizen is likely to rise.

It ought to be a point of honour with every man who is born to wealth or position, to give some of his time and energy to the service of his country, and there are few better ways of doing this than by spending a few years on either the City Council, the School Board, or the Board of Guardians.

THE BRANDELHOW ESTATE, DERWENTWATER.

[In our June number we printed a first appeal in regard to this important matter: we are glad to give here a further account (by Canon Rawnsley) of what is being done. It is satisfactory to note that about £3,000 has already been promised.]

An opportunity not lightly to be lost and a claim not easily to be dismissed by those who care for the highest and purest happiness of the holiday folk in the North, has arisen.

The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, upon whose Council are men and women whose names are household names throughout Britain, and whose work is now widely known, is empowered by charter to hold lands for the enjoyment of the public, and has already been able to secure and keep in *statu quo* a Cornish headland, a Welsh cliff, a Kentish hilltop, and holds certain fourteenth century houses and historic monuments in its care. It has lately had the offer of a mile of the western shore of Derwentwater at a price, and it has accepted the chance not likely to recur, and is endeavouring to raise the necessary funds in the specified time allowed by the vendor.

The property lies along the lake under Catbels. It is easily approached by cyclists and the driving public, for the public road round the lake runs just above it. Its chief charm lies in its accessibility by boats.

Those who know how impossible it is to land on any part of the shores of some of our English lakes without trespassing, and those who remember that there are only three public landing-places on the whole of the western shore of Derwentwater, will realise what a boon it will be to the boating parties on the Lake, to be able to run their boat ashore and feel that they have a right to wander at their will thro' meadow and woodland. At the English Lakes there are very few woods to which the public have access. A large part of the Brandelhow estate is woodland and will be a very enjoyable wander-ground. But the charm of the property lies in the fact that it is on sloping ground, from which endless variety of view is obtainable of the Skiddaw and Blencathra group to the north, of Walla Crag and St. Herbert's Island to the east, and of Borrodale and its mountain ranges to the south.

An added pleasure for those who will resort to this part of the Derwentwater shore is the fact that the property borders an unenclosed common, and climbers will be able to ascend from it the slopes of Catbel and the range of Maiden-Maur, unchallenged.

The National Trust is awake to the fact that it is very seldom that

any lake-frontage comes into the market. They realise that with every year the railway companies will be obliged to give greater facilities to the people who desire to take a short holiday at the Lakes. They foresee that so soon as the London and North Western give such railway facilities as will enable Manchester men and Liverpool men and Leeds men to get to their business, there is certain to be a demand for building ground for places of holiday resort in the Keswick neighbourhood. They know that this particular property will offer a bait then to any building syndicate, and that once in their hands that estate will be built over.

Villa residences, with right of access to the lake and boat-houses galore, are all very well in their way and in their place. But the southern end of Derwentwater is not the place for them.

Ruskin, who once said, "If there is one thing that I can boast of it is that I can be a guide to all that is best worth seeing and knowing on Derwentwater," once told a friend of mine that he thought on a fine day the view southward down the lake from Friars Crag was one of the four finest views in Europe. But imagine the slopes of the lake shore under Catbels dotted as the shores of Lucerne, or even one of the lower reaches of Windermere, are dotted with villas, and then ask whether Ruskin would so have spoken.

It is precisely the absence of houses and villa residences at the southern end east and west of Derwentwater that secures to it its perpetual charm, its deep tranquillity.

The Council of the National Trust knows this and believes that those who will help it to raise the sum of £6,300, of which close on £3,000 is already promised, will be blessing far-off generations and adding to the "joy in widest commonalty spread," which Wordsworth, the Cumberland poet, taught and wrought for. Donations should be sent to Nigel Bond, Esq., secretary to the National Trust, 1, Great College Street, Westminster; or to Canon Rawnsley, honorary secretary, Crossthwaite Vicarage, Keswick. Cheques should be crossed "National Trust."

It is pleasant to record that local committees in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Preston and Keswick are co-operating with the National Trust in this effort for the public good.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

A NEW SOUTHEY MS.

In our next issue we hope to commence publication of an important and hitherto unprinted literary curiosity,—the diary kept by Southey while travelling in the Netherlands, recording vividly the poet's impressions of his tour and including a description of a visit to the field of Waterloo.

NORTH COUNTRY BOOK COLUMN

NORTH COUNTRY BOOKS—NORTH COUNTRY WRITERS.

THE FOUNDER OF THE GILBERTINES.*

How few of us remember even the name of the founder of the only English monastic Order! Although Gilbert, saint and miracle-worker, was famous in the Middle Ages, his work was destroyed at the dissolution of the monasteries, and his name is now unknown to most Englishmen. The history of the Order of Gilbertines has just been written for the first time and is published by Mr. Elliot Stock. Miss Rose Graham's carefully compiled volume is specially interesting to North Country people, inasmuch as several Yorkshire houses, notably the Priory of Watton, near Beverley, and Old Malton Priory, were Gilbertine foundations, and Gilbert himself was born at Sempringham, near Bourne, at the end of the eleventh century. He was one of the leading spirits in the great religious revival which took place in the troublous times of Stephen. His holy life and labours, which were one of the few bright features of that dark age, made him worthy to be called the St. Francis of England. His disciples were dedicated to poverty and perpetual labour, but the most distinguishing characteristic of his Order was the revival of the double monastery, in which a society of regular priests ministered to the spiritual needs of "regular" women. The subject of Miss Graham's book is a fascinating one, and we hope to return to it at a time when we can give it fuller consideration. Among the many excellently executed illustrations is a copy of the ground plan of Watton, drawn by Mr. St. John Hope from excavations on the site for the East Riding Antiquarian Society.

TWO YORKSHIRE NOVELS.†

Mrs. M. E. Stevenson's "Maid of the Moor" is as charming a girl as any recent fiction has introduced us to. After chapter two she shows no disposition to succumb to the common vice of modern heroines and attempt to scintillate with no better equipment than a rushlight. Happily her epigrammatic smartness is reserved for rare and suitable occasions and she remains a fresh, unadulterated West Yorkshire maiden, who does not believe in coyly withstanding the determined love-making of the capital fellow whom she evidently accepts as Fate nor finds amusement in making sport of the master-passion. To her

* *S. Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines, a History of the only English Monastic Order.* By Rose Graham, F.R.Hist.S. (7s. 6d. London: Elliot Stock.

† *A Maid of the Moor* (6s.), *A Romance of a Grouse Moor.* By M. E. Stevenson (2s. 6d. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

divinity Rose Walpole, the heartless flirt of a distracted Canon's niece, is an amusing as well as an essential foil. Eustace Wharton is decidedly too fortunate.

Mrs. Stevenson, who, by-the-way, knows thoroughly the county of broad acres in which she lives, is more tragical and nearer the soil in "A Romance of a Grouse Moor," which is one of Pearson's "Latter-Day Stories." The scenery, the folk-speech, the habits and customs of the Yorkshire dale, which others beside Rudyard Kipling will recognise, form the charming setting of a tale, the subject of which is the sad and oft-reiterated truism that only death and not love brings peace.

A LANCASHIRE ROMANCE.*

Of purely Lancastrian writers Allen Clarke may be considered the most distinctive and characteristic, and on this account alone any new publication bearing his name demands a longer review in the "Northern Counties Magazine" than space permits us to afford his romance of the Civil War in Lancashire, "John o' God's Sending." The tale is not burdened with too much historical detail. The interest is personal and local and centres round the homely life of seventeenth century Lancastrians, who are kindly and vividly drawn. Even such an historically important and dominant personage as the Earl of Derby,—the great and accomplished Earl of whom it was said after his execution at Bolton,—

"Wit, bounty, courage, all three here in one lie dead;
A Stanley's heart, Vere's wit, and Cecil's head."

—even he is made to play a human and individual part in this realistic drama of humble peoples' loves and sorrows and happiness amid the horrors of war. The author's style is direct and nervous; he is more artistic than avowedly local novelists frequently are, and his strong descriptive faculty is allied with the essential power of blending genuine pathos and emotion with the saving grace of a not too broad humour.

POPULAR TOPOGRAPHY.

The Homeland Association, which is helping English folk to obey the command of Thomas Fuller, "Knowest thou the rooms of thy own country before thou goest over the limits thereof," has dealt so exhaustively in a series of neat, interesting and nicely illustrated handbooks† with the topography of the South and West of England that we hope it will turn its attention shortly to the equally worthy North Country.

* *John o' God's Sending.* By Allen Clarke (6s. Bolton: Pendlebury & Sons.)

† *Homeland Handbooks, Dulverton*, etc. (6d. each. Published for the Homeland Association by the St. Bride's Press, London.)

Mr. T. Wilson of Kendal has published a comprehensive illustrated handbook to the historical town of Kendal and its vicinity.* This little guide indicates the lively interest taken in local antiquities, topography and local story, and is a useful and welcome addition to this rapidly increasing class of publications. K.

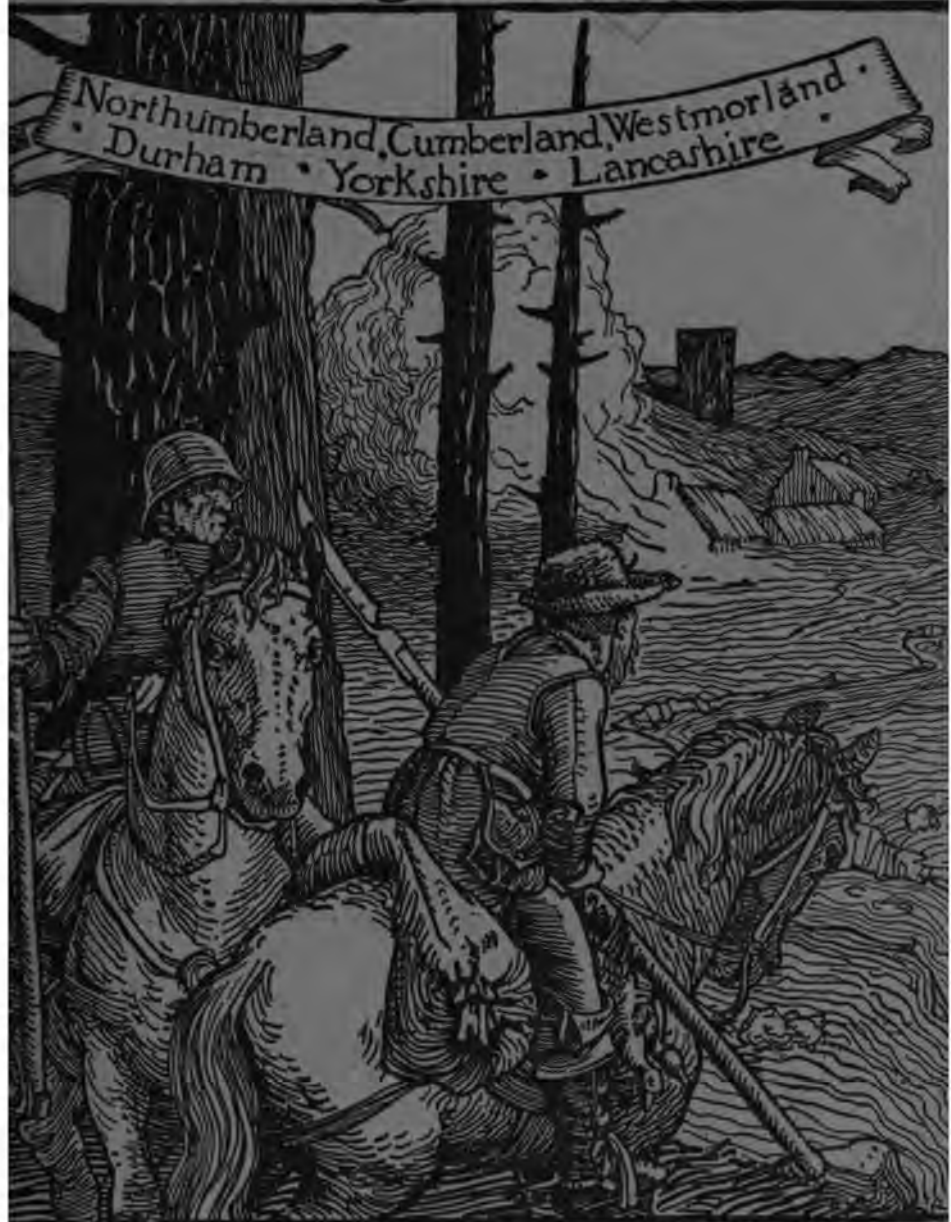
STORYOLOGY.†

The sub-title of this book indicates with sufficient clearness its contents. In the fourteen chapters are given many of our old nursery rhymes, and ancient, world-wide stories, which the author has attempted to explain, and trace to their origin. He, however, guards himself against the supposition that he is adding anything to what has already been told, or that he is writing a learned treatise for "the expert Folklorist and the case-hardened Mythologist." His work is of a humbler nature, namely, to give to the general reader some idea of "a subject which he has not time to study." At the same time, the author does not merely give a bundle of stories, but examines in an able and interesting manner the theories of experts, and then gives what he believes to be a better explanation than some of these have done of the origin and meaning of the stories. He shows how they may have sprung out of the customs of nations at different periods of their history, and that people widely separated might originate the same kind of practice, hence our old romances may not have been passed on from nation to nation, as is generally assumed, but have sprung from similar conditions of belief and habit. The author has evidently fitted himself to deal with his subject by a very wide extent of study, and the general reader will find much to interest him. At the same time there are assertions which are not wise, and would have been better left out. To give but two instances under the heading of "The Magic Wand." On page 26 we read, "All the miracles performed in the land of Egypt were made to appear more or less as the result of the application of the magic rod, just as to this day the clever conjurer appears to produce his wonderful effects with his wand." And again, on page 31, we read, "From the time of Moses' rod until now the 'rod' has been almost continuously used by innumerable peoples in the effort to obtain supplies of water." H. G.

* *Welcome into Westmorland* (6d. Kendal: T. Wilson.)

† *Essays in Folk-Lore, Sea-Lore, and Plant-Lore.* By Benjamin Taylor (pp. 210. 5s. London: Elliot Stock).

The Northern Counties Magazine.



Frontispiece: **The Dacre Tower**, by Lord Carlisle.

Howard Castle, by Howard Pease.

Unpublished Southey MS.

The Thing he could not do, by M. E. Coleridge.

Song of the Fells, by W. W. Gibson.

Time-Honoured Lancaster, by Hy. Fishwick.

In Memoriam—Bishop Westcott.

Wm. Pearson, of Bordenale, by Canon Rawnsley.

Type of Northern Genius, "Hrynich."

Then and Now, by A. V. Golding.

Northumberland Fusiliers.

The Craydigger's Song, by Sir H. Williamson.

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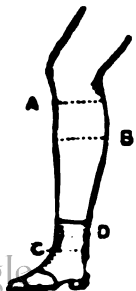
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124



"THE DACRE TOWER"
By Lord Carlisle.

The Northern Counties Magazine.

September, 1901.

FROM DOM AUGUSTINE HUNGATE *
AT NAWARD CASTLE
TO MR. NICHOLAS ROSCARROCK
AT CAMBRIDGE.

Dec. 19th, 1617.

Salutem in Xto.

We miss thee greatly, dear Martyr for "The Faith," and long for thy return to these inhospitable, desolate, and wind-bleached northern regions, where our good Lord William has of late been more than ordinary let in his noble task of inducing "civilitie" in these rough Borderers.

'Tis a difficult matter to discover—where all are thieves—which amongst the various tribes is the more irreclaimable; whether the "broken" Scots of Liddlesdale, the cunning Cumbrians, or the rude swaggerers of Tynedale and Redesdale are the more cumbersome. But what hinders the Lord William Howard chiefly, as thou knowest right well, is the malice and perverse dealing of those whose duty it is, by their oaths of allegiance and of execution of justice, to assist him in his endeavours to bring order upon these Borders; whereas the main truth is, as I shall shortly relate, that they aid and abet all the disorderly people—sheep thieves, receitors, and outputters who infest these parts—whereby still as aforetime "sanguis Abel clamat de terra."

* "There were three of this name—all Benedictines. It is impossible to say which was chaplain at Nawarth, though we may fairly assume that one of them filled the office." *Vide* Canon Ormsby's introduction to *The Household Books of Lord William Howard* (Surtees Society's Publications).

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir R. Musgrave are most evident notorious offenders; plainly assisting Sir William Hutton in his present foul endeavour to asperse the Lady Elizabeth and damage the Lord William.

Sir William Hutton hath of late shown his ancient malice against my Lord William more openly than before-time, by foully accusing the Lady Elizabeth of permitting the escape of one Routledge of the Ballie-head who was lately accused of a murder of a tenant of my Lord's.

This Sir William Hutton as is known to you hath ever been an unconscionable malicious conniver against the Lord William for the gross neglect of his own duty which my Lord has aforetime sharply reprimanded him for—being a commissioner for the West Border with my Lord and others.

Long since he was rebuked by him for his remissness and timorousness in delaying justice and for connivance with guilty parties, though he was in receipt of 1,000 marks fee per annum for the proper discharge of his Commissionership.

An opportunity then offering in the absence of the Lord William Sir William Hutton accuses the Lady Elizabeth of promoting the escape of the aforesaid Routledge taken at Hexham on a charge of murder committed, and the Lords of the Council summoned the Lord William to appear before them and make answer to this charge.

On his appearance before them and denying all knowledge of this same infamous accusation the matter was remanded to the Commissioners at Carlisle, who fully cleared the Lady Elizabeth of this charge foully laid at her door.

The matter however rested not there, for Sir William, failing here, endeavours the more fiercely than before, suborning witnesses, threatening the said Routledge with death if he did not enter to him or my Lord of Cumberland, but now by the chance assistance of an humble devoted servant of the Lord William's, the writer, namely, of this present letter, a stop hath been put to Sir William Hutton's cunning, deceitful and malicious bearing.

The manner of it was in this wise.

Some three days ago I had been walking to and fro in the long gallery by way of reducing some humours of the body, and therefrom had mounted to the turret of the Dacre tower to take a breath of the fresh air as, knowing that it had been charged to my Lord that "he kept a priest in his house" and had been oft murmured against for "recusancy," I like not to venture much abroad in daytime.

I had taken in my hand—and I verily believe that in this the Providence of Heaven was manifest—the perspective glass of the Lord William, and gazing through it at the country northwards I perceived

a Borderer riding at a fair pace, making as though he would cross the Irthing by the bridge at Lanercost. Then he disappeared, but shortly I was ware of him again as he came round, now riding a slow pace, to the east of the Castle, and the sun shining bright upon him I could distinguish his features plain enough, and a villainous visage 'twas, i' faith, as ever I saw in my life.

As I watched him narrowly I made out a badge on his livery which methought was two arms in armour supporting the sun. Now this was the crest of Sir William Musgrave, who had ever abetted Sir William Hutton in all opposition to my Lord, through an accountable jealousy, as I take it, of his virtue and the wide sway of his power as well over Gilsland Barony as in Redesdale and Tynedale of which his kinsman the Lord Walden had given him the Keepership, and again in the Barony of Morpeth and in the Bishoprick.

This sight then made me mark him keenly, the more so that I had noted one Lancelot Robson, a Northumbrian, commonly styled Red Lancelot, keeping guard by the gatehouse early in the afternoon. Now this Lancelot I mistrusted sorely, for, being undesirous of showing myself openly in the daytime and so bringing perchance further trouble upon my Lord I was forced to take the air early in the mornings or as the dusk drew in of an evening.

Then it was that I often saw this same Lancelot coming and going stealthily always, as though he too wished to escape notice, but surely in his case without due reason, so I waited and watched to observe if our watch and this same stranger were like to come to a parley.

I had not long to wait as it happened, for very shortly after the man on horseback disappeared into the woods to the southward of the Castle I heard a low whistle sound, whereupon a few minutes after Red Lancelot came lounging forth of the gatehouse below me, his musket across his shoulder, and there stood awhile looking this way and that. On a sudden he made a step forward and so continued at a slow pace till he disappeared out of sight beyond my Lord's walk into the woodland.

"'Tis a prearranged meeting," thinks I, the more certain in that I remembered that Swinnerton, my Lord's Captain of the Guard, had ridden after dinner up to Askerton, there to confer with the Land Sergeant on some sheep stealing that had taken place of late in and about Bewcastle and the "loose places," as they are sufficiently styled.

Now, as thou art aware, I am no fighter but a poor scholar and devoted servant of Holy Church, yet where I might do service to my noble Lord, himself an earnest convert to the true Faith, I conceived 'twas my duty to take upon me all risk in the endeavour to discover what plot might be toward against his honour or the Lady Elizabeth's.

Thus determining I descended, and having wrapped a loose dark cloak about my cassock set out warily in the direction Red Lancelot had just taken.

Through the gateway I passed, then stepped aside into my Lord's walk and so out into the woodland beyond.

'Twas not long ere I caught a sound of voices in front of me, then a noise as of a horse restive amongst the bushes, so bending double I stole slowly onward till I heard a rough voice not far away distinctly say, "Well, 'tis a plaguy damp place this: let's away, my Billy, to Mistress Hetherington's ostler house where over a cup of good ale we can e'en finish the business without fear of the cursed ague." I could not catch Red Lancelot's reply, but as there swiftly followed a crackling amongst the under-growth I concluded the pair of them were making way to the alehouse aforesaid.

Swiftly I fell to a reflection whether 'twas possible for me to forestall their arrival thither. 'Twas a mile or two away on the Carlisle road, and no very well reputed place neither, but if I might win there before the two conspirators a word to Mistress Hetherington, who was like to have her license taken away by my Lord, would suffice for me to arrange for a hiding place where I might overhear their conversation.

'Twas growing dusk swiftly, and if I girt up my loins and ran as speedily as I could, 'twas a good chance of my arriving the first, for whereas I would cross the park the others were more like to wind in and out thither through the covert.

So I determined; and commending myself to the protection of the Holy Virgin I gathered my skirts in my hand, and made as swift speed as I might across the park land and so into the forest on the far side.

As I drew nigh hotfoot I concluded 'twere best to avoid entrance from the high road, so I made for the back, and as I was about to knock the door opened of itself and a woman bearing a milk pail came forth.

"Is Mistress Hetherington within?" stammered I, breathless and heated with my haste.

"Ay, Maister, an' what might your pleasure be wi' her," said she, facing me with a bold stare.

"'Tis on my Lord William of Naward's business," said I, for I felt 'twas no occasion for delay, "and 'tis needful I speak with her instantly."

"What's your will?" said she somewhat sullenly, shutting the door to as she spake, and settling her hands upon her hips.

'Twas Mistress Hetherington herself, so without more ado I told her I must be concealed within whilst the two men I momentarily expected sat down to their ale.

She looked grimly at me divided 'twixt fear and anger, then, "Who are ye that demands this? Have ye any sign of 'Bauld Willie,' as they ca' him?"

Now I had but a book in my pocket of my Lord's, yet at a pinch, thought I, 'twill suffice, so I pulled it forth: 'twas a Book of Hours with my Lord's escutcheon stamped in gold thereon, the six cross crosslets standing out plain between the bend. "See," says I, "'tis my Lord's achievement."

With that she drops her arms, and then, "Mind ye I'll not have owt to do wi' it, but if two men comes in for a tankard of ale an' asks for a separate room, why they'll have it for the lawin', an' I'll show ye where 'twill be, an' if ye like to conceal yorsel somewhere nigh hand 'tis your doin', an' ye'll have yorsel to fend for. Come in by, then."

I followed her within to a poor barely furnished room leading off from the entrance, and separated from the ale hatch by a thin partition.

On looking round all I could see by way of cover for myself was a short settle which they call in Cumbrian a "squab," set against the chimney corner beneath a cobwebbed, grimy window.

"I'll make a push to hide," says I, "here's something for the good of the house," and therewith I thrust a crown into her palm.

At that very moment I heard a horse's hoofs without, so without more ado I bid her hasten forth, and thrust myself, not without some embarrassment, underneath the said squab.

Certainly 'twas the two conspirators without, for I could hear Red Lancelot's voice calling for the best double ale the house provided, and in another moment the door opened roughly and in came the pair of them.

They stood still awhile, apparently looking round about them, then one seizing hold of a small stand drew it up to the squab, and sat himself down heavily above me.

The worm-eaten timber creaked and groaned, and I feared I was like to have had the entire weight of his person upon me to my manifest discomfiture and probable undoing, but the squab held, and as by good fortune the other seized a chair and drew it up opposite there seemed no further immediate danger in that direction.

The liquor was at once brought in, and filling up their pewters the two Borderers fell to drinking silently till their first thirst was somewhat abated.

Then says Red Lancelot, thrusting out his legs till, to my horror, they actually touched my cloak, "Well, Dickie Armstrong, out with thy bills an' indictments against 'Bauld Willie' and 'Bessie wi' the braid apron,' thy plan and conceptions for their confusion and the

bringing in again o' the good aad Border customs ov' honest men seekin' their ain i' merry moonlight frae the beggarly Scots, who hae brought in a goggle-heid King o' their ain to batten on us poor Englishmen.

"Here's a health to thy plans, then, an' let's have it swift, for Swinnerton's like to be back soon, an' if he finds me awa, wey, there's a dose o' darkness awaits me an' a bracelet or two for ankles an' wrists. Speak, Billy, let thy brain pan simmer ower wiv its wisdom."

Thus admonished, Armstrong raised his pewter on high, and, "Here's damnation to aal Sooth countrymen, says I, an' may we live to see the bonny Daker lads back to their own again; ay, 'twould be music to hear the oald Slogan raised, Ho, Daker, Ho, Daker, the red bull, the red bull."

"'Tis a pretty sentiment enough," interrupted the other, "but action's the cure, says I, for wor sort ov' ills."

"Right," says the other, "thou art a lad o' mettle, no fear; but perpend, whilst I unfold a scheme that will stay Bauld Willie's pace an' cool his heat may be.

"Now, look ye, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and my master, Sir William Musgrave, an' oald Sir William Hutton they are wearied by Bauld Willie, an' his new fangled ways, an' are for puttin' a sprag into his wheels. If it can be laid at his Lady's door that hard-riding Dick o' the Baillieheid who was caught in Hexham and then escaped got away by her connivance why, belike she may see the inside o' the Carlisle dark place, or else my Lord Willie will have £500 fine laid upon him, which will put water into his wine for the remainder o' his days. Now the Commissioners at Carlisle say Sir William Hutton's indictment is not proven, the bill in the oald Border phrase is no fouled, but if we can but get a hoald of Dick we think we can prove it—a twisted rope over the thumbs is a canny help at gettin' oot the truth, an' the whole conclusion is, my brave Billy, that get hoald o' Dick Routledge we must an' shall by fair means or by foul. He must 'enter' with one of the 'three Sir W's,' no matter which, but, if he 'enters' wi 'Bauld Willie' the play is ended, and Lord William can crow over the whole Borderside frae 'coaly Newcastle' to 'merry Carlisle.'

"Now ye bein' a Robson an' acquaint wi' the Routledge clan, 'tis said ye are likest to ken best Dick's hidin' place, an' if ten rose-rials will not play the sleuth hound for ye, why the three Sir W's belike may mak it twenty, an', sista, here's an earnest for tha, can'st ta find him?"

"Mevvies," replied the other, swiftly pocketing the coins, "but there was a report as he had happed an accident a sennight or so back, an' where he lays 'tis uncertain, yet Aa doot not Aa can discover his hidin' place for ye soon or late."

"Ay, Billy, then here's to it, lad; up wi' the sun in splendour an' doon wi' the lion guardant an' then the lave of us can e'en enjoy our ain again. Noo, another mutchkin o' ale, an' let's hae a rouse," and therewith he calls for more liquor to be served and starts a stave of song.

"Sing hey, sing ho for the Borderer bold,
 Wi' nowte in his byre an' sheep in his fold,
 When astride of his horse and his bill in his hand,
 Why, none can outvie him nor any withstand.
 "Crouse as a moor cock he gallops away
 With a 'nay' for a man, for a woman a 'yea.'
 And he cares not a damn for my Lord William's bann,
 For he's lord of his life and the bonny moorland."

"So 'twas at least i' the golden days when Aa was a lad, an' a rowel 'in chief' was true badge to the Borderman, no cross crosslets then—savin' your presence, my Billy, who belike hearest mass when art idle an' none about—to fright him awa frae snaffle an' spur an' spear an' the oald honest manner o' shiftin' for one's livelihood.

"But now, 'tis once to carry this affair through an' we tie 'St. Mary's knot' * in my Lord William's stride for good an' a'.

"So here's a rouse, my Billy," quoth the speaker, "an' a right good fine i' the Starchamber for Bauld Willie."

"Here's to ye," replied Lancelot, rising up as he spoke and tossing down his liquor hastily, "an' a health to the 'strong arm an' broken tree'."†

The two men then rose up, and as Lancelot opened the door, Armstrong called to Mistress Hetherington to know what was to pay. They then went out upon the road, and some three minutes after to my inexpressible relief I heard the threesome beat of hoofs upon the road which proclaimed Armstrong's departure at a gallop. I waited some five minutes longer, then creeping forth of my lair stole out of the back door, and was scurrying across the park again like a frightened rabbit with a terrier at his heels before a man could say his "Paternoster."

I drew to a walk as I reached the gatehouse, for 'twas probable that Lancelot had reached thither before me, and I had no wish to arouse his suspicion, but I found I had outstripped him, for no one challenged my approach, and I passed through the Baily without meeting anyone.

Once within I enquired for Captain Swinnerton, and as soon as I had his ear told him all I had seen and heard that afternoon. He pondered deep over my narration, then after sundry commendations announced his determination for instant action.

* Viz., to hamstring, an old Border phrase.

† The arms of the clan Armstrong.

"Soon as ever Red Lancelot comes in I'll send for him and question him roundly first, and give him a taste of dungeon after. 'Tis a sly rogue, that, and I have a suspicion he plays the spy o' both sides, and I dare swear that Harriby* will see the end of him as it has of others, who ran straighter than he in this crooked Border country of ours."

Within five minutes Red Lancelot was ushered in, seeming somewhat hot and in an evident discomposure, and when asked for the reason of his absence from his post began a long and involved explanation of his having noted a suspicious character prowling about the Castle whom he had tracked till lost to sight in the underwood.

"So, so," retorts Swinnerton suddenly, cutting into his lame excuses, "and how about Armstrong and the drinking of toasts to the detriment of our Lord William at Mistress Hetherington's ostler house?"

Nothing could exceed Lancelot's confusion at this direct question. He scratched his head, he fumbled at a salute, then stammered uneasily, "Wey, cannot a man hev a drink o' ale wivoot askin' permission for't, an' Armstrongs are thick as blackberries aal ower the countryside."

"Perhaps," says Swinnerton drily, "but they don't offer twenty rose-rials for the subornation of justice."

"The aad bitch!" ejaculated the watch, surprised out of all caution. "Gox, but aal wring her long lanky neck for this."

Then remembering himself he added hastily, "Ay, Aa's no denyin' that Aa turned in there for a swill, but Aa got good informations oot ov it, Aa can tell ye, for there's a plot towards for seizin' o' Routledge o' the Baillieheid an' gettin' him to swear that he was rescued frae justice at the hands o' wor Lady Elizabeth."

"Ay," says Swinnerton quickly, "and perhaps a dose of the tower dungeon may assist you to discover to us where this same Routledge is most like to be found. If not, then Carlisle gaol and Harriby may restrain you from further rouses with Sir William Musgrave's retainers.

"Here, take him," he concluded, turning towards another of his men who stood behind him, "and confine him in the lower dungeon of Dacre tower, and see to it he has bread and water while there."

"No, no, not there," cried Lancelot excitedly at this, "not there, Captain, Aa cannot abide there, for 'tis haunted, they say, an' though Aa's flayed o' no earthly man Aa cannot face hobgoblins an' ghaists an' the muckle darkness," and here dropping to his knees, he continued incoherently, "There's the starved Scot in't, 'tis said, him who was forgot i' the aad Dacre days an' eat his arm for lack o' meat. Aa shud be stark mad at sight ov him." Swinnerton stayed impassive while one

* The place of execution at Carlisle.

might count a score, as he gazed at the terror-stricken figure at his feet. Then turning towards the other retainer he said briefly, "Leave us awhile, good Noble, whilst we question him somewhat further. Now, Sirrah," he continued, when Noble had departed, "if you will confess the whole truth of this matter we perchance may lighten your sentence somewhat, but in what degree rests with yourself, for mind ye, we know ye to be a double faced rogue, taking Lord William's pay while at one and the same time intriguing with the Cumbrian gentry who love not 'Bauld Willie,' as they call him. Had'st not been serviceable with thy long lugs aforetime to our Lord had'st fed ere now on cold darkness, but deceive not thyself further, for thou art betwixt the horns of the bull, one or other will impale thee."

Lancelot rose joyfully to his feet, and with fervent protestations of his good intent to our Lord William did truthfully declare what had passed 'twixt himself and Armstrong, asserting that 'twas all done on his part with a view to ascertaining what was toward in the camp of the Cumbrian party.

As he made his disclosures Swinnerton looked interrogatively at myself from time to time as though to ask whether I would confirm the narration, and by a slight nodding of the head I vouched for the same in so far as it ran true with the converse of the two conspirators.

When he had made an end Swinnerton enquired shortly, "Well, 'tis a long story enough, and over much protestation in't for my mind, but the main proof is still to seek, and what ye have to do is to put into our hands that same Routledge of the Bailliehead all this pothor is about. Now where lies this arrant horse thief and accursed murderer?"

"In hidin', Captain," responds Red Lancelot eagerly enough, "up by the dry-sike i' Bewcastle beside Spadeadam waste, recoverin' from an accident, 'tis said, that happened him a few days back."

"What sort of accident?" says Swinnerton grimly.

"The sort o' accident," replies Lancelot with a half grin, "that might happen any o' the free ridin' Borderers o' the 'loose places,' a bit mistake about a mare an' a mischancy thrust wiv a lance point, 'tis said. 'Tis a wild piece enough is the Bailliehead, an' a fear-nowt; savin' for Priests only, 'tis said, owin' to his havin' killed a Priest once ower some wild moorland work awhile back. Wey, but he's a crafty one too, for when he was brought in here for custody hoo lang was't we had him? Nobbut the yen night. Then he asks to see a leach for a sudden sickness that came on him, catches him sic a buffet as stretches him out an' walks awa i' the leach's apparel."

"Wilt thou ha' done," cries Swinnerton, suddenly turning on him, for 'twas a raw this escape of Routledge's from Naward. "Here Noble,

convey this chatterer to the upper dungeon in the Dacre tower, and see to it he is looked after and fed."

"He spake truth then?" enquired Swinnerton of me when Lancelot had been removed.

"So far as the converse 'twixt himself and Armstrong is concerned he did, but as to his real intentions I think his taking the money proves him guilty as against the Lord William; yet now, Captain Swinnerton," I continued, "I have a favour to beg of you, which is that you permit me to assist in the search, and capture, let us hope, of this same Bailliehead, for as the inception of this affair was due to me so permit me to share in its conclusion. And again, as it appears that this same miscreant is frightened of a Priest it might so chance that I might be of some assistance in his capture.

"I would ride out disguised, if I might venture to propose a plan, disguised as a leach and accompanied by some three men of your retainers, beat up his quarters, and either persuade him to 'enter' to my Lord William or carry him hither captive."

To my pleadings Swinnerton eventually gave way, not without strong demur, "for 'twas no Priest's task this," and "'twas not wise for the Naward Priest to show himself outside."

But I argued with him that 'twas a matter undertaken in the cause of Holy Church, and that having placed myself under the protection of the Blessed St. Cuthbert I had no fear for the result, and that Bailliehead's terror of a Priest would surely unnerve his courage.

So it was finally agreed, and the next morning by daylight I set forth towards "the waste" accompanied by three retainers well armed with lance and sword.

Crossing the Irthing by the brig we rode swiftly northward till we came to the boggy ground beside the King Water, and slow on through the moss and peat of Spadeadam waste where cries of plovers and bitterns alone break the desolate stillness, till we drew nigh to the Foulbog sike.

Riding forward of my men so as to avoid suspicion, I had once or twice stayed to ask some question as to where I might light upon Routledge of the Bailliehead, for that message had come to me that he had been wounded and wished to see a leach.

Finally, I was directed to a shieling beside a rising ground called Cock Play, where if he was not certain word could be obtained as to where he lay.

Commanding my men to shelter behind a broken wall nigh hand I rode forward a musket shot or more, and was within some fifteen paces therefrom when I saw a man coming out from a byre by the side of the

shieling, leading a horse by the bridle. As he walked I noted that he limped as though lame, then putting his foot in stirrup he slowly swung himself into his saddle and so turned, facing me. As his eyes met mine he started violently in his saddle, his jaw dropped, his eyes showed white, and raising his hands he crossed himself, as he cried incoherently, "'Tis the black Priest; avaunt ye, Exorciso te in nomine—Paternoster—Paternoster; glower not at me that gate or by the Lord Harry Aa'l put a spear thrust through ye," and as I stayed stock still in astonishment he spurred towards me, raising his lance as he hurtled at me.

I was too surprised to do anything, but the blessed Saint Cuthbert doubtless befriended me, for as he neared me his horse slipped down sudden on a rock, his lance point caught deep in a tuft of bents, and he was borne backwards from his saddle over his horse's flanks to the ground where he lay helpless. There I saw my opportunity, and, sliding from my saddle I was upon him in a moment, then with a loud shout for assistance to my followers I seized him before he could recover and held him fast till Noble and the others came up and tightly secured him, for 'twas none other than Bailliehead himself, as himself shortly confessed.

You may imagine, dear brother, my triumphant feeling as I rode back to Naward leading captive the redoubtable Routledge, for here was all our pother ended and the tables turned upon "the three W's," who had so venomously plotted against our dear Lord and the Lady Elizabeth, our noble mistress.

And yet, I must not boast, for I was but the instrument. The glory lies with the Blessed Saints who graciously protected a humble and devout servant of the only true Church, and in conclusion—to end a narration already overlong—I may perchance apply to myself our Lord William's motto, "*Volo non valeo*," which he hath piously amplified in the title page of some of his books by this further addition, "*quia nequeo quod desidero*."

Your devoted servant in "The Faith,"

AUGUSTINE HUNGATE.

[“Traditions present him (Lord William Howard) to our view in a picturesque and romantic aspect, and additional vitality has been given to them by the graphic portrait which Sir Walter Scott has drawn in his “*Lay of the Last Minstrel*” of the outward garb and the gallant bearing of Lord William Howard as Lord Warden of the Marches, though for the purposes of his story the poet antedated his existence and assigned to him an office which in reality he never filled.

“His Bilboa blade, by March-men felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence in rude phrase the Borderers still
Call noble Howard, *Belted Wll.*”

It is somewhat uncertain when the soubriquet of 'Belted Will' became attached to him. A broad leathern belt, studded with a series of letters in metal, arranged so as to form a verse in German, used to be shown at Naworth, as having belonged to him. Hence probably originated the name, to which Sir Walter's stanza gave wide-spread currency.

Mr. Henry Howard tells us in his *Memorials*, that the epithet which in former days was most commonly given to him was Bauld (or bold) Willie, and that the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, was distinguished by the homely appellation of Beasie with the braid (broad) apron, in allusion, not to the width of that particular article of female attire, but to the breadth and extent of the possessions she brought to her husband.

It is a somewhat ungrateful task to throw the light of historical evidence upon wild and picturesque legends, which, in successive generations, have charmed the ear of eager childhood, when told by some hoary grandsire or truly ancient grand-dame, to a listening group around the winter hearth. But legends these really are, so far, at least, as Lord William is concerned. The popular idea which prevails concerning him, even amongst educated people, is as purely imaginary as Sir Walter Scott's portraiture of his outward man.

He never was Lord Warden. Such an appointment, with Elizabeth's feeling towards the Howards, could not have taken place whilst she occupied the throne, and after the accession of James I., George, the third Earl of Cumberland, was selected to succeed Thomas, Lord Scrope, and was the last who filled that high office. He died in 1605, and the government of the Middle Shires (as James preferred to call the Borders) appears to have been subsequently vested in Commissioners, who were partly Scotch and partly English, appointed by the Crown. The first commission in which Lord William Howard's name appears is in 1618 (Rymer's *Fœdera*, xvii. p. 53)."

So wrote Canon Ormsby in his excellent introduction to *The Household Book of Lord William Howard*, and the present Lord Carlisle further informs the writer that he believes the soubriquet of "Belted Will" was invented by Sir Walter Scott, and that just as all the witty sayings of former masters of Balliol College, Oxford, were fathered upon the late Professor Jowett, so the rough justice and harsh measures of many of Lord William's predecessors on the Borders, as for example the great Lord Dacre's, were attributed to him as the man who captivated, and lingered longest in, the memory of the inhabitants in those parts. Thus, not only is the tale of how Lord William, interrupted in his studies by his retainer, who was anxious to know what to do with a captive freebooter, replied in irritation, "Oh, hang him," apochryphal, it is also entirely at variance with the whole course and procedure of Lord William's administration. Now this, in our article, "From Naworth Castle," the writer has endeavoured to exemplify, and at the same time to show how difficult Lord William's position was in his endeavours to reform the administration of justice and to inculcate "civiltie" amidst his rough neighbours.

"This gracious quality," as Canon Ormsby truly says in his introduction, "is still a characteristic of those who bear his name and inhabit the stately dwelling which was so long his home."

We ourselves, as doubtless our readers also, are much indebted to Lord Carlisle for his charming illustration that accompanies our text of the Dacre Tower at Naworth Castle.

* * * * *

In conclusion, it should be added that Mr. Roscarrock, to whom our letter is addressed, is supposed to be at Cambridge at the time for the purpose of the narrative.

"Naworth seems to have been his home from the year 1607, if not before, until his death.

What originally brought Mr. Roscarrock and Lord William Howard into the intimate relations which subsisted between them we know not. The similarity of their literary tastes and pursuits, and sympathy on the part of Lord William for one who had undergone cruel sufferings for his attachment to the ancient faith, were probably both combined."

It is known that he was a zealous Catholic, for he had been racked and kept in prison many years.—ED. NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.]



SOUTHEY'S MSS.

[By the kindness of a north country friend of ours—the owner of the MSS.—we are enabled to give some pages from the journal of Robert Southey, which he kept during his tour as Poet Laureate to the Netherlands and his visit to the Field of Waterloo in 1815. The MSS. was not published at the time owing, as the quotation from his life which we give below points out, to the fact that at that time there was not thought to be “sufficient novelty” attached to it, but as interest has revived in all that concerns Napoleon, and Waterloo must perennially fascinate all Englishmen, we may say we hope to make arrangements to publish the entire journal in book form shortly, and here merely give a few extracts which, we feel sure, will interest our readers. The MSS. was purchased at the Southey sale in 1864 by the father of the present possessor—a well known antiquarian and book collector in his day.—ED. N.C.M.]

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EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF SOUTHEY.

(VOL. IV.)

How deep an interest my father had taken in the protracted contest between France and England, the reader has seen; nor will he, I think, if well acquainted with the events of those times, and the state of feeling common among young men of the more educated classes at the close of the last century, be apt to censure him as grossly inconsistent, because he condemned the war at its outset, and augured well at the commencement of Bonaparte's career, and yet could earnestly desire that war, in its later stages, “to be carried on with all the heart and all the soul, and all the strength of this mighty empire,” and could rejoice in the downfall

Of him, who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.

For the original commencement of the war in 1792-3 had been the combination of other European powers against revolutionary France,—

a direct act of aggression supported by England, which would now be condemned by most men, and was then naturally denounced by all those who partook, in any degree, of Republican feeling.* But in the lapse of years the merits of the contest became quite altered; and from about the time when Bonaparte assumed the imperial crown, all his acts were marked by aggressiveness and over-bearing usurpation. Not to speak of those personal crimes which turned my father's feelings towards the man into intense abhorrence, his political measures with respect to Switzerland, Holland, Egypt, and Malta, were those of an unscrupulous and ambitious conqueror, and the invasion of Portugal, with his insolent treachery towards the Spanish royal family, made his iniquity intolerable. The real difference between my father and the mass of writers and speakers in England at that time was, that he never laid aside a firm belief that the Providence of God would put an end to Napoleon's wicked career, and that it was the office of Great Britain to be the principal instrument of that Providence.

But in addition to the national feelings of joy and triumph at the successful termination of this long and arduous warfare, my father had some grounds for rejoicing more peculiar to himself. When one large and influential portion of the community, supported by the "Edinburgh Review," prognosticated constantly the hopelessness of the war, the certain triumph of Bonaparte, and especially the folly of hoping to drive him out of Spain,—when their language was, "France has conquered Europe; this is the melancholy truth: shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter: for the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished;" he stood forth among the boldest and most prominent of those who urged vigorous measures, and prophesied final success. And well might he now rejoice—kindle upon Skiddaw the symbol of triumph; and when contrasting the language he had held with that of those persons, exclaim, "Was I wrong? or has the event corresponded to this confidence?"

Bear witness Torres Vedras, Salamanca, and Vittoria! Bear witness Orthez and Toulouse! Bear witness Waterloo!

With these feelings it was very natural that he should have been among the crowd of English who hastened over to view the scene of that "fell debate," on the issue of which had so lately hung the fate of Europe.

* He himself says of the Peace of Amiens: "No act of amnesty ever produced such conciliatory consequences as that peace. It restored in me the English feeling which had long been deadened, and placed me in sympathy with my country; bringing me thus into that natural and healthy state of mind, upon which time, and knowledge, and reflection were sure to produce their proper and salutary effect."—From a MS. Preface to the *Peninsular War*.

To quote his own words:—

“ And as I once had journeyed to survey
Far off Ourique's consecrated field,
Where Portugal, the faithful and the bold,
Assumed the symbols of her sacred shield.
More reason now that I should bend my way,
The field of British glory to survey.

“ So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl, just ripe enough of age
Retentively to see what I should see :
That thus, with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after thought.”

Of this journey, as was his custom, he kept a minute and elaborate journal; but it is of too great length, and not possessing sufficient novelty, to be inserted here.

* * * * *

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE NETHERLANDS IN THE AUTUMN OF 1815.

INTRODUCTION.

I was not among those persons who took the earliest opportunity of going to the continent when, after having so long been closed to English travellers, it was once more opened upon the overthrow and abdication of Bonaparte. A journey which might have seemed easy from the south of England appeared formidable when contemplated in Cumberland; moreover, I was wedded to the enjoyments and occupations of domestic life, and my wishes as well as habits were so disciplined, that, except now and then in books, I never incurred any expenditure which could with propriety be spared. If a thought of visiting France and Switzerland was ever entertained, it was in the potential mood, and in the paulo-post-futurum tense.

It happened, however, a few weeks after the battle of Waterloo, that my brother Henry, who was just married, asked me to join him in a bridal excursion which he was about to make with his wife's mother and sister, older friends of mine than of his. They proposed to go by way of Ostend to Brussels, visit the field of battle, proceed as far as Spa, if time would allow, and take Antwerp on their return. Tempted by this proposal, I prevailed, but not without much persuasion, on my wife to accompany me and take with us our eldest daughter, then in her twelfth year. The sale of “Roderick,” which had been recently published, was at that time such as fairly justified such an expenditure; and being

moreover in some degree bound to celebrate the present victory in British history, I persuaded myself that if any person had a valid cause, or pretext for visiting the field of Waterloo, it was the Poet Laureate. Henry Koster happened to be with us. Soon after his second residence in Brazil he came to visit me for a few days, and having taken his departure on the top of the stage coach, was brought back in a few hours, with one of the muscles of the thigh split in consequence of an overturn. The accident confined him several weeks; he was now thoroughly recovered, and easily obtained his father's leave to join a party of Lisbonians.

Our outset was singularly inauspicious. Some little delay had occurred on my side, and my brother had no time to lose, because of his professional engagements, and the arrangements which he had made for supplying his place during his absence. When we drove up to his door in Queen Anne Street, he was gone. My uncle, instead of being at Streatham, was at his Hampshire living, and to complete the series of disappointments Edith found that her two sisters, Martha and Eliza (the latter having lately come to London to visit the former), were gone to Ramsgate. She consoled herself with the expectation of seeing them there, from whence we were to embark, but when we arrived, behold on that very morning they had embarked in the steam boat for their return. It was not without great difficulty that I had persuaded her to leave four children, the youngest only three years old, for this excursion. She had left home in ill health and worse spirits; both worsened during the long journey from Keswick to Ramsgate; and the best hope I now had was that sea sickness, with the total and frequent change of air, scene and circumstances, would remove what began to appear a very formidable malady.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE JOURNAL.

Ostend, Saturday, 23 Sept., 1815

We left Ramsgate yesterday morning at half after twelve, with so fair and fresh a breeze that the Captain promised us a passage of eight or nine hours, or less, if the wind should hold. It slackened, and we did not arrive at Ostend till four the next morning. Sixteen hours, however, cannot be called a bad passage; the average is from ten to twelve: my brother and his party were forty-three. The fare is a guinea and a half, and you provide yourself. But there is a system of exaction at Ramsgate which is not confined to the Albion Hotel. Dawson, the agent for the packet, seeing my daughter, said that her fare would be sixteen shillings. Capt. Aylesbury, of the Lord Liverpool, seeing her

also, rated her at twenty. I offered to pay him at the time, but he chose rather to receive the money at Ostend, and then demanded by his mate full price for the child. The plea for this was that she had occupied a whole berth; but this he knew she must have done, if we were out at night. She suffered a good deal from sickness; her mother, to whom it might have proved remedial, wholly escaped it. The little food which I took, was taken in commendam for the fishes, and faithfully rendered up to them.

There came on rain about two in the night, so that I lost the entrance of the harbour, which though of little importance, I am yet sorry that I did not see. We lay close to the quay, and the packet was presently filled with porters, all speaking English, and all contending who should carry the passengers' luggage. An Irishman, belonging to the veteran battalion, came among them, but he was treated as an interloper, and enough passed upon this occasion to show that there was a jealousy between the natives and the garrison. We ended the dispute by leaving our trunks on board, and when we returned for them gave the preference, as was proper, to the people of the place. At the Custom House we found more dispatch and much more civility than foreigners under like circumstances would meet with in England. My first business, of course, was at the bankers. The money which I took up there was all in French coin, which it seems is current everywhere. "Dieu protège la France" is inscribed around the edge. I observed on a five-franc piece bearing date An. XI. Napoleon Empereur on one side, and République Française on the other; the pieces of later date have Empire Française, and the Christian era.

Had we arrived last night we could not have been lodged at the Cour Imperiale, to which Bedford and Herries had directed me, the apartments, they told us there, were all full owing to the concourse of people returning from the Coronation at Brussels.

* * * * *

"LORD UXBRIDGE'S LEG."

Lord Uxbridge's leg, the most remarkable relic of modern times, is deposited in the garden of a house opposite the inn, and on the same side of the road as the Chapel, the nearest house to it on the Brussels side. The owner of the house is as proud of possessing it as a true Catholic would be of an undoubted leg of his patron Saint. The figure, manner and earnest enthusiasm of this Leg worshipper were in the highest degree comic. I accosted him hat in hand, and with the best French I could muster (which is bad enough, Heaven knows), but as much courtesy as if I had been French by birth and breeding, requested permission to visit the spot. He led us to a little mound in his garden,

which is in front of the house; the mound is about three or four feet in diameter, and of proportionate elevation (sounding words should be used on great occasions), and in the centre is a tuft of Michaelmas daisies, at this time in blossom. The leg, he told us, had been at first interred behind the house. But the wife of my Lord had requested him to plant a tree which should mark the spot; and he, considering that a tree behind the house, which was not private ground, might be very probably injured or destroyed by boys, had removed the leg into his own garden, and there deposited it in a proper box or coffin. The Michaelmas daisy was a mere temporary ornament. In November he should plant the tree, it was to be "un saule, English willow." "Oui, Monsieur," I replied, "j'entends; l'arbre larmoyant; the weeping willow." It will be very picturesque and pathetic. The whole thing is so ridiculously comic that I hope no foolish person will hint to him that laurel might be more appropriate. He had composed an epitaph for the leg, he said, which was then in the stone cutter's hands; but he had a copy of it. Of course I requested to be favoured with the perusal; and having perused it with due gravity, solicited permission to transcribe it also. Upon this he presented me with a copy, and I then perceived that he had several other copies ready to be disposed of in like manner. Here follows the Epitaph, being I believe unique in its kind:—"C'est enterrée la Jambe de l'illustre, brave, et vaillant Comte Uxbridge, Lieutenant General. Commandant en Chef la Cavalerie Anglaise, Belge et Hollandoise; blessé le 18 Juin, 1815, à la memorable bataille de Waterloo; qui par son heroïsme a concouru au triomphe de la cause du Genre humain, glorieusement décidée par l'éclatante victoire du dit jour."

I did not present him with my own epitaph upon the same subject in return.

This is the Grave of Lord Uxbridge's Leg
Pray for the rest of his Body, I beg.

He was too proud of having such a deposit in his garden, too happy and too serious in his happiness for such a jest to have been allowable. He took us into the house, and shewed us the stain of blood upon two chairs, telling us Lady Uxbridge had desired it might never be washed out. And he called for the boot, remarking as he displayed it, "Voilà quel petit pied pour un si grand homme!" According to his account some dozen surgeons assisted at the operation,—which I do not believe, because if the surgeons at hand had been fifty fold more numerous than they were, there would even then have been fifty times as much work as they could all have performed. It was amputated at eleven o'clock at night, and they were ten minutes about it, his Lordship never uttering any expression of pain.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



THE THING HE COULD NOT DO.

All at once the mystery of London closed round about him and shut him in.

He had but just returned from a valley in the High Alps, where there is no dawn and no twilight. Every morning the sun came suddenly over the mountains when it was broad day. Every afternoon, while the sky was still blue, the sun went suddenly down behind them. He had not known before that one could miss a few common crimson and golden clouds.

But it was not the clouds that made this mystery. They faded into gray and a slight fog came on. Then he grew restless, and left the window for the streets.

For hours he had been sitting in his luxurious library, hard at work on a story that he did not know.

There was no need whatever for him to write it. He had no excuse of poverty to offer. His near relatives had died one after the other, each leaving him richer than the last. He could not pretend that bread and butter were only to be earned in Fairyland.

Had he been told that he *must* write a story, it is on the cards that he might have said he would rather break stones on the road. And yet he had forged for himself a heavier chain than any wherewith he would have allowed another person to shackle his free thoughts.

The love of fame, which is a puissant factor in unnatural efforts, did not exist for him. He was too clear-sighted. He knew well that—considering the infinite number of the stars—considering even the infinite

number of savages in the particular star on which he happened to live—Shakespeare's is but a local reputation.

Nor did he take his pen in hand, "at the request of a few friends." His friends were too sensible. They requested him to write cheques; they never requested him to write stories.

Then, if he did not write for money, nor for fame, nor for friends, what, in the name of cuttle-fish, did he write for? Simply because he could not; and the thing we cannot do is, to a limited number among us, always and irresistibly attractive.

No doubt it was absurd. He bore a title too; and yet he wanted a *nom de plume*.

Still, he might have entertained the wish vaguely his whole life long, and never tried to fulfil it in earnest, but for a fit of impatience the night before. He chanced to have a bad headache when his copy of *The World* for that week arrived. He was in the mood to enjoy nothing—not even the delightful story at the end.

"I declare," said he, when he had glanced through it, "I could write as good a story as that myself."

"I bet you a year's subscription to *The World* that you could not," said one of his friends, who, as ill luck would have it, had written the story a week before. And though he accepted the bet at once, he was beginning to be of his friend's opinion.

He was one of those curious people who, though not original themselves, know originality when they see it. Could he have contented himself with echoing the stories of others, all might have been well, but although he knew that echoes have their place in the literary world as elsewhere, and are just as agreeable to listen to, he could not bring himself to consider the employment as anything but a waste of time. It seemed, alas! more profitable to study a single line of Browning until one understood it, or to work up the details of the Battle of Yalu, than to busy oneself concocting a tale which might pass for a fair imitation of Conan Doyle at his worst.

Therefore, not being able to imagine the story he wanted within the walls of that great house of his in Cromwell Road, he went out to look for it in the streets, as many a better man had done before him. It is a natural instinct to suppose that others will find for us what we are vainly striving to find in our own persons.

The Natural History Museum stood solid and stiff, dark and deserted, right in front of him, its great towers rockily resisting all the efforts of the mist to efface them. He heard, as he looked, the whisper of the roving, flying, swimming, creeping life imprisoned there. What if Darwin, the marble Sorcerer, seated at the head of the broad staircase,

could arise and strike it into animation with one wave of his hand? What if the nightingales began to sing, the bats to fly? He paused and laughed to himself. That was not for him. That was a child's story, the hardest of all to write. He wanted drama, incident, character. He knew it was lying all round him too.

Scenes, and fragments of scenes and situations, vague though tremendous, floated before him. Imaginary faces surrounded him on all sides, but his was not the artist's eye; he felt—he could not see them. On and around every kind of subject, his conceptions fought and struggled to become visible, and could not. The effort grew more intense as he passed down the steps of his big, dead mansion into the quick, magnetic atmosphere of night.

Here and there already a house opened its fiery eye under the porch, the cabs—the swift, dragon-fly hansoms—were lit with topaz and ruby, and where the lamplighter had passed, he left behind him a serpent-trail of stars that waned from yellow light to yellow fog in the distance. Houses and houses and always rows of houses.

Why, all these houses—and not a history to any one of them? Believe it who would!

Nay, at that very moment, behind those greedy shutters, comedies were being played out that Henry James would laugh to witness,—tragedies were enacting, compared with which Hardy's were trivial. There were heroes and heroines, uncles and aunts and plots, that Balzac would not have disdained. It made him desperate to know that they were all there, and all as far from him as Robert Louis Stevenson on his Isle of Samoa.

"Following the gleam," he said to himself with a smile, turning his idle steps wherever he chanced to see a lamp lit over a doorway, he sauntered up Queen's Gate, went—lamp-led—to the left, and found himself (after a brief interval of darkness) in Kensington Square. He was a fervent admirer of the modern school of English music. As he passed the house in which a great singer lives, all his half-beheld visions changed suddenly to half-heard sounds.

On another side of the Square the light shone in a hospitable manner through certain closed windows. The house where strangers are welcome is never dark. He had only gone thither once or twice, yet he had a kindly affection for it as for a place where people were glad to see him and did not only pretend to be glad. It was full of pictures. He recollected the summer evening, a few months ago, when he stood before Rossetti's mystic *Loving Cup*, and watched the worn, kind, solemn face of Rossetti's brother among pre-Raphaelites, as he made his way through the crowd. He recollected also a tall, slender girl, dressed in crimson

velvet. She looked young and shy, as if she were terrified at her first party. It had struck him at the time that she came out of a story, or was on her way into one. Only, what was it?

Thackeray, who used to live just round the corner, in a little house with bow windows, would have guessed it directly. Thackeray's daughter, who used to live just opposite, might have guessed even better, seeing it was a maiden story. The ghost of Dolly in *Old Kensington* began to haunt him. He fled in haste. Vainly he would have summoned fancy upon this classic ground; she had been there before; she knew it too well.

Up and on the lamps lead him. The prince of hosts had not yet lighted his; he and his wife were still far away in their beautiful *châlet* above the blue Lake. No more mock Pops for the present, no more Venetian banquets; the inlaid cabinets, the little Moorish coffee-tables wore that white mourning which furniture puts on for its departed mistress, and all was dark within.

Dark too stood the great Millais palace, dark as a grave. He took off his hat as he passed.

The dumb excitement, the despair in him grew. He dwelt in the same city, he breathed the same air as men whose names would outlive them. Nevertheless, he was cut off from them by a barrier as insurmountable as that which existed between a gentleman like himself and the man who was mending the roads and had fallen heavily asleep beside his glimmering red lantern. Two worlds—and he was powerless to unlock the gate of either! We cannot understand the man below us any better than the man above us. Genius abounds in London, and so do workmen, and the lives of both are full of romance; but he who does not live by his hands or his head has no communication with either. Then there were women—workwomen—women of genius. When he came to add the three classes of women to the three classes of men, the vast amount of raw material of fiction, possible and probable, appeared to be overwhelming. Besides women have more aptitude for this kind of thing. One man, one story; but every woman has two at least.

He had wandered into Harrington Gardens. The charming Cupid over the door of the house that once was Gilbert's, attracted him. He glanced up at the gable to see whether he could descry on top of it that heraldic vessel, which the officious admirers of the modern Aristophanes christened "the good ship, Pinafore." A crowd of brilliant fancies hovered around it in the air.

The fog had lifted. The moon shone out; she made a hole right in the middle of the telegraph wires. He observed to himself that he should rather have expected them to stand out black and strong against

the light, and sighed over the many picturesque effects in London, as yet unrecorded. He walked three times up and down the road, to make sure of his observation.

It is very still in these Gardens at night. Hardly so much as the shadow of a black cat comes out, to rub itself against the rails. He was passing, for a third time, a house rather beyond the Sign of the Ship, when someone leaned from the window of a dark room on the ground floor, and a low voice breathed in his ear:

"Come, I will let you in."

Here was a strange coincidence; one of the dumb houses had spoken at last. It was a woman's voice; so much he knew; and by some odd sense or other, he knew that, although it sounded like a whisper, it was a cry of distress. He was a tender-hearted man, and always gave to beggars, in spite of the Charity Organization. He went up the steps.

The door was opened quietly, just wide enough to let him pass, and a soft hand fell like a snowflake upon his. He found himself in a room where there was no light.

"Oh George!" she said, "have you come at last? I have been waiting all these years."

The voice was unspeakably sweet, and a shy kiss fluttered down on to his fingers.

He felt embarrassed; he liked the voice, but he was not at all sure that he liked the kiss.

"I—I am not George," he said; and then it struck him that he had better have said he was, for the next thing that he heard was a frightened sob.

"And who is George?" he said in desperation.

"My brother," sobbed the sweet voice brokenly. "I thought—I thought you were my brother."

She tried hard to stop crying, and cried the more.

"I wish I were your brother," he said gently. "Can you tell me about him?"

"He—he ran away to sea long ago, when I was quite a little girl. Father would never forgive him. I don't remember him, except that he was tall. And I saw his name in the papers and wrote to the address, and asked him to come to-night, and to walk three times past the house, and I would let him in. Oh, why are you so tall?"

Another sob.

"I am extremely sorry——" he began.

"You came just at the very hour," she cried, "and you walked three times past the house, I thought you must be he."

The ear of a reader is sensitive; he was pleased to remark that she did not say "must be *him*," as most women would.

"It is very singular," he observed.

No doubt it was, but the singularity did not appear to console her. She wept and wept.

"And what did you want George to do?" he asked stupidly.

"To take me away," she cried, "I don't know how to bear it any longer. I have no friends. Father won't let anyone into the house. He says they would all run after me, because we are rich. It's like being in prison. Father never lets me go out, except for just an hour with him."

He began to feel a profound dislike of the lady's father, and a profound despair at the fact that she would go on crying. He tried to assure himself of her hand in the darkness, but he only succeeded in knocking down a vase or other china article, with which he came in contact.

"Don't you think I must have been meant to come instead of George?" he said hastily. "Why shouldn't you go away with me?"

And lo and behold, he saw, in a flash, that he had made a proposal!

"Father would never let me. You are not rich, are you? No nice people are."

"I have £10,000 a year."

"Is that much?" she said doubtfully.

"I will ask your father to-morrow, if he thinks it enough. If he does, will you come?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she said sobbing, "I like your voice. I—I like your hand."

"I'm an ugly fellow enough," he said, conscience pricking him.

"That doesn't matter. So am I. Father says no one will ever marry me except for money. Oh, but you oughtn't—I oughtn't—I forgot. We've put the electric light in here. You must see first. If you will please let go my hand——"

"Not until you promise to give it to me for good."

"Perhaps—perhaps," she said, struggling to free herself, "you won't want it, when you see——"

"Promise!" he said, holding it fast, as in a vice.

"Oh, it is absurd! I promise," she cried, and wrenched it from him. In another moment the room was illuminated, and they stood looking at each other. She was the girl in the crimson dress, whom he had seen last summer.

"I think you are beautiful," he said simply.

A SONG OF THE FELLOWS.

At that minute anyone else might have thought so too; and yet she was not a beauty. The clock struck.

"Please, please go!" she said, covering her face with her hands. "What should we do if father came?"

Without another word, he went. Only when he reached his own doorstep, had he the sense to recollect that he did not know his future wife's name. He was obliged to look her up in the Directory.

And so he found his story—not a story that he could write, but that much better thing, a story he could not.

And I, being his friend, won the bet.

M. E. COLERIDGE.

A SONG OF THE FELLOWS.*

O curlew calling,
As water falling,
As water into water falling,
You brim the cool of my heart with joy!

O curlew crying,
As keen wind sighing,
As keen wind through the grey reeds sighing
You stab the heat of my heart with fear!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

* The curlew's "call" in the breeding season is quite different from his "cry" in the autumn. Mr. Gibson's lines seem to us admirably to convey the different impressions the notes suggest.—ED. N.C.M.



TIME-HONOURED LANCASTER.

From the evidence afforded by the various remains—such as Celts, cinerary urns and stone axes, which from time to time have been exhumed at Lancaster, it is clear that the Celtic or early British tribes had a settlement here long before the appearance of the Roman conquerors, and probably it was on the same site in the time of Trojan (A.D. 98-117) that a *castrum* was erected.

The date of the Roman settlement has recently been proved by the discovery under the floor of the parish church of a stone upon which is inscribed the name of this Emperor. Although very many and important Roman relics have been discovered at Lancaster, of the *castrum* itself—except portions of the foundation walls—nothing remains.

Coins from even an earlier time than Trojan, down to the close of the Roman occupation have been found in abundance. That when Honorius in the year 410 withdrew his troops from Britain there was around the Roman *castrum* at Lancaster a settlement of considerable size may be inferred from the varied remains which have been exhumed, including altars, baths, statues, Samian ware and pottery of every kind. The population of this settlement now became subject to the attacks of the Scots and Picts which even the mighty wall of Hadrian had been unable to resist.

The Saxons are said to have given the name of Lone-caster (the castle on the Lone or Lune) to the town, and to have erected a church there. One important evidence of the latter was the finding beneath the soil in the churchyard of the parish church, a small stone cross with every

characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon period and bearing a Runic inscription which has been interpreted as "Pray ye for Cunibald Cuthbaerehing" (Cuthbert's son).

Long before the Norman Conquest, Lancaster with its castle and church had very much decreased in importance, and was then probably only an insignificant village, as in Domesday Book amongst the "vills" belonging to Halton appear Lancaster and church Lancaster (Chercalon-castre). Long after this date we find the higher part of the town which contained the castle and the church designated Old Lancaster.

The Manor of Halton was given by William the Conqueror to the Norman Baron Roger de Poitou, who, having previously built the castle of Clitheroe now proceeded to erect the great keep of Lancaster, part of which remains to this day. To the Keep were soon added other towers and buildings. In the time of John (1208) orders were given to the Earl of Chester and others to find men to construct moats and fosses around this castle. In 1284 the castle, with the honour of Lancaster, were conferred upon Edmund Crouchback. The Scots invaded and took the town in 1322, and partially destroyed it by fire, but although the castle was considerably damaged it withstood the attacks made upon it. That the attacks of these raids were serious is indicated by the returns made in 1341 (*honarum inquisitiones*) which state that at Lancaster the land was sterile and uncultivated in consequence of the invasions of the Scots.

A few years afterwards (in 1349) the pestilence known as the Black Death visited the county, and at Lancaster alone 3,000 people died of it.

The palmy days of Lancaster castle were during the time when John of Gaunt, as Duke of Lancaster, held the honour, and all the Civil Courts were held within its walls. It was at this period that the great Gateway Tower was built, which is said to be the finest in England. Even as early as the time of Richard II. (1377-1399), we find evidence that portions of the castle were used as a prison for felons and other offenders against the common law, and to this use have they been put down to modern times. Within its dungeons were imprisoned, Paslew, the last abbot of Whalley, George Marsh, the Martyr, Henry Burton, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and a host of others whose names are well known to fame.

In 1422 the town received another check to its progress by a second visitation of the plague, which was so bad that the King ordered the assizes to be removed to Preston, as he had heard that at Lancaster there was raging so great a mortality that a large portion of the people were dying and the survivors quitting the place, so that even the land remained untilled.

Roger de Poitou, either at the time he built the castle or shortly afterwards, built the church of Lancaster (probably on the site of a Saxon one), and by charter executed A.D. 1094 he gave it and other churches and lands for the sustenance of monks of the monastery at Lancaster.

About a century later King John (at that time Earl of Moreton) gave this church to the Abbot of St. Martin of Sees in Normandy, and also St. Leonard's Hospital for lepers, which he had recently founded in Lancaster. At the suppression of the alien houses in 1414 the Benedictine House of St. Mary of Lancaster was given by the King to the Abbess of Sion in Middlesex, of which house it probably became a cell, and was with it dissolved by Henry VIII. The Hospital for lepers stood near St. Leonard's Gate; it was founded for a master, a chaplain and nine poor persons, three of whom were to be lepers. Their daily food was to be one loaf of bread weighing 1 lb. 12 ozs. and pottage three days a week. In the time of Henry VIII. the lepers were allowed to have their beasts and herds in the forests of Lancaster without fee and were also permitted to take wood for fuel or building.

In 1357, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, granted this hospital to the nunnery of Seton in Cumberland, a not very rich house, as at the dissolutions its possessions were only valued at £12 12s. 0½d. Connected with the Hospital was a chantry.

A small Friary of Dominican or Black Friars was established here at an early period, and in its chapel, about the year 1260, Sir Hugh Hamilton founded a chantry: very little is known about this House, which survived until the Dissolution, and when the chantries were seized by Edward VI. its chantry was found to have houses and lands worth £4 12s. 0d. a year. A hospital for four poor men was founded in 1472 by John Gardyner, who at the same time founded a chantry in the parish church with a proviso that if any of the poor men were unable to go to the church that the priest should celebrate at the altar within the hospital.

The same benefactor founded the Grammar School, endowing it with six marks a year.

The parish church was originally appropriated to the prior and convent. The oldest parts of the building date back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; this was the only church in the town until 1755: a Friends' Meeting House was opened in 1677; before the end of the century a Presbyterian place of worship was provided and also an Independent chapel. The Roman Catholics erected a chapel in 1796, and the Wesleyans' place of worship was built in 1806 on part of the site of the old priory. In the parish church the privilege of sanctuary was allowed until the custom was abolished by legal enactment.

The Borough of Lancaster was incorporated by charter of the Earl of Moreton in 1193, which was confirmed and amplified after he became King. Under this charter the burgesses obtained power to elect a Mayor, the right to hold a market and fair and other privileges belonging to a corporation. This charter was confirmed by Edward III., who also granted the right to have a Guild Merchant. Confirmations were made by several succeeding monarchs. The original body corporate consisted of a Mayor, two bailiffs and twelve capital burgesses.

Lancaster was one of the four towns in the county which were called upon in 1295 to send two burgesses each to represent them in Parliament. The first members for the county town were William le Despencer and William le Chaunter.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Lancaster, although regarded as the chief town of the county, was overshadowed by the rapidly rising towns of Manchester, Liverpool and Preston, yet it still had the dignity of being the oldest corporate town in Lancashire, and having within it, its grand old Norman castle, which on the threatened Spanish invasion was once again fortified and the great keep raised to the height of seventy feet. Leland, writing in the time of Henry VIII., described the town as "falling into ruins," Camden in 1586 says it was "but thinly peopled," and the map taken by Speed in 1610 gives the names of only eight streets, in which many of the houses are detached with large strips of land between them. But more troubles were yet to fall upon the good old town. When the Civil Wars began, the inhabitants were true to the King but they appeared to have neglected to garrison the castle, and consequently, after the successful siege of Preston in February, 1642-3, the troops of Cromwell, under command of Sergt.-Major Birch, easily captured it and set all the prisoners free. This was on the 12th of February. The victorious forces soon discovered that the castle was not in a state to sustain a long siege, there being few, if any, guns in its towers, but as Nehemiah Barnett, the Puritan Vicar, put it, "the lift up hand of the God of the Seas was working with the winds to bring a man-of-war that came from Spain furnished with one and twenty pieces of Brasse and Iron Ordnance." This ship, being stranded near Rossall, was seized by Lord Derby and burnt, but by some means the Parliamentary soldiers got the guns and used them to fortify Lancaster castle, and consequently when the Earl marched his men to Lancaster, although he was able to take possession of the town, he failed to enter the castle, and after burning a number of houses he retired to Preston, taking with him a number of prisoners, one of whom was the Mayor of the town. Towards the end of April the Parliamentary forces carried away to Manchester the guns taken from the Spanish ship. After this a party of

Royalists held the castle, which in the following May and June was "begirt twenty days," when the enemy retired.

When the Duke of Hamilton in 1648 passed through Lancaster at the head of 17,000 men on his way to London, the castle was garrisoned by Parliamentary soldiers, and Sir Thomas Tyldesley was ordered to reduce the castle for the King, to effect which an attempt was made, but given up after the defeat of the Duke of Preston. In 1649, an order in Council was made that the castle should be demolished except the parts used as Courts of Justice and Gaol, and the guns and ammunition be sent to Liverpool castle, as also the lead and timber of the portcullis. This order was not immediately carried out, and in 1651 another mandate came to the effect that as the castle was not yet made untenable but might be used by the enemy, it was desirable that a party of horse and foot soldiers should be at once stationed there. After this many of the older parts of the building were from time to time taken down, and in 1788 a large portion of the present castle was erected under the Act of Parliament for improving prisons. Lancaster was formerly a port of considerable importance, but as Liverpool increased, the trade on the Lune decreased. In the eighteenth century the importation of tobacco from Virginia was one of the staple trades of the place, as was also the refining of sugar.

In the rebellion of 1715 and 1745, although on both occasions the rebels marched through the streets, the inhabitants were not called upon to defend the town.

HENRY FISHWICK.



WILLIAM PEARSON OF BORDERSIDE. ✓

It is a pleasant thing for a Cumberland Crosthwaite man to have to speak of a man of the Westmorland Crosthwaite. It is a special pleasure when one realises how Cumberland helped Westmorland to give us the gentle mind and life of enthusiasm for Truth and Nature which closed here at Borderside, with "unbroken trust in God," and "in hope of immortal life," on the 16th December, 1856.

I have read no life that seems to have been so genuinely the fruit of enthusiasm for the poet Wordsworth as was the life of William Pearson. He was ten years the junior of the poet, and survived him six years. We may nevertheless look upon him as a contemporary. He was of the same kind of North yeoman stock, and with greater opportunities might have made himself a name in the annals of literature. As it is, like Elihu Robinson of Eggesfield, like Wilkinson of Yanwath, like the late Wilson Robinson of Winfell, Lorton, Pearson's name was not known far beyond his native valley, but of him as of the others named it is truth to say that he was a living monument of what "the soul of Nature," if it be received into the heart of man, can do to elevate, to strengthen and refine. Of none other in his simple estatesman rank that I have read of can it be more truly said, that from—

" . . . Nature and her overflowing soul
He had received so much, that all his thoughts
Were steeped in feeling."

Wordsworth once wrote that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her"; William Pearson proved by all he said and did that

Wordsworth spoke the truth. Wordsworth spoke felicitously of the

“ . . . Harvest of a quiet eye
That sleeps and broods on its own heart.”

William Pearson gathered that harvest to the full, ere he too, like a shock of corn, was in a full time garnered. Wordsworth declared that

“ . . . Who cannot feel for every living thing
Hath faculties that he hath never used,”

and William Pearson put that assertion to good proof. Few men in his day and station went down to the grave in this country with larger heart, of wider sympathy and more love for all created things.

William Pearson was born at the Yews in this parish on the 9th of October, 1780. His father, who died at the age of 81 in the year 1840, was long remembered as a quiet, studious farmer, who would ever read a book at his meals, and made a practice of going afield at nights to gaze upon the heavens. The stars in their courses helped him to reverence and to thought. William's mother—a Little from the Borderland—survived her husband and died at the age of 88 in 1842. While she span at her flax-wheel she used to delight her little son William with folklore stories and fairy tales, but she was chiefly remembered in the village for her bright activity and energy to the last. Many a time, when she was between 70 and 80 years old, on market day morning, though the horse stood saddled at the door, the old lady would say, “Nay, hang it, I'll never fash with it,” and would set off on foot to Kendal with her butter basket containing twenty to thirty pounds of butter, a distance of six miles and a half, and after “standing the market” and shopping, would walk home again with her purchases.

As a youngster William's education was left to the wild beauty of his native vale. If ever there was a boy of whom Nature might have said—

“Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Boy, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain,”

it was the boy who went afield with his father as soon as he could toddle, and who in Nature's kindly school got to know by heart and eye the hills and scars of the neighbourhood, the tarns and moorlands, the trotting brooks, the rivers running to the sea, the great estuary and marsh, with all their bird and beast and flower life. He never forgot his first sight of Windermere and Morecambe Bay, nor his first journey up Troutbeck

over the Kirkstone Pass; and no sooner had he left home for work elsewhere than he felt that there was only one place on this earth where life was worth living and that was the Winster vale.

It is true that he went to the Crosthwaite school and proved himself early to be a master of figures. The author who fascinated him then was Defoe, "The Memoirs of a Cavalier," and "Robinson Crusoe," were his teachers. From Crosthwaite school he went to Underbarrow and distinguished himself there chiefly for having the pluck to stand up to the big bully and thrash him in defence of the oppressed youngster. He became out of school times an expert and ardent follower of Isaac Walton. Years after, he wrote an appreciative paper which is extant on Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," which he begins with the sentence, "Among our most favourite books is 'The Complete Angler,' of Isaac Walton." The boys of Underbarrow noticed that he hugged his garret where the owls built, and was often deep in old romances of "Amadis de Gaul" and "Roncesvalles," when others were out and away up the fells. But in the holidays he followed bark-peeling, not so much as that thus he might earn something that would pay for his schooling, as because in the months of May and June when the bark-peelers went to their fragrant task in the woods, there was a fine chance of becoming acquainted with the life-history of many of our feathered visitors that were nesting at that time. In autumn his delight was to be after the woodcocks, and great was his joy,

"With store of springes o'er his shoulder hung.
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, he plied
That anxious visitation."

In his copy of Wordsworth's "Prelude," the marker at his death was found placed at this passage, and he never tired of telling the story of his woodcock adventures.

His first work in life was to act as teacher in the Winster village school; he went thence to be tutor to the four children of a widow body at Cartmel Fell, but at the end of the year gave up teaching to take the place of a grocer's assistant at Kendal.

He was only there a year, but it was an eventful one in William Pearson's life. He made the acquaintance of Benjamin Gough, the blind botanist, and it is possible that he was led by him into enquiry not only into the wonders of plant life, but of the life of that most delicate of all plants, the religious faith of the human soul. It is certain that during this year William Pearson's chief study was study of the

Hebrew Scriptures and Church Doctrine, and the end of it was that he reasoned and read himself out of Episcopalianism into Unitarianism, as his father had in the past done before him. He found rest to his young soul in the thought of the great Fatherhood of God, and worshipped in the old Presbyterian Meeting House, where sometimes in after years Wordsworth also worshipped, and near by which lie the ashes of the James Patrick of Kendal, who was the original of the Wanderer in "The Prelude." It may be fancy, but I like to think that it was in that chapel that the young lad first saw the man whose writings did more for him all through life than any other—I mean William Wordsworth.

From Kendal, William went, as was the wont of many a Kendal apprentice, to a grocer's shop in London, and at the end of three months he returned to the Winster Vale, broken in health from the stifle of London air, and the fact that he had no better resting place after long days of work in a city store than a shake-down underneath the counter. He was now in his twenty-third year. The "poddish" and fresh air of the Yews set him "agate" again, and he determined to try Manchester life, and on the 16th March, 1803, he set out for that metropolis of the North. He obtained a situation on the next day after his arrival as a clerk in the bank of James Fox & Company, in King Street, and for the next seventeen years he endured

" . . . The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities."

How simple and frugal his life was there, we may gather from the fact that out of his first year's stipend of £75 he sent back a deposit to one of the Kendal banks. He was not very happy. He wanted friends of his age "who united," as he tells us, those first of blessings, virtue and knowledge," and they were not. "Indeed, sir," he writes to James Watson of Kendal, "I think Manchester, in proportion to its population, very deficient in men of cultivated understanding. Immersed in business, or carried down the stream of dissipation, slaves to 'Mammon' and to 'Bacchus,' they have seldom time for the rational amusement of reading or for the calm pleasure of reflection."

This seems somewhat priggish, but it was the real and earnest William Pearson who spoke. Sociable as he was, fond of seeing a good play, his chief delight, if he was not out in the fields, was a book that would set him thinking or a poem that would touch his imagination, and Pearson was old beyond his years. He joined the Didactical Society, the Mosley Street Library, subscribed to the News Room and made one or two friends for life.

There in most uncongenial surroundings for seventeen years he stuck

to "the drudgery of the desk's hard wood" with one thought, that a time would come when he could come back to his native vale, and live a student's and a naturalist's life in simple competence. As a matter of fact his health broke down after five years of Manchester smoke, and he had to come back in 1808 to the Yews in his native vale for country air and restoration.

He was at this time nothing if not a keen sportsman, and he was, if one may judge from a letter he sent at this time to a Kendal paper, vexed at heart by the vigorous application of the game laws as enforced by the worthies of the local bench. Three young men, who, with nothing but a knob-stick, could run down a hare, had been caught hunting on Cartmell Fell. "We must pity the Robinsons," he says, "young men who can run down a hare, an animal that often escapes the fleetest greyhound, who pursued their sport without fear in the open day, and so generously, that they left a hare with the farmer on whose ground they happened to take it. These fine young men have been made to pay £3 13s. 6d. for their sport. The age of chivalry is indeed gone. The ancient Greeks would have crowned them with laurel, but this is the age of taxation and little men. We are fallen on evil days; we only wish the surveyor and commissioner had heard them at their joyous sport, and had heard their shouts, as we did, which made the old mountains ring again even to Gummershaw, to be echoed back from the far off Coniston Fells."

It was during his Manchester residence that he became a student of William Wordsworth. It was not fashionable then to care for Wordsworth's poetry, but William Pearson was never without the Lyrical Ballads of 1805, or his copy of "Poems by William Wordsworth," of 1807. The young bank clerk, who was often heard muttering, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh aid," felt in these poems "all the beauty of a common dawn." He knew that Wordsworth walked on the shining uplands of a noble aspiration, and was the apostle, in a time "that touched monied worldlings with dismay," of the simpler life of honest poverty and high endeavour. He felt that in Wordsworth he could find that sympathy with all things that

"Look to the Uncreated with a countenance
Of admiration and an eye of love."

He knew that Wordsworth had realised the power of Nature to chasten and subdue

" . . . and intertwine
The passions that build up our human soul
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man
But with high objects and enduring things."

He also knew how Wordsworth taught men the secret of the gentle heart,

“ Never to blend its pleasures or its pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

It was this knowledge that soon made him love rather to watch a wild bird than shoot it. One is not surprised therefore to find him constantly referring to Wordsworth's writings, and yet to feel him so eminent as a man that years after, though communing in spirit with him day by day, he could not summon courage to go up the path to Rydal Mount, and abashed at his own boldness for venturing to call, came away from the door of the Rydal poet, without seeing his hero, like a thing ashamed.

It was owing to mutual love and admiration for Wordsworth's poetry that he found in a poor Gorton silk-weaver, Thomas Smith by name, so congenial a companion. The last six years of Pearson's life at Manchester can chiefly be known from the letters that passed between these two friends, which towards the end seem almost to degenerate into a series of begging letters from a poor weaver out of work and “ thrice dispirited.” But this at any rate is seen in their correspondence, that even in abject poverty high thinking is possible, and Wordsworth's poems seem to be medicine for the mind; while on the other hand there is always the ready and generous response of the yeoman of Winster Dale, and such delicacy in act of gift as makes one feel how finely strung, how nobly sensitive was the mind of the benefactor.

Pearson sends Thomas Smith a copy of “ The Excursion.” “ Your tidings about Wordsworth,” says the poor weaver, under date of April 15, 1821, “ I will not call him Mr., he is too great for that, were good tidings indeed; his ‘ Excursion ’ I have been longing for ever since it was first published, but the price has been an unsurmountable obstacle to a weaver.”

The two friends unbosom their hearts to one another in these letters and there is seen something of the deep religious side of Pearson's character in some of them. “ I cannot,” he writes to Smith in 1831, “ conclude without a word about what you write of your being unhappy. Read your Bible. Trust in that Good Being who gave you your existence. Consider the many in your situation who from ignorance and want of education have not the arguments of hope that you have . . . only the wicked need be unhappy; at anyrate do not despair.” And again in 1838, “ I wish I could console you under your troubles. Be thankful you have not a guilty conscience—the greatest of evils. Read your Bible, read Wordsworth, Shakespeare and Milton. Do you go to worship, public, I mean? You have a chapel at the foot of your hill, join yourself to them.”

When Smith lay dying, Pearson wrote a letter full of tender sympathy. "So long as reason and memory remain, I shall never forget the many delightful hours we have passed together, whether in reading some favourite poet or rambling among the beautiful scenes of Nature." "I believe," he added, "that seldom have two persons come together more in sympathy than we two, and I have often felt that my separation from you was one of my greatest losses in leaving your part of the country."

Those rambles he mentions were walking tours he took in 1817 through Derbyshire, and in 1818 in the Craven country of Yorkshire. He kept journals, and full of delightful observation of men and things they are, redolent of real joy in sunshine and cloud. He writes, "We walked forward on this delightful morning with vigorous steps. The lark was our constant companion, cheering us overhead with her song, the fresh air of the mountains bathed our cheeks, there was freedom from care and the feeling of liberty

" . . . When the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Hung not upon the beatings of our hearts."

"We felt something," he adds, "of

" . . . That blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on."

At the end of his Derbyshire journal he says that "the remembrance of those happy days in Derbyshire will lie in the landscape of his memory, like spots of stationary sunshine; they will be to him and his friend as wells of pure water amid desert sands to which their souls may fly for refreshment hereafter in hours of weariness amid the din of towns and cities and the many shapes of joyless delight."

Did ever city man take back to city roar and barrenness more quiet and more profit from a country ramble?

In his last letter to Thomas Smith, he spoke of having left the Manchester neighbourhood. In the autumn of 1820 he gave up his work in the Manchester Bank. He never could think of his native vale without a sense of heartsickness; his work was irksome and city life hateful. In his poem to the river Winster dated 1821, he writes:—

" . . . And in the heavy time of after life,
When buried in the midst of toil and strife
In trading towns; if intermission sweet
I sought from my dull toil, my fancy fleet,

Was straight amid thy vernal meads and flowers,
Thy hanging fields, wild woods, and leafy bowers.
Nor could I think of beauty on this earth,
But still 'twas seen with thee—as if thy birth
And mine had been together.

. Now at ease
And free to wander whereso'er I please,
What charms I find along thy simple stream,
Beloved Winster ! ”

It is no wonder that a yeoman farmer's son who could thus write should have felt irresistibly drawn from exile in Manchester to his native vale, and we find him back at the Yews, in correspondence, now with the editor of a county paper, now with Miss Wordsworth, now writing a ballad or a poem, now a natural history note, now wandering off down Duddon Vale, and through the Lake District, and now keenly interested in a little dilapidated estate in the Crosthwaite township called sometimes Borderside, sometimes Balderside, or perhaps more accurately in Viking phrase, Bauta-side, and determining to go into the farming line.

He became purchaser of the Borderside estate in 1822; at once he determined to let it for five years, and gave his whole time and the rent to boot, to the improvement of it.

In the summer of the same year that he became an estatesman, he planned a tour into Scotland. Wordsworth wrote him a full and particular itinerary, and William Pearson followed the footsteps of the bard, and really made the same journey as Wordsworth's first excursion to Scotland.

There is an interesting note of the peasants' recollection of Burns in Ayrshire, and of the Sabbath manners of certain of the Auchterarder folk, but the journal otherwise is a little tiresome.

The next ten years were spent in the not very profitable work of mending the fence and outbuildings of Borderside, and then of attempting to make its crops pay the rent and leave something over. But in 1841 he declined farming, not without the secret joy of getting back to his mother's house at the Yews, where all his books were stored, and where the Encyclopædia, just bound, was awaiting him.

He had not been idle, he had made the Corn Laws a study, and had concluded that they were unjust, cruel and impolitic. He had done what he could to get the Kendal folk to abolish the old system of selling fruit by baskets, or paniers containing sixteen quarts, and had introduced the better system of selling by weight.

In the spring of 1842 his mother died, and now at the age of sixty-two, William Pearson felt free to marry. He married Ann Greenhow of Heversham in May.

He was by instinct a tiller of the ground; he used to say that no one felt more dependence upon God than the farmer in his fields. He turned his attention to fruit culture, planted a large orchard with 300 trees and two lesser ones, and felt that he had not lived in vain. It was during this period that he began making notes of the habits of the bird and beast life round about him. Some observations on the habits of the hedgehog which he sent in 1836 to Mr. Wordsworth were sent by the poet to the members of the Kendal Natural History Society, of which Pearson had been a member almost from the first.

The result of this communication evoked, so Cornelius Nicholson, the then secretary, tells us, so much enthusiasm, that a class was determined on for mutual instruction in the habits and distinctive faculties of birds and beasts. It was Pearson's habit to attend the monthly discussion meeting of this Society, and he thought nothing of setting off after an early tea and walking in nearly 7 miles to Kendal and walking back by starlight after the lecture.

It was to this part of his life between the years 1825 and 1833 that belong the glimpses of his intimacy with the Rydal Mount family, as shewn by the letters, chiefly from Dorothy Wordsworth, that have been preserved to us. It is clear that William Pearson was a most welcome guest at Rydal. Excursions up Helvellyn are planned with the Wordsworths, and natural history notes are exchanged. The letters are chiefly interesting as giving us hints of the simplicity of the life there, and are often full of thanks to him for a panier of apples, or a leash of partridges, they contain a request for straw for the stables, they seek his advice in purchase of a pony, they send requisition for more potatoes and the like. William Pearson was looked upon as the henchman who could be best trusted to supply the Rydal Mount with farm produce, and it is clear that to do the bidding of the bard and be steward of his stable economics was a real pleasure to him.

Nor did he only supply straw and apples and partridges and ponies, he often sent to Dorothy Wordsworth's sick-room just those delightful little *nature* anecdotes which cheered her in her retirement. He admired and honoured the poet's sister. "Never," says he in one of his letters to Smith in 1832, "have I known a more amiable woman. Her understanding and judgment are of the highest order. I have heard Mr. Wordsworth say that he had been more indebted to her judgment than to that of any other person."

The correspondence gives little facts and dates of household matters that are interesting to students of the poet's life at Rydal. For example we learn on May 5, 1830, that on the next day will be finished the new

terrace, to the poet's satisfaction ; we learn also of Wordsworth's constant trouble from 1833 and onward by reason of the inflammation of his eyes. We hear incidentally how poor a horseman, but how good a walker the poet is, and the simplicities and hospitalities of Rydal Mount are brought before us.

But it was not only as steward of the farm and orchard and garden and stable requisites for Rydal Mount that Pearson was so truly honoured by the Wordsworths. It was because the poet felt that in him he had a real lover of his art, and a real understander of his poetry and his philosophy. One is not surprised to find that Wordsworth thanked him on the occasion when, in the Kendal paper, the worthy yeoman took up pen in defence of the poet. And those who years after honoured the dead poet's memory—his personal friends, Dr. Davy and others, were grateful to William Pearson when, in 1854, he championed, in a letter full of feeling and knowledge, the Protestantism of the bard, which had been called in question by a lecturer of the Protestant Alliance in Kendal, who had described Wordsworth's poetry as being "one of the principal means of the revival of priestly domination in the Church of England."

It is very touching to see how really he valued the friendship of the poet he so well understood and so honoured. "What claim have I," he wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth, "on the notice of a man like your brother? My chief obligations to him for conferring on me his society and hospitable notice I hope I shall feel to the latest hours of my life." Writing to Wordsworth from Bordside under date 1849, he says, "I felt very grateful for your letter. On reading the first few lines I was sorry to think how much Mrs. Wordsworth's handwriting had changed, but when I found it was indeed your own hand the tears came into my eyes. I shall preserve this kind memorial and shall not part with it till I part with everything in life." These were the words of a real hero-worshipper, and he had cause for hero-worship, as the extract from a letter to his friend the Rev. Perceval Graves, after Wordsworth's death, testifies. He says of one whom Mr. Graves had mentioned to him, "I should like to become acquainted with him. In his love and appreciation of our divine poet is a sufficient title to my poor friendship. I have never had higher or dearer friendships than those cemented by a common love for Wordsworth's poetry."

I will conclude the story of the Winster estatesman's love and reverence of Wordsworth with a passage from a letter he wrote to Mrs. Wordsworth when he heard of the poet's death.

"BORDERSIDE, 14th May, 1850.

MY DEAR MRS. WORDSWORTH,

We have been deeply affected by the death of Mr. Wordsworth. . . . There are few now living, I think, who have more reason to be grateful to your departed husband than myself. Early impressed with the excellence of his poetry—it is now more than 40 years ago—it has been to me a source of the purest pleasure ever since. No persons can equal in benefit to mankind that of the great poet. The vision and the faculty divine is one of the rarest and highest gifts coming down from the Father of lights. The existence of such men as Mr. Wordsworth, as of Shakespeare and Milton, appears to me in itself to afford a strong presumption of a future and a higher life than this."

I have dwelt at some length on this correspondence with the Rydal Mount family and Pearson's words about the poet because one has the belief that what Wordsworth's poetry did to inspire and keep pure and true and serene the heart of William Pearson, it will still do for men of humble country life in the years that are to be. We need to-day more of soul among our farmer folk, we want a *vade mecum* for the tiller of the soil that shall lift his soul to Heaven. I cannot doubt that if men would study Wordsworth and receive his "heart into their own," there would be dignity and happiness added to many a daleside home.

To return to William Pearson. He found the farm life on the whole a happy one. He would not have given it up had he not determined to marry. His orchards prospered, and his hay grass was generally well got. His frugal ways ensured him competency, and all day and every day he was learning more of Nature's secrets, more of the pleasant ways of birds and beasts about him. He was making observations too on the changes that had come over the vale of Lythe and the neighbouring fells and common lands, since the packhorse had ceased to be, and the common enclosures and the larch planters had come in.

But his ears were open also to the quaint sayings and superstitions, and his eyes were on the quaint ways and customs of the dalesmen amongst whom he dwelt and moved, and these observations bore good fruit in the paper written in 1841, the year before his marriage, for the Kendal Natural History Society, entitled "A Sketch of some of the Existing and Recent Superstitions of Westmoreland." If William Pearson had left nothing behind him but those two papers, all students of folklore and lovers of the past would say he had not lived in vain.

It was doubtless a source of gratification to William Pearson, that the son of the poet should be the officiating minister in Bowness Church the day he led his wife to the altar, in May of 1842. And he must needs have been pleased on his return to Low House after a wedding jaunt through the lakes, to find that Hartley Coleridge, who had called to congratulate him on his marriage, left behind him an impromptu sonnet. It had, as most of Hartley's sonnets have, a little touch of

description of the life both of himself and of his friend, the gentle estatesman, which warrants one in quoting the last six lines.

“ A little man of solitary life
 And half an idiot too—more helpless still—
 Can wish all joy to thee and to thy wife ;
 Thy love must be as constant as thy will.
 My gentle friend, how happy mayst thou be !
 Thou hast a wife to pray— and pray with thee.”

During the coming June of 1842 Pearson took his wife to the Continent. He had long planned this trip; writing to his friend Thomas Smith in April of 1841, to tell him of his intended venture on “that variety of untried being,” marriage, he says that Mr. Wordsworth has advised him to make a Swiss and Italian tour before age renders him unfit for foot-travel, and adds that his future wife “is an excellent walker, and is quite willing to share the fatigue, and he is sure she will share the pleasure.” There is a note of simplicity in this intention to see the Swiss and Italian lakes afoot—the bridegroom now more than three score years, but a “young heart travels many a mile,” and William Pearson’s heart was young to the last.

Wordsworth supplied him with an itinerary which he faithfully followed. After the tour they stayed on until the spring at Versoix, near Geneva, and his journal shows that he was busy making naturalist notes all the while. There is a touching note in his journal of his delight on getting back to his Westmorland home. The blue mountains and the well known fells, and the ivy covered cottage of Low House, and the happy greetings from beloved friends. These deeply moved him.

There was no suitable house for the happy couple in Crosthwaite, and after staying at Low House for the winter, he went into lodgings at High Crag. Lodgings were not William Pearson’s ideal of home life, and though he was a man of sixty-seven he determined in 1847 to build on his own estate the house in which we meet to-day.

It was a glad day for him when, as he tells us, on the last day of July, 1848, he crept into the bosom of his own cheerful cot “with measureless content,” a cottage “unclothed by rough-cast,” as he told Wordsworth, “but exhibiting a goodly row of chimneys with pretty round tops on square pedestals, the only specimens yet in Crosthwaite of the revived good old fashion.”

We have a poet’s description of this Borderside home from the pen of Perceval Graves, who writing from Dovenest in 1862 thus describes it:—

“ Red roses flush its native stone,
 The grassy slope, the rocky mount
 Are gay with flowers,—a shadowy fount
 Murmurs with cool delicious tone.

Beneath, an orchard far and wide
 Its blossom on its front displays;
 Across the valley friendly rays
 From neighbour houses hail Borderside."

Here for the next eight years dwelt the refined and thoughtful yeoman, reading such books as he felt he could afford to buy, such books as he could borrow from Kendal, or were lent him by Coleridge or Perceval Graves or Wordsworth; corresponding with such naturalists as Waterton and Gough, such students as Perceval Graves and Dr. Davy, keeping up constant communion with the friends at Rydal Mount; getting hold of the best that could be had of the scientific treatises of the day; dipping here and there into theologic problems; studying his Shakespeare and his Milton, enjoying his Carlyle, his Burns and his Sir Walter Scott, his Reed's English Literature, impressing, when he met him, such a man as Sir William Hamilton, examining the theories of Agazziz and Brewster as to moraine and glacier action, comparing his own natural history observations with those of Waterton and White of Selborne; and from time to time when he had returned from some ride on "Nep" or "Camel," his favourite ponies, sitting down to chronicle the beauty of the day's outing, or the wild life of bird and beast he had observed. Amongst the latter must be noted his papers on the partridge and the squirrel, in 1846; on the woodgrouse, that new bird which appears to have come to Colthouse first in the autumn of 1845 (this paper was written in 1850), and again on the hagworm, 1852; Notes on Characters and Habits of Domestic Animals, 1854; and A Few Recent Notices in Natural History, 1855.

All Pearson's prose has a dignity and simplicity and directness that makes one feel he had been a reader of the masters of English style, but he makes one feel also that he is a poet at heart, as he writes his prose. Take for example his account of the glede or kite—alas! long vanished from our land, though nesting at the ferry as late as the beginning of the century;—"I have seen," says he, "the glede and his beautiful flight, no words of mine can adequately describe it. It was on a windy day in autumn or winter that he generally made his appearance. Imagine a bird measuring five feet between the tips of his wings. To glide along it required apparently no mechanical effort, no fluttering of the wings, not the tremor of a feather. It was not flying but sailing on the bosom of the air, as if by an effort of the will, such ease, such grace, such dignity."

The evenings at Borderside were spent in reading. A mellow musical voice with much feeling in it, would render a passage from some favourite poet, and as often as not the old man's voice would falter

and he would say, "I cannot go on," and with tears rolling down his cheeks he would put the book down. Perceval Graves, his great friend of the later years, would oftentimes come over for high discourse and heart communion from Dovenest to Borderside. He described those pleasant visits in a memorial poem, thus:—

" And when our cheerful meal was o'er
A meal which Friendship seemed to bless
And elegance and homeliness
With charm we scarce had known before.
How swiftly flew the hours away,
As thought and feeling deeply stored
By mind and heart all forth were poured
In loving faith and lively play ! "

The summer of 1856 was memorable for a waterspout that fell in hay-time on the 8th of August, upon Carnigill, near Borrow Bridge; we who travel by the L.N.W.R. from Tebay to the south can still see the wounds upon the mountain side the fury of the torrent made. The phenomenon was minutely described by the old meteorologist in a letter to Mr. Davy. It was the last August he would see.

The long walks over fell and moor gave way to pony-back, and pony-back gave way to a carriage. It was clear to all who knew that delicately chiselled face and noble brow of the yeoman poet and naturalist, that with all his mental powers clear and his eye undimmed, his natural strength was abating. In the spring of 1856 the Winsters folk noticed that though he visited, as was his wont, all the orchards for miles round, he visited them in his gig, and men knew by his constant cough that his old enemy, bronchitis, was pressing him sore. But every sunny day saw him sitting with his book under the shadow of the famous ash tree at Borderside, and still at night time, if the stars were clear, they saw a tall figure wrapped in a plaid, and stick in hand, pacing slowly the garden path, before the door shut and lights went out.

As for his own light, that went out, painlessly almost as it seemed, on December 16th. A little chill had been taken from going out without a coat to show a friend the effect of a discharge of electric fluid in a field near the house during a summer thunderstorm. Inflammation of the lungs probably supervened and his heart, unable to bear the extra strain ceased to beat. A day or two before, he had gone to the window of his sick room, and said, "In another month the snowdrops will be here." The snowdrops came, but alas! for eyes of others almost too dim for tears to see them. On the day of his death, or more properly, his falling on sleep, the sunset brightened in the west, and the dying man with the instinct of an observer keen to the last, turned his face

to the window to see the glory grow. Then he sighed and passed to other glory beyond all sunseting.

Of his work that remains, little need be said. It is always thoughtful, accurate of observation, pure in style, refined in diction, and delicate in poetic appreciation. One much regrets that he who had in 1808 espoused the "Terza Rima" should have so soon quitted the sonnet's scanty plot of ground and left so few examples of his work. Amongst the miscellaneous papers and letters on natural history that remain are three which we of this county cannot be too thankful for. One is a paper "On certain changes that have taken place of late years in a part of the Lake District," with its notes of "pack-horse-routes," "implements of Primitive Husbandry," "the introduction of Larch Planting," "commons enclosure," and with its interesting account of the ancient Lythe Marsh.

Another is a paper in form of six letters to Thomas Gough containing notes on a few subjects in the natural history of Crosthwaite and Lythe, and the valley of Winster. He prefaced this series of letters with an apparent quotation which really was his own saying and which, as a lover of St. Francis and of all his true followers, I dare to quote.— "These lonely denizens of the earth, our fellow pilgrims on the journey of life, have their appointed tasks as we have, set out by the great Creator." There spoke the heart of the wise old Winster estatesman, who long had known the bond of love that binds the travailing creation into one, who as he moved among his brother birds and flowers, and felt the glory of his brother sun, or of his sister the homeside fire, also then

" . . . with bliss ineffable
 Could feel the sentiment of Being spread
 O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still
 . . .
 O'er all that leaps and runs and shouts and sings
 Or beats the gladome air, o'er all that glides
 Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself
 And mighty depth of waters."

The last paper, or, to be more strictly accurate, the last two papers, to be mentioned are "The Sketches of some of the existing and recent Superstitions of Westmoreland": most valuable these are as written just in the nick of time. The two generations that have passed since he collected his material and penned his notes, have ceased to hand on the traditional sayings and become too matter of fact to be "boddered wid sic things as Charms or Boggles or Dobbies or Barguests or Wise-men or Witches."

There is no one in the county of Westmorland to-day who would

care to take their children when plagued with the kink-cough up to Cartmel-fell on chance of clipping a hair from the cross on an ass's back and then tying it round the bairn's neck as a sovereign remedy for the troublesome whoop.

But if it had not been for William Pearson I doubt if we should have known that the Winster dalesfolk, notwithstanding that the Cross was set here in the clearing so many centuries ago, were actually fire-worshippers and carrying on the rites of Baal with their Beltain-fires as late as the year of Our Lord 1840. Pearson tells us he talked with a farmer who had actually been present at the sacrifice by fire of a calf in this neighbourhood, and that there were two places within the memory of men then living, Fell Side in Crosthwaite, and Hodge Hill in Cartmel-fell, where, to prevent the death of calves after birth, large fires were kindled in the open air near to the farm house and a living calf placed upon them and burnt to death.

As the Beltain or Need Fire, William Pearson assures us on Nov. 24, 1840, to stay the cattle plague, the fire, which must be kindled by rubbing two sticks together, was made at Killington, near Howgill, and handed on from farm to farm arriving at Howgill at the inconvenient hour of midnight. But his informant assured him that the farmers cheerfully turned out of their beds to speed the fire forward to their neighbours, and that it was generally believed that the only reason why the Howgill Need Fire failed was because some neighbour had not previously extinguished his house fires before the need fire was raised.

As for the reality of this superstitious relic of sun-worship, in that same year of 1840, William Pearson actually witnessed it here in Crosthwaite, and, with a quotation from his paper upon this point, I will close this notice of his life and work:—

"The Need Fire has again," says he, "made its appearance. There is at present a rumour of a dreadful epidemic among cattle, which has shown itself in different places in this part of our country, to which it has been coming slowly up from the South, where it prevailed last summer. On Sunday afternoon, the 15th of last November, returning from Kendal by way of Brigsteer, when I reached the brow of the hill that overlooks that pleasant village, and from whence there is a glorious prospect, I was somewhat surprised to see, in Crosthwaite, two or three large masses of white smoke 'rising up like the smoke of a furnace.' I thought it was lime-burning, from some kilns that are not usually occupied. But when I reached Crosthwaite, I found myself in the immediate neighbourhood of one of these 'smokes,' which was rising very thickly below the Church Tower. I enquired of a young woman standing in the road what was the meaning of all this smoke. 'Oh,' said she, 'it is the Need Fire.' Well, thought I, much as I have heard of it, I have never seen the Need Fire. I will not miss this opportunity of having ocular evidence of all its mysteries. On reaching the spot, I found the fire burning in the narrow lane called Kirk Lane, within about twenty yards of the Kirk Tower, and about half a dozen cattle huddled together and kept close to the fire, and amongst the smoke, by a number of men and boys standing on each side of them, in that narrow lane. Sometimes they drove them through the fire, and

such was the thickness of the smoke that I could scarcely perceive the actors in this strange ceremony—men and cattle. ‘So,’ said I, ‘you are giving them a smoke.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the owner of the cows, ‘we wish to be like our neighbours.’ ‘But have you got the real Need Fire?’ ‘Yes, we believe so, it came down Crook yesterday.’ Now I had heard that it had been at Low Levens a few days before, so that this superstitious fire was evidently moving about in all directions through the length and breadth of the land: nor do they appear to give it any rest, even on Sundays!”

The chronicler of the last sacrifice to the sun-god, the last Beltain-fires in the land, has passed away.

But his spirit, thanks to Wordsworth and that last poet of our English lakes, John Ruskin, still lives and moves in the heart of man. And this little notice of his life is written in the hope that others may find the path of rural happiness he walked in, and that others may grow up to be able to say as Wordsworth said—

“ . . . For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes,
The still sad music of humanity.
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power,
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and all that we behold
From this green earth.”

It is only by fostering such a feeling in the minds of Englishmen that we can hope to keep the last little twenty miles square of English ground secure from rash assault for the rest and health and joy of toiling Britain,

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

A TYPE OF NORTHERN GENIUS.

"Universal History," wrote Carlyle, "as I take it, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world."

This theory of Carlyle's perhaps too entirely disregards the patient labours and obscure activities of the mass of workers who have prepared the way for the great man who finally carried their uncertain and indefinite investigations to some glorious conclusion.

Doubtless it was not Watt who invented the steam engine, but by his application of the condensation of steam he perfected that which was till then but a clumsy and ill-regulated machine; he had the intellect of the genius which perceives, as in a flash, the exact relations of things, and therewith creates afresh, or, like Medea, re-creates the old.

"There is clearly written," said the President of the British Association, "on each page of the history of science, in characters which cannot be overlooked, the lesson that no scientific truth is born anew, coming by itself and of itself.

"Each new truth is always the offspring of something which has gone before, becoming in turn the parent of something coming after. In this aspect the man of science is unlike, or seems to be unlike, the poet and the artist.

"The poet is born, not made; he rises up, no man knowing his beginnings; when he goes away, though men after him may sing his songs for centuries, he himself goes away wholly, having taken with him his mantle, for this he can give to none other.

"The man of science is not thus creative; he is created. His work, however great it be, is not wholly his own; it is in part the outcome of the work of men who have gone before. Again and again a conception which has made a name great has come not so much by the man's own effort as out of the fulness of time.

"Again and again we may read in the words of some man of old the outlines of an idea which in later days has shone forth as a great acknowledged truth. From the mouth of the man of old the idea dropped barren, fruitless; the world was not ready for it, and heeded it not; the concomitant and abutting truths which could give it power to work were

wanting. Coming back again in later days, the same idea found the world awaiting it; things were in travail, preparing for it; and someone, seizing the right moment to put it forth again, leapt into fame."

These wise words apply not alone to the scientific theorist, but to the practical scientist also, and they are especially applicable to the genius of George Stephenson, who, making use of the researches and discoveries of his predecessors, by further practical experiments and discoveries on his own behalf, eventually attained the proud position of the perfecter of the locomotive engine, which was "not the invention of one man," as Robert Stephenson said afterwards at Newcastle, "but of a nation of mechanical engineers."

Stephenson's genius, indeed, was essentially practical, I may perhaps add northern in quality, for North Country heroes are of this stamp, imagination in them taking ever a practical form.

It might perhaps be not out of place here to enquire whether there is not some special virtue in the North Country temperament, deducible perhaps partly from the hard conditions of existence in the olden days of the "raid and foray," and partly also from the harsh but bracing atmosphere of the North-east Coast, and finally from the large admixture of Scandinavian blood in the population. It has been argued against this supposition that the astonishingly rapid evolution of the North during last century is due simply to the fact that coal is the prime factor of modern industrial progress, and that here coal is found and "won" more easily and to a greater extent than elsewhere.

In the natural order of evolution, 'tis said, coal produced steam, and steam the locomotive engine, and the vaunted superiority of North Country intellect and stamina is but another illustration of the popular tendency to prefer sentiment before common sense—to regard "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*."

Against this, however, one may enquire how it was that the steam engine, which was earlier made use of in the South than in the North—in Cornwall, *e.g.*, all the Newcomen pumping engines had been displaced by Watt's as early as 1783—was not carried so far onward towards perfection by the patentee as the locomotive was by Stephenson.

"In one of his patents (1784) Watt describes a steam locomotive, but he never prosecuted this,—and it is even said that he put a clause in the lease of his house that no steam carriage should on any pretext be allowed to approach it."

Trevithick, again, as we have seen, had, even on the very verge of success, turned aside from his locomotive to other projects.

It is impossible to conceive of Stephenson, on the other hand, as resting satisfied in the belief that he had been successful till he had pushed

what he had in hand to the utmost degree of attainable perfection; till he had done that he never rested nor stayed from his experiments.

Yet, with all this, Stephenson was never boastful; what chiefly struck Edward Pease, in fact, about him after their first interview at Darlington, in the spring of 1821, was "his honest, sensible look," he seemed so modest and unpretending. He spoke in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district, and described himself as "only the engine-wright at Killingworth, that's what he was." Both men, indeed, were essentially endowed with the North Country type of intellect, practical, that is, both in conception and execution. There is another type of mind which concerns itself with the more speculative, the more purely intellectual, the more abstract side of affairs, and oftentimes it rests satisfied with the exercise of its own speculative faculties, as was the case with Leonardo da Vinci, for example, who anticipated in his speculations the discovery of Copernicus, many of the modern improvements in artillery, screw-propulsion and so forth, but did not attempt to carry them out in practice.

It does not, however, necessarily follow from this that the North Country intelligence merely concerns itself with money-making and only interests itself with what will "pay," but merely that it is essentially practical and direct in operation, and longs to see the offspring of its brain a living entity, and one, moreover, that will do its parent credit.

In this connection we may contrast George Stephenson's son Robert with another great engineer—his sometime rival and competitor—Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the engineer of the Great-Western line, etc., and we shall note a great difference in their mental characteristics. The former was practical; his inventive genius went hand in hand with the results of his experiments; he was inductive and cautious rather than imaginative and deductive like Brunel, who, having conceived a new idea was eager to put it into instant execution, and would "back his fancy" through thick and thin as something personal to himself and his private honour. Stephenson was of a colder temperament, shrewd in the affairs of life, and a safe guide in the world of business.

It has been written that "the true Northumbrian betrays himself by a constant readiness to back himself against anybody in the world for any amount at a moment's notice," and Stephenson was assuredly a genuine Northumbrian, if ever there was one, for even in his latest days he was just as eager to beat Paxton, the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated gardener, in the matter of pine apples, as formerly he had been to construct a better locomotive than Blenkinsopp's.

George Stephenson was always thorough, and it was only by unwearied application and persistent observation and reflection that step by step and experiment after experiment he rejected the cumbrous appli-

ances of the early locomotives of Trevithick and Blenkinsopp and Murray—the spring-gear, fly-wheel, bolts or cross grooves, and the “tooth-rail laid along one side of the road, into which the toothed wheel of the locomotive worked as pinions work into a rack,” till, finally, by the application of the steam blast to the increase of combustion in the furnace, he placed the locomotive upon the assured ground of practical success.

It is curious to think how near Trevithick had been to this discovery, for he had actually turned the waste steam from his cylinder into the chimney, but with a view only of escaping from the necessity of throwing the steam jet into the air.

He had just missed the discovery of the action of the blast in increasing the draught, and consequently the combustion of the furnace, whereas Stephenson, noticing that the steam issued from the exit pipe with much greater velocity than the smoke from the chimney, at once drew the conclusion that he might apply the velocity of the used steam to draw the smoke up the chimney, and on experimenting carried his anticipations to a triumphant realization.

“Without the steam blast,” writes Smiles, “by means of which the intensity of combustion is maintained at its highest point, producing a correspondingly rapid evolution of steam, high rates of speed could not have been kept up; the advantages of the multi-tubular boiler (afterwards invented) could never have been fairly tested; and locomotives might still have been dragging themselves unwieldily along at little more than five or six miles an hour.”

That persistency and practical genius which led Stephenson to this great discovery are, we venture to think, more often found in the North than in the South—due perhaps in the past to the harsher climatic conditions and the keener struggle for existence.

The “*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*” was almost a proverb in the Middle Ages, and the Northumbrian is half-brother to the Scot.

“BRYNEICH.”

THEN AND NOW.

Where Hallyn's early shadow lulls
The little dale to sleep,
And lures the dew to pearl the fern
And cool the pastured sheep ;

The lake still murmurs to the shore
Or mutes her breath to tell
How falls the ever-changing play
Of purple on the fell.

The bay keeps constant every stone,
Tussock and leaf and blade,
Save that the yellow sand is smooth
Where once as boys we played.

'Twas there we launched our fleets and led
Our phantom hosts amain,
As to reform and heal the world
We planned our life's campaign.

Was it scarce thirty years ago
Those hills so strong and true
Gave us the thoughts we hoped to word,
The deeds we longed to do ?

'Tis now as then ; yet while it stands
Complete in whole and part,
A spirit sense is there that sends
A grue into my heart.

Then love breathed from the sunlit slope
And peace on wood and wave,
And joy glowed on some angel brow
That shaped our aim so brave ;

THEN AND NOW.

Now there is craft behind the crag
And shame within the shade,
And blood is on some devil hand
That marred the plans we made.

Your life's campaign is ended now,
And mine seems nearly done;
Well,—the just God knows how we fought
And if we lost or won.

'Tis much to win the shouting earth
In fame's unproven test;
'Tis more to earn the silent heaven
Of those that strove their best.

Methinks some triumph lit your path
And left, where last you stood,
That peace upon your brave dead face
Telling how God was good.

A. V. GOLDING.



In regard to Mr. Jevons' most interesting paper on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties which appeared in our July issue, and the suggestions there thrown out, we are glad to print the following communication sent us by Mr. G. B. Hodgson, of South Shields.

"The only version of the Durham Harvest Home song I have ever heard was taught me by an old hind's wife many years ago, and varied slightly from that of Mr. Jevons. It ran, so far as my memory carries me:—

God bless the day when Christ was born,
We've gotten th' mell of John Thompson's corn,
It's well won and better shorn,
God bless the day when Christ was born.

"Th' mell" was commonly used among old farm-hands for the finish, not only of the harvest, but of any particular piece of work they had in hand. "A's get th' mell te' neet," or "A's get th' mell to morn," was the way in which the approaching completion of a particular task was often indicated.

"Riding the Stang" is not yet extinct I believe in some of our agricultural and colliery districts. I have twice witnessed the ceremony, once as a punishment for a husband's infidelity and once for a wife who had similarly erred. In both cases the ceremony was attended by the "tinkling" of fire shovels, old pans, etc., whence probably the lines with which the rider's rhyme started:—

Hey tinkle, ho tinkle, hey tinkle tang,
It is not for my fau't, nor thy fau't that I ride the stang.
But for——and——

Then followed a rude rhyme embodying the allegations against the erring one, the rhyme winding up with the time-honoured jingle:—

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Now all ye good people that lives in this raw,
I'll have you take warning for this is our law,
And if any of your wives or your husbands gans wrang,
Come for me and my congregation and we'll ride the stang.

Mr. George Fox, of Falmouth, also kindly forwards us his reminiscences of the "kern" customs from Cornwall.

"I remember it twenty or thirty years ago in Mawnan parish. One man cut with his sickle or scythe the last bit of wheat on a farm and then held it up saying:

"I have'n, I have'n, I have'n."

Another said:

"What have'e, what have'e, what have'e?"

And he replied:

"A neck, a neck, a neck."

All hands standing round, then hurrahed three times, and the evening ended with a drink or supper.

It is quite gone out round here, partly owing to machine cutters and binders. It may still be practised in the Lizard district. B— E— at Glendurgan, last autumn, thought he heard it being cried across the Helford river."

Two other correspondents write—one from Alnwick, the other from Cheviot-side—to say they remember the kern-baby in the harvest field as described by Prof. Jevons. But each correspondent agrees in saying that in North Northumberland it is or was known as the kern "dolly."

A correspondent writes to us, pointing out that in Dean Kitchin's article on "West Cumberland Statesmen" Mary Leadbeater's book, "Annals of Ballitore" was printed "Balliton."

He further states that she was descended from a well-known Yorkshire yeoman family, being a daughter of Richard Shackleton, a contemporary and friend of Edmund Burke's, and grandson of Richard Shackleton, of Shackleton House in Bingley parish, a conspicuous Quaker of former days.

Another correspondent writes, giving reasons why the portrait of the Revd. H. Cotes in our late article on Thomas Bewick, should be assigned to Mr. H. P. Parker rather than to Mr. T. S. Good, but as the author of the paper was also owner of the picture in question we think he must have had valid reasons for believing Mr. Good to have painted it.

NORTH COUNTRY BOOK COLUMN

NORTH COUNTRY BOOKS—NORTH COUNTRY WRITERS.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.*

The North Country has good reason to be proud of the "Ever-Fighting, Never-Failing Fifth." The sixteen battle-honours on their colours do not indicate nearly all that the Northumberland Fusiliers have done for the Crown and country, for this record goes no further back than 1762, and the regiment has been in existence and almost constantly in action for almost two and a half centuries. The story of this long roll of honour is pleasantly told by Mr. Walter Wood in the volume on "the Old and the Bold" which he has contributed to Mr. Grant Richards' series of histories of British Regiments. The little book is a distinct achievement, for it helps us to realise vividly how thoroughly the regiment deserves the name of the "The Fighting Fifth," and a rather scrappy summary of the regiment's doings in South Africa proves the designation is still accurate. In this interminable war the Fifth have repeated their early record in the Netherlands, where, as one of the first regiments of our standing army, they lost nearly half their officers and men at the siege of Maestricht.

The Fifth have a bewildering wealth of distinctions. The unique honours of Wilhelmstahl, which made the Fifth the first British Grenadier regiment, were increased at St. Lucie, when, in recognition of a notable defeat of the French, from whose dead they took plumes more than sufficient to decorate the whole regiment, they were permitted to wear that red and white hackle feather which is worn by the Northumberland Fusiliers alone. They bear, too, one of the oldest badges and mottoes in our army, the St. George and the Dragon, with "Quo Fata Vocant," and have the privilege of wearing red and white roses in the head-dress on St. George's Day. Neither war nor distance prevents the observance of this old and pretty custom. On each anniversary of the day of England's patron saint which has occurred while the regiment has been serving in South Africa, the officers and men have worn the national emblem sent from England by thoughtful friends.

The Fifth, we are told, were the first infantry regiment to charge upon cavalry with the bayonet. This was at El Bodon in the Peninsular war, when their brave rush turned the French cavalry and re-took some

* *British Regiments in Peace and War: The Northumberland Fusiliers.* By Walter Wood. (3s. 6d. London: Grant Richards, 1901.)

momentarily captured guns. Another exclusive peculiarity of the Fifth every one knows. It is their facing of "gosling-green."

But a further famous distinction the public is not so familiar with. "The Old and Bold" have numbered in their ranks one of the most celebrated of the few women who have served as soldiers in the British Army. The story of Phoebe Hessel, who dressed herself in masculine garments



By kind permission]

[of Mr. Grant Richards.

LIEUT. COL. THE HON. C. LAMBERTON, D.S.O.
Commanding 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

and enlisted at the age of fifteen in order to be near her lover, is the romance of the regiment. The inscription on the tombstone of this faithful woman, who died at Brighton in 1821, at the remarkable age of 108 years, briefly summarises her military records. "She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the Duke of Cumberland

at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter days."

We have not space to chronicle further the deeds and distinctions of the famous "Fighting Fifth," but a worthy account of what they have done, since the regiment was first raised for the Dutch service in 1674, will be found in Mr. Wood's book, against which we of Northumberland have but one complaint to make—it is too short. How competent Mr. Wood is to deal with the history of a regiment our readers already know by virtue of his recent well-informed series of articles on "Famous Northern Regiments" which appeared in our pages.

GALLOWAY KYLE.

BYGONE CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.*

Amongst recent books on North Country habits, history and life few excel that bearing the above title and which was published towards the close of 1899. In many respects it foreshadowed the "Northern Counties Magazine," and to those readers of the "North Country Book Column" who are on the look-out for any or everything relating to North Country life, who have not yet made its acquaintance, there is a sure store of interest awaiting them when they do.

The author has fixed for us the doings and the ways of the hemp trace age. The time of tumril carts, and knee breeches. When men supped poddish and ate hung beef. When they smeared their stocking heels with pitch, and played at football for a whole day together, and punched one another's shins black and blue. When churches were fortified as for a siege and the men sat on one side and the women on another, and service could be suspended altogether if the parson's hen had taken possession of the pulpit, as a specially favoured place wherein to hatch a brood of "feiten cocks." Squeamish folk had better be warned. If they do not like to know how rough and boisterous their very near fore-elders were, they had better have nothing to do with Mr. Scott's volume. But then they will never know how heartily and how honestly they have come by their existence. What roughness they have just missed, and what hatred of sham it is to be hoped they have inherited.

It cannot be denied that we have in Mr. Scott's fourteen chapters a sketch of humanity in the rough. But for all that it is humanity the right side up.

* *Bygone Cumberland and Westmorland.* By Daniel Scott, Esq. (5s. Penrith; published by R. Scott.)

When the parson put his dinner knife in his pocket, and journeyed from farm to farm to find a "gate for his whittle." When it did not put him about to have to leave his pulpit and chastize with stripes those whom his tongue could not induce to behave correctly. When, as sometimes happened, church service was suspended because parson and clerk had been merry over their cups, then we may say the times were rough. Punishments again were as harsh as the indulgences were gross. The hemp trace age was a hard one no doubt, but Mr. Scott has put us all under an obligation in thus giving us an opportunity of realizing what the past was like.

B. KIRKBY.

THE PASSING OF "PROFESSOR DRY-AS-DUST."

The first volume of the new series of the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society,"* which Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M.A., edits, is a delightful book to handle and more interesting than many a "popular" magazine. Surely antiquaries are no longer dry-as-dust people with a close resemblance and relationship to Rip Van Winkle, or they would have repressed any tendency to brightening their "Transactions" as strongly as the Puritans objected to merrymaking. The three hundred and fifty well-bound, carefully-printed and satisfactorily-indexed pages include a variety of articles, the result of original research into the records of the district and the study of its folk-lore, ethnography and archæology, the subjects ranging from Bishop Nicholson's unpublished diaries, which give a self-drawn picture of a man of immense bodily and mental activity, to the surviving shy belief in fairies, upon which Mrs. Hodgson of Newby Grange sheds the fierce light of publicity. Local pedigrees and biography receive considerable attention, Mr. G. Watson dealing with the Nelsons of Penrith and Mr. Francis Grainger with the Chambers family of Raby Cote. The volume is handsomely illustrated, the large plate reproduction of the coats of arms on the ceiling of Gerard Lowther's house at Penrith being particularly well-executed.

K.

* *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society*, Vol. I., New Series. (Kendal: printed by T. Wilson.)

IN MEMORY OF BISHOP WESTCOTT.

AT BISHOP AUCKLAND, FRIDAY, 2ND AUGUST.

Here let him rest, his body be one dust
With her pure heart who helped his heart of love
To bind on earth—what shall be bound above,
—All hope, all efforts for a world more just,
When right shall triumph over Mammon's lust,
When men shall be as brothers, and like a dove
Peace brood, and every church of Christ shall prove
That life more noble was th' appointed trust.

Grey head that with an aureole seemed to shine,
Grey eyes that flashed, and lips that seemed to speak
Words from a heaven beyond us, God be praised
That such a shepherd-prince was ever raised,
Where Cuthbert fed his flock, to tend the weak,
And seek the lost on moorland and in mine.

H. D. R.

EPILOGUE.

We have fought a good fight and have kept our faith to our subscribers; we have earned the highest praise from the Press, both London and Provincial; at the same time we have not nearly exhausted, nay we have scarce got beneath the surface of our material, yet for all this we have not been able to enlist the sympathy of him who is King in the sphere of the "sixpennorth,"—the "Cloud-compeller" of a democratic age—the far-famed "man-in-the-street."

We have questioned him (or his northern representative) privately upon the matter.

We explained to him that he could not get for the same money elsewhere, articles by such well-known authorities and famous men, as, to mention but a few, Andrew Lang, Dr. Hodgkin, the Dean of Durham, Algernon Charles Swinburne, H. S. Merriman, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Earl Percy, Earl Grey, or again to mention some of our artists, Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., Mr. Will Rothenstein, Lord Carlisle, and that promising young North countryman, Mr. R. Spence, not forgetting finally our art and literary critics—as good as London could produce—Messrs. O. Sickert, R. E. Fry, and E. V. Lucas, all of whom have contributed to our pages.

"As a matter of business, now," we pointed out—"My good fellow," interrupted the man of destiny with that frankness which is one of his charms, "my good fellow, what you say may all be true enough, but what I like is to be amused when I buy a magazine—I haven't the smallest desire to be instructed or to wear a wet towel round my head when I read. I don't keep 'em usually after I've read 'em; I give 'em to the kids or the railway porters or stuff 'em into the box for the workhouse or hospital: they have served their purpose—they have helped me pass my time in a railway carriage—which is all I ask from them,—voilà tout."

"MORITURI TE SALUTANT."

On this, then, our last entrance into the arena in our present form and character, as we stand to salute our audience, we would desire to express our thanks to our subscribers, our contributors, the Press, our agents, our printers, Messrs. Andrew Reid & Co.; our engravers, The Swan Electric Engraving Co.; our advertisers, and all our friends and well-wishers for their help and encouragement during the past year, and lastly to express our regret that we shall not be able to make use of many interesting papers and articles which we had hoped under more fortunate auspices to have printed in due course.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.*

The Earth buildeth on the Earth
Tall towers and fine,
Filled with music and with mirth,
Yet Earth saith to Earth
All shall be mine.

The dust maketh for the dust
Costly funeral—
Gold and purple rot and rust.
Lay the dust to the dust
'Neath a sable pall.

The Clay warreth with the clay
Till Ice-cold Death
Call friend as foe away—
Clay turn again to clay—
Clay covereth.

HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON.

* Suggested by an old epitaph said to have been inscribed on a tombstone at Melrose.

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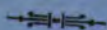
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